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THE NELSON TOUCH

By Clemence Dane

NOVELS

REGIMENT OF WOMEN
FIRST THE BLADE
LEGEND
WANDERING STARS
THE BABYONS
BROOME STAGES
THE MOON IS FEMININE
THE ARROGANT HISTORY OF WHITE BEN

'With Helen Simpson

ENTER SIR JOHN
AUTHOR UNKNOWN
RE-ENTER SIR JOHN

ESSAYS

THE WOMAN'S SIDE
TRADITION AND HUGH WALPOLE

OMNIBUS COLLECTION

RECAPTURE

VOLUME OF SHORT STORIES

FATE CRIES OUT

PLAYS

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT
WILL SHAKESPEARE
THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN
NABOTH'S VINEYARD
GRANITE
MARINERS
WILD DECEMBERS
MOONLIGHT IS SILVER
COUSIN MURIEL
ENGLAND'S DARLING
HEROD AND MARIAMNE

With Richard Addinsell

ADAM'S OPERA
COME OF AGE
THE SAVIOURS

THE NELSON TOUCH

An Anthology of Lord Nelson's Letters

COMPILED BY

CLEMENCE DANE



WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD

LONDON

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TORONTO

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CONTENTS

PREFACE	<i>page</i> vii
NELSON'S LETTER INTRODUCING HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY	xiii
"SKETCH OF MY LIFE"	xiii
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEARS 1758-1778	I
LETTERS BETWEEN 1777-1778	I
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1779	4
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1779	4
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1780	5
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1780	5
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1781	6
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1781	6
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1782	8
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1782	8
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1783	II
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1783	II
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEARS 1784-1792	14
LETTERS BETWEEN 1784-1792	14
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1793	26
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1793	26
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1794	31
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1794	31
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1795	43
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1795	43
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1796	48
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1796	48
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1797	59
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1797	59
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1798	71
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1798	71
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1799	94
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1799	94

CONTENTS

	<i>page</i>
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1800	130
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1800	130
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1801	141
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1801	141
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1802	185
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1802	185
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1803	191
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1803	191
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1804	213
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1804	213
SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1805	247
LETTERS IN THE YEAR 1805	247
INDEX OF LETTERS	281
INDEX OF OTHER DOCUMENTS	285

PREFACE

THERE are many accounts of Nelson, written from many points of view. Men of his own profession, contemporaries and moderns, rivals and friends, hero-worshippers, grave official white-washers, flippant unofficial blackeners and gossips, all have had their fling. But there is only one portrait in all the vast collection which seems to me perfectly unbiased and consistent, only one portrait which shows the heroic virtues, the theatrical faults, the genius, the passion and the sweet, humane foibles of the man clear and duly proportioned, and that is the portrait which Nelson unconsciously painted of himself in his dispatches and correspondence. In spite of the vast differences in character and literary style, Nelson's devastating frankness when he gets a pen into his hand always recalls Pepys. It is curious that the two men in English letters who have most unaffectedly and honestly revealed themselves are the two men who did most to make our Navy great.

These extracts from Nelson's correspondence have been chosen for readers who do not know much about him, or at least no more than I knew some four years ago. I had, of course, occasionally dipped into the letters; but there were such quantities that it was difficult to pick the interesting ones out of the sheer mass of print. So I remained contented to have read Southey's *Life* and an occasional modern piece romanticizing or abusing Lady Hamilton, though sometimes as I reviewed a "Nelson" novel or yawned at a "Nelson" play I wondered why so triumphant a warrior should have been so untriumphant a human being.

Just after Munich, however, I found myself in a remote French watering-place with nothing to read but *Mein Kampf*; for I was writing a novel about a Hitleresque personage, and to read *Mein Kampf* and nothing else seemed the quickest way to get at the mentality of the creature. Then one day, because of a misunderstanding with my book-seller, the post-woman walked into my room with seven tall, stout, close-printed volumes—*The Dispatches and Letters of Lord Nelson*, by Sir H. Nicolas. I should have preferred a volume of Saki, but here, at least, were the writings of a noble Englishman, and the print might be small, but it had not the Gothic dazzle. So I kept the volumes and used to read in them every night, at first because there was nothing else to read, but soon because of their irresistible fascination.

I was being made free of a great man's mind. Through his eyes I watched the dissolution and remaking of Europe. I saw how famous battles were fought and won, and smelt the wind of mornings long, long forgotten, and knew as yet unhaloed famous men and women, and

learned also the personal history of a simple, subtle genius, how he felt, suffered and exulted as he made his way through his life. And everything was conveyed to me, not by the conscious skill of a professional writer, but by the unconscious exactness of a spirit which could master any craft which it needed to use.

The novel finished itself and I came home; but I still continued to read Nelson's letters every night. After four years this anthology is one of the results of that habit.

I give this little explanation to account for the principle on which the extracts were chosen. For at first I was bothered by the formal style, and pencilled (for re-reading) any passage where the real voice broke through. As I grew accustomed to the convention, and also as the writer of the letters matured, that real voice grew louder and louder until I realized that the whole barrier of distance and expression had dissolved away into nothing, and that, in effect, I was reading contemporary letters.

Every comment, every complaint made by Nelson seemed applicable to our situation. His problems were our problems, his hatred of the enemy our hatred of the enemy, his hope our hopes, his fears our fears. Nothing had changed, neither the flawless bravery of the fighting forces, the obstructions of lazy and incompetent persons, the invasion problem, the supply problem, the vacillation of allies, the sinuosities of neutrals: and for the cry: "Where are the frigates?" one had merely to substitute: "Where are the planes?" Yet with that depressing realization there came also the odd conviction that, somewhere behind the scenes, the tremendous personality who had once dealt with these matters was somehow still in charge.

I got such stimulation and comfort from my reading that I wondered if other people might care to share it: and so, following my own pencil notes, I have made a collection of those passages which first made me realize that Nelson was not a stone figure at the top of a column, but a still living force. If the reader wants more, there await him the letters themselves; for a dozen anthologies would not exhaust the material. Nelson's output was enormous. It's bulk would be handsome for a writer with no other occupation, and yet it was but one item in the extraordinary man's expenditure of time, though a vitally important one. Nelson's public work depended on his power of conveying his thoughts to superiors, equals and inferiors, and in private life he had no other way of governing his household, or keeping in touch with his lesser life ashore. His greater life, of course, was always lived at sea.

Nelson seems to have had little time for literature. His Shakespearean quotation is a misquotation, and when he drops his natural speaking style he is perfectly content with the conventional phraseology of his day, a phraseology so stilted and unnatural that his own father could write to him after the Battle of Cape St. Vincent: "Joy sparkles in every eye, and desponding Britain draws back her sable veil and

smiles. It gives me inward satisfaction to know that the laurels you have wreathed sprung from those principles and religious truths which alone constitute the hero."

But, though Nelson had learned to express himself with dreadful ease in this artificial manner, he had from the first a kind of Defoe-ish accuracy in reporting, and, if he never consciously sought after the right word, he never used the wrong one. His thoughts are so lucid and he himself so fearless that he always says precisely what he means, letting his manner reflect his mood. If he feels dull, then the letter is conventionally worded and very flat. If he is flattered, gratification rings through every line. When they fête him at Naples after the Battle of the Nile, he writes to his wife: "The preparations of Lady Hamilton for celebrating my birthday tomorrow are enough to fill me with vanity. Every ribbon, every button has 'Nelson', etc. The whole service is marked 'H.N.—glorious first of August'. Songs and sonnetti are numerous beyond what I could ever deserve. I send the additional verse to 'God Save the King', as I know you will sing it with pleasure." And then he actually does enclose an effusion which begins:

"Join we in great Nelson's name,
First on the rolls of fame.
Him let us sing——" etc., etc.

That would be a ludicrous display if it were not so beautifully balanced by second thoughts two days later, addressed this time to St. Vincent: "I trust, my lord, in a week we shall all be at sea. I am very unwell, and the miserable conduct of this Court is not likely to cool my irritable temper. It is a country of fiddlers and poets, whores and scoundrels."

Let it be remembered also that the extraordinary man knew about his own foibles and weaknesses. Only a few months earlier, when his ship had been badly knocked about by a storm, he wrote to his wife: "I ought not to call what has happened to the *Vanguard* by the cold name of accident. I believe firmly that it was of the Almighty's goodness to check my consummate vanity." Of the larger vanity which assumes that the Almighty would arrange a storm for this particular purpose he must be acquitted. It was a part of the religious conviction of his age.

Again, if he is angry, the sentences are gunfire. After the victory of Copenhagen the defeated Commodore misrepresented the facts, or Nelson thought he did. At once Nelson attacks: "In his letter he states that after he quitted the *Dannebrog*" (an enemy ship), "she long contested the battle. If so more blame to him, to quit so many brave fellows. Here was no manœuvring. It was downright fighting, and it was his duty to have shown an example of firmness becoming the high trust reposed in him. As to his nonsense about victory . . . I sunk,

burst, captured or drove into the harbour the whole line of defence to the southward of the Crown Islands. He says he is told that two British ships struck. Why did he not take possession of them? I took possession of his as soon as they struck."

Here is another example of his astonishingly flexible style. One of his seamen, a man called Jolly, was sentenced to be shot for the mortal crime of striking an officer while drunk. Now Nelson hated drunkenness. It was a red rag to him, yet three days later he wrote a reprieve in these terms: "You will, in obedience to my orders, prepare everything for the execution of the sentence on John Jolly, but when all the forms except the last are gone through you will acquaint the prisoner that, although there has been no circumstance to mitigate the severity of the law, yet that I have reason to hope that the sparing of his life will have as beneficial an effect for the discipline of the service as if he had suffered death. You will therefore respite the prisoner. . . . I hope that this extraordinary mark of lenity will have its full effect on the mind of those under your command, and be a beacon to them to avoid the crime of drunkenness."

These majestic sentences, awful and severe, effectively mask the fact that Nelson isn't going to lose one of his precious men if he can help it, men of whom he wrote with such pride: "My seamen are now what British seamen ought to be—to you I may say it—almost invincible: they really mind shot no more than peas." No wonder the men adored him, and that to his equals and immediate subordinates he remained—in spite of his victories—"a fascinating little fellow". Indeed he must have had the charm of an affectionate child. Wilful he always was, from the boyish days when he got himself into trouble somewhere near the North Pole for attacking a bear. His captain, says Southey, was rightly furious at a foolish risk taken, but Nelson "pouted his lip, as he was wont to do when agitated," and merely stated that he wished to kill the bear that he might carry the skin to his father. The same wilful charm explains the story of Nelson putting the glass to his blind eye at Copenhagen.

A fortnight earlier the man of forty-two had written to his nominal chief: "The more I have reflected the more I am confirmed in opinion that not a moment should be lost in attacking the Enemy." They will every day and hour be stronger; we never shall be so good a match for them as at this moment. Then, after outlining the whole situation and urging a particular course, he concludes: "The measure may be thought bold, but I am of opinion that the boldest measures are safest, and our country demands the most vigorous exertion of her force, directed with judgement." But when he himself reached the scene the boy who would fight the bear was well uppermost. An eyewitness says:

"Lord Nelson was at this time, as he had been during the whole action, walking the starboard side of the quarterdeck . . . A shot through the main mast knocked a few splinters about us. He observed

to me with a smile: 'It is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us, at a moment', and then, stopping short at the gangway . . . said with emotion: 'But mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands.' When the signal—to discontinue the engagement—was made . . . he continued his walk and did not appear to take notice of it. The officer meeting his lordship at the next turn asked whether he should repeat it. Lord Nelson answered: 'No. Acknowledge it!' and then called after him: 'Is number sixteen still hoisted?' Number sixteen was the signal for close action. The officer answering 'Yes!' Lord Nelson said: 'Mind you keep it so!' He now walked the deck considerably agitated, which was always known by his moving the stump of his right arm. After a turn or two he said to me in a quick manner: 'Do you know what's shown on board of the Commander-in-Chief? Why, to leave off action! Leave off action!' he repeated, and then added, with a shrug: 'Now damme if I do.' Then he said to Captain Foley: 'You know, Foley, I've only one eye. I have a right to be blind sometimes.' And then, putting the glass to his blind eye he exclaimed: 'I really do not see the signal.' Later, and still the schoolboy, a little awed by his own rebellion, he says: 'Well, I have fought contrary to orders and shall perhaps be hanged; never mind, let them!' "

These phrases, of course, are spoken not written. But exactly the same sort of remark is scattered over his letters, cropping up through the formalities like flowers in a smooth-shaven lawn, wild and sweet, as when he writes impatiently to a superior before the Battle of the Nile: "My Lord, was I to die this moment, 'want of frigates' would be found stamped on my heart," or, as a boy of twenty-four to his Fanny: "As you begin to know something about Sailors, have you not often heard that salt water and absence always wash away love? Now I am such a heretic as not to believe that Faith; for behold, every morning since my arrival I have had six pails of salt water at daylight poured upon my head, and instead of finding what the Seamen say to be true I perceive the contrary effect."

This is very charming writing, though Nelson was so far from pretending to any knowledge of the art that we find him, after the Nile, naïvely suggesting to his biographer, M^rArthur, that his own sketch of his life should be turned into "much better language". It is probable that "better" meant to Nelson "more pompous". He could be extraordinarily pompous himself when he had time to work the thing up or felt that it was the due of the man at the other end. But his style was always so much affected by the personality of his correspondent that, studying the letters to his wife, one feels sure that she had a pleasant and polished manner which he reflects, just as later he reflects the robust and lovable vulgarity of Emma Hamilton.

At any rate his letters to his wife make the relationship between them perfectly clear. He is very fond of her, always at ease with her, and sure of her calm interest. He looks after her comfort in a matter-

of-fact way, and treats her as an agreeable companion. It is obvious that he writes to her, not as a matter of duty, but because he enjoys writing to her. But there is no sign of strong feeling. In most of the letters he might be addressing a youngish, friendly aunt. One has to realize that, until he met his "guardian angel" as he calls her, a side of Nelson's nature was undeveloped. It was through Emma that he found himself a human being. His love-letters are the raw material of his nature, and will, I suppose, some day serve a dramatist as the stuff of the Cleopatra story in Plutarch served Shakespeare, even though a classic distance of time must elapse before the greatest of all English love-stories can come into its own.

Nelson's last letter was written to Lady Hamilton. He spoke of her and the child before he pronounced his final verdict on his own life: "Thank God I have done my duty!" But the end of the story needs no retelling. Everyone knows the characteristic details, how the bystanders wanted him to cover up the stars on his coat for fear of an enemy marksman, and were snubbed for their pains, Nelson answering that it was too late to be shifting a coat. He never doubted the certainty of victory: "I shall not be satisfied, Blackwood, with anything short of twenty." At twenty-five minutes past eleven he said: "I will now amuse the Fleet with a signal," and at eleven-forty up went the first flag of the message: "England expects that every man will do his duty." Then he said: "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause."

And yet he did more; for he surrendered his own life in the moment of victory.

CLEMENCE DANE

NELSON'S LETTER TO HIS BIOGRAPHER ENCLOSING
A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

October 15th, Port Mahon.

My dear Sir,

I send you a Sketch of my Life, which I am sensible wants your pruning-knife, before it is fit to meet the public eye, therefore, I trust you and your friend will do that, and turn it into much better language. I have been, and am, very unwell, therefore you must excuse my short letter. I did not even know that such a Book as yours was printed, therefore I beg you will send me the two volumes, and consider me as a sincere friend to the undertaking. That every success may attend you, is the sincere wish of your obliged friend,

Nelson.

To John M'Arthur, Esq.

SKETCH OF MY LIFE

By LORD NELSON

HORATIO NELSON, son of the Reverend Edmund Nelson, Rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the County of Norfolk, and Catherine his wife, daughter of Doctor Suckling, Prebendary of Westminster, whose (grand)mother was sister to Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford.

I was born September 29th, 1758, in the Parsonage-house, was sent to the high-school at Norwich, and afterwards removed to North Walsham; from whence, on the disturbance with Spain relative to Falkland's Islands, I went to Sea with my uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, in the *Raisable* of 64 guns. But the business with Spain being accommodated, I was sent in a West India Ship belonging to the house of Hibbert, Purrier, Horton, with Mr. John Rathbone, who had formerly been in the Navy, in the *Dreadnought* with Captain Suckling. From this voyage I returned to the *Triumph* at Chatham in July 1772; and, if I did not improve in my education, I returned a practical Seaman, with a horror of the Royal Navy, and with a saying, then constant with the Seamen, '*Aft the most honour, forward the better man!*'—It was many weeks before I got in the least reconciled to a Man-of-War, so deep was the prejudice rooted; and what pains were taken to instil this erroneous principle in a young mind! However, as my ambition was to be a Seaman, it was always held out as a reward, that if I attended well to my navigation, I should go in the cutter and decked long-boat, which was attached to the Commanding officer's ship

at Chatham. Thus by degrees I became a good pilot for vessels of that description, from Chatham to the Tower of London, down the Swin, and to the North Foreland; and confident of myself amongst rocks and sands, which has many times since been of the very greatest comfort to me. In this way I was trained, till the expedition towards the North Pole was fitted out; when, although no boys were allowed to go in the Ships, (as of no use,) yet nothing could prevent my using every interest to go with Captain Lutwidge in the *Carcass*; and, as I fancied I was to fill a man's place, I begged I might be his cockswain; which, finding my ardent desire for going with him, Captain L. complied with, and has continued the strictest friendship to this moment. Lord Mulgrave, who I then first knew, continued his kindest friendship and regard to the last moment of his life. When the boats were fitting out to quit the two Ships blocked up in the ice, I exerted myself to have the command of a four-oared cutter raised upon, which was given me, with twelve men; and I prided myself in fancying I could navigate her better than any other boat in the Ship.

On our arrival in England, and paid off, October 15, I found that a Squadron was fitting out for the East Indies; and nothing less than such a distant voyage could in the least satisfy my desire of maritime knowledge; and I was placed in the *Seahorse* of 20 guns, with Captain Farmer, and watched in the foretop; from whence in time I was placed on the quarter-deck; having, in the time I was in this ship, visited almost every part of the East Indies, from Bengal to Bussorah. Ill health induced Sir Edward Hughes, who had always shown me the greatest kindness, to send me to England in the *Dolphin* of 20 guns, with Captain James Pigot, whose kindness at that time saved my life. This ship was paid off at Woolwich on the 24th September 1776. On the 26th I received an order from Sir James Douglas, who commanded at Portsmouth, to act as Lieutenant of the *Worcester*, 64, Captain Mark Robinson, who was ordered to Gibraltar with a convoy. In this Ship I was at sea with convoys till April 2nd, 1777, and in very bad weather; but although my age might have been a sufficient cause for not entrusting me with the charge of a Watch, yet Captain Robinson used to say, 'he felt as easy when I was upon deck, as any Officer in the Ship.'

On the 8th of April, 1777, I passed my examination as a Lieutenant; and received my Commission the next day, as second Lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe* frigate of 32 guns, Captain (now Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich hospital) William Locker. In this Ship I went to Jamaica; but even a Frigate was not sufficiently active for my mind, and I got into a Schooner, tender to the *Lowestoffe*. In this vessel I made myself a complete pilot for all the passages through the (Keys) Islands situated on the north side Hispaniola. Whilst in this Frigate, an event happened which presaged my character; and, as it conveys no dishonour to the Officer alluded to, I shall relate it:

Blowing a gale of wind, and very heavy sea, the Frigate captured an American Letter of Marque. The first Lieutenant was ordered to board her, which he did not do, owing to the very high sea. On his return on board, the Captain said, ‘Have I no Officer in the Ship who can board the Prize?’ On which the Master ran to the gangway, to get into the boat: when I stopped him, saying, ‘It is my turn now; and if I come back, it is yours.’ This little incident has often occurred to my mind; and I know it is my disposition, that difficulties and dangers do but increase my desire of attempting them.

Sir Peter Parker, soon after his arrival at Jamaica, (1778,) took me into his own Flag-Ship, the *Bristol*, as third Lieutenant; from which I rose by succession to be First. Nothing particular happened whilst I was in this Ship, which was actively employed off Cape François, being the commencement of the French war.

On the 8th of December 1778, I was appointed Commander of the *Badger* Brig; and was first sent to protect the Mosquito shore, and the bay of Honduras, from the depredations of the American privateers. Whilst on this service, I gained so much the affections of the Settlers, that they unanimously voted me their thanks, and expressed their regret on my leaving them; entrusting to me to describe to Sir Peter Parker and Sir John Dalling their situation, should a war with Spain break out. Whilst I commanded this Brig, H.M.S. *Glasgow*, Captain Thomas Lloyd, came into Montego Bay, Jamaica, where the *Badger* was laying: in two hours afterwards she took fire by a cask of rum; and Captain Lloyd will tell you, that it was owing to my exertions, joined to his, that her whole crew were rescued from the flames.

On the 11th of June 1779, I was made Post into the *Hinchinbrook*. When, being at sea, and Count d’Estaing arriving at Hispaniola with a very large Fleet and Army from Martinico, an attack on Jamaica was expected. In this critical state, I was by both Admiral and General intrusted with the command of the batteries at Port Royal: and I need not say, as the defence of this place was the key to the Port of the whole Naval force, the Town of Kingston, and Spanish Town, it was the most important post in the whole Island.

In January 1780, an Expedition being resolved on against St. Juan’s, I was chosen to command the Sea part of it. Major Polson, who commanded, will tell you of my exertions: how I quitted my Ship, carried troops in boats one hundred miles up a river, which none but Spaniards since the time of the buccaneers had ever ascended that river. It will then be told how I boarded, (if I may be allowed the expression,) an outpost of the Enemy, situated on an Island in the river, that I made batteries, and afterwards fought them, and was a principal cause of our success. From this scene I was appointed to the *Janus*, 44, at Jamaica, and went to Port Royal in the *Victor* sloop.

My state of health was now so bad, that I was obliged to go to England in the *Lion*, Honourable William Cornwallis, Captain; whose

care and attention again saved my life. In August 1781, I was commissioned for the *Albemarle*; and, it would almost be supposed, to try my constitution, was kept the whole winter in the North Sea. In April 1782, I sailed with a convoy for Newfoundland and Quebec, under the orders of Captain Thomas Pringle. From Quebec, during a cruise off Boston, I was chased by three French Ships of the Line, and the *Iris* frigate: as they all beat me in sailing very much, I had no chance left, but running them amongst the shoals of St. George's bank. This alarmed the Line-of-Battle Ships, and they quitted the pursuit; but the Frigate continued, and at sun-set was little more than gunshot distant: when, the Line-of-Battle Ships being out of sight, I ordered the main-top-sail to be laid to the mast; when the Frigate tacked, and stood to rejoin her consorts.

In October I sailed from Quebec with a convoy to New York, where I joined the Fleet under the command of Lord Hood; and in November I sailed with him to the West Indies, where I remained till the Peace; when I came to England, (being directed in my way to attend H.R.H. Duke of Clarence in his visit to the *Havannah*;) and was paid off at Portsmouth on July 3rd, 1783. In the autumn I went to France, and remained till the spring of the year 1784; when I was appointed to the *Boreas* frigate, of 28 guns, and ordered to the Leeward Island station.

This Station opened a new scene to the Officers of the British Navy. The Americans, when colonists, possessed almost all the trade from America to our West India Islands; and on the return of Peace, they forgot, on this occasion, they became Foreigners, and of course had no right to trade in the British Colonies. Our Governors and Custom-house Officers pretended, that by the Navigation Act they had a right to trade; and all the West Indians wished what was so much for their interest.

Having given Governors, Custom-house Officers, and Americans, notice of what I would do, I seized many of their Vessels, which brought all parties upon me; and I was persecuted from one Island to another, that I could not leave my Ship. But conscious rectitude bore me through it; and I was supported, when the business came to be understood, from home: and I proved, (and an Act of Parliament has since established it,) that a captain of a Man of War is in duty bound to support all the Maritime Laws, by his Admiralty commission alone, without becoming a Custom-house Officer.

In July 1786, I was left with the command till June 1787, when I sailed for England. During this winter H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence visited the Leeward Islands in the *Pegasus* frigate, of which he was Captain; and in March, this year, I married Frances Herbert Nisbet, widow of Dr. Nisbet, of the Island of Nevis; by whom I have no children.

The *Boreas* being paid off at Sheerness, on November the 30th, I lived at Burnham Thorpe, county of Norfolk, in the Parsonage-house. In 1790, when the Affair with Spain, relative to Nootka Sound, had

near involved us in a war, I made use of every interest to get a Ship, ay, even a boat, to serve my Country, but in vain: there was a prejudice at the Admiralty evidently against me, which I can neither guess at, or in the least account for.

On the 30th of January 1793, I was commissioned in the very handsomest way for the *Agamemnon*, 64; and was put under the command of that great man and excellent officer, Lord Hood, appointed to the command in the Mediterranean. The unbounded confidence on all occasions placed in me by his Lordship, will show his opinion of my abilities; having served in the command of the seamen landed for the sieges of Bastia and Calvi. His Lordship, in October 1794, left the Mediterranean to Admiral Hotham, who also honoured me with the same confidence. I was in the Actions of the 13th and 14th of March 1795, and 13th of July in the same year. For the share I had in them, I refer to the Admiral's letters. I was then appointed by Admiral Hotham to co-operate with the Austrian General, De Vins, which I did all the time Admiral Hotham retained the command, till November; when he was superseded by Sir John Jervis, now Earl St. Vincent.

In April 1796, the Commander-in-Chief so much approved my conduct, that he directed me to wear a Distinguishing Pendant. In June I was removed from the *Agamemnon* to the *Captain*; and on the 11th of August appointed a Captain under me. Between April and October, I was employed in the blockade of Leghorn, taking Port Ferrajo, the Island of Caprea, and finally in the evacuation of Bastia: when having seen the troops in safety to Port Ferrajo, I joined the Admiral in St. Fiorenzo, and proceeded with him to Gibraltar; from whence in December I was sent in *La Minerve* frigate, Captain George Cockburn, to Port Ferrajo, to bring down our Naval stores, &c. On the passage we captured a Spanish Frigate, *La Sabina*, of 40 guns, 28 eighteen pounders on her main deck, as will appear by my Letter.

From sailing from Port Ferrajo on the 29th of January 1797, to the finish of the Action, 14th of February, I refer to the account published by Colonel Drinkwater. The King for my conduct gave me a gold Medal, and the City of London a gold Box.

In April I hoisted my Flag as Rear-Admiral of the Blue, and was sent to bring down the garrison of Port Ferrajo: which service performed, I shifted my Flag from the *Captain* to the *Theseus* on May the 27th, and was employed in the command of the inner Squadron in the blockade of Cadiz. It was during this period that perhaps my personal courage was more conspicuous than at any other period of my life. In an attack of the Spanish gun-boats, I was boarded in my barge with its common crew of ten men, Cockswain, Captain Fremantle, and myself, by the Commander of the Gun-boats. The Spanish barge rowed twenty-six oars, besides Officers, thirty in the whole; this was a service hand to hand with swords, in which my Cockswain, John Sykes, (now no more,) saved twice my life. Eighteen of the Spaniards

being killed and several wounded, we succeeded in taking their Commander.

On the 15th of July, I sailed for Teneriffe: the event, I refer to my Letter of that Expedition. Having lost my right arm, for this loss and my former services his Majesty was pleased to settle £800 a-year; and by some unlucky mismanagement of it, I was obliged to go to England; and it was the 13th of December, before the surgeons pronounced me fit for service. On the 19th, the *Vanguard* was commissioned for my Flag-ship.

On the 1st of April 1798, I sailed with a convoy from Spithead: at the back of the Wight, the wind coming to the westward, I was forced to return to St. Helen's, and finally sailed on the 9th, carrying a convoy at Oporto and Lisbon. I joined Earl St. Vincent off Cadiz, on April 29th; being on the 30th ordered into the Mediterranean. I refer to a Book printed for my proceedings to the close of the Battle of the Nile.

On the 22nd September, I arrived at Naples, and was received as a Deliverer by the King, Queen, and the whole Kingdom. October 12th the blockade of Malta took place, which has continued without intermission to this day. On the 21st December, his Sicilian Majesty and family embarked in the *Vanguard*, and were carried to Palermo in Sicily. In March, I arranged a plan for taking the Islands in the Bay of Naples, and for supporting the Royalists who were making head in the Kingdom. This plan succeeded in every part. In May I shifted my Flag, being promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the Red, to the *Foudroyant*; and was obliged to be on my guard against the French Fleet. In June and July I went to Naples, and, as his Sicilian Majesty is pleased to say, I reconquered his Kingdom, and placed him on his Throne. On the 9th August I brought his Sicilian Majesty back to Palermo, having been upwards of four weeks on board the *Foudroyant*.

On the 13th his Sicilian Majesty presented me with a Sword most magnificently enriched with diamonds, the Title of Duke of Bronté, and annexed to it the feud of Bronté, supposed to be worth £3,000 per annum. On the arrival of the Russian Squadron at Naples, I directed Commodore Troubridge to go with the Squadron, and blockade closely Civita Vecchia, and to offer the French most favourable conditions, if they would evacuate Rome and Civita Vecchia; which terms the French General, Grenier, complied with, and they were signed on board the *Culloden*: thus a prophecy, made to me on my arrival at Naples, was fulfilled, viz. *that I should take Rome with my Ships*.

Thus may be exemplified by my Life, that perseverance in any profession will most probably meet its reward. Without having any inheritance, or having been fortunate in prize-money, I have received all the Honours of my Profession, been created a Peer of Great Britain, &c., &c. as set forth in the annexed Paper, and I may say to the Reader, 'Go thou, and do likewise.'

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEARS 1758-1778

Horatio Nelson is born on September 29th, 1758, in Burnham Thorpe parsonage.—When he is nine years old his mother dies. Her brother, Captain Maurice Suckling, visits the parsonage and promises to be responsible for one of the eight children.

In 1770 Horatio, now twelve years old, himself suggests that he should go to sea. The uncle writes in answer: "What has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea?" But he consents, and Nelson becomes a midshipman in the *Raisonnable*.

In 1771, after a few months in the *Raisonnable*, he is sent to join a West India merchant ship, whence he returns "a practical seaman" in 1772. He learns navigation and is trained as a pilot.

In 1773 wheedles his uncle into getting him into the *Carcass* under Captain Lutwidge, on the expedition to the North Pole, where he several times distinguishes himself, but gets into trouble for slipping away from the ship to fight a polar bear.

In 1774 he returns to England, is placed in the *Seahorse*, and visits "almost every part of the East Indies".

In 1776 he is invalided home in the *Dolphin*, and in September appointed acting-Lieutenant of the *Worcester*.

In 1777 he passes examinations for Lieutenant and gets fresh experience as a pilot. He boards a prize in a high sea and the next day finds himself second lieutenant in the *Lowstoffer* frigate under Captain Locker.—He goes to Jamaica.

In 1778 he is third lieutenant in the *Bristol*, under Sir Peter Parker, who with his wife are his life-long friends. Two months later he becomes first lieutenant.—In December, at the ripe age of twenty, he is promoted to commander, and given the *Badger* Brig and the job of protecting the islands from American privateers.

HE IS LEFT TO SHIFT FOR HIMSELF

Navy Office, April 14th, 1777.

Dear Brother,

My father arrived in town on Friday evening in tolerable good health; my sister and brother are both well, and desire their love to you. I suppose you have not heard of my arrival in England yet, but we arrived on Thursday week, but I have been so full of business in preparing to set out again, that I have not had time to write. I passed my Degree as Master of Arts on the 9th instant, (that is, passed the

Lieutenant's examination,) and received my Commission on the following day, for a fine Frigate of 32 guns. So I am now left in (the) world to shift for myself, which I hope I shall do, so as to bring credit to myself and friends. Am sorry there is no possibility this time of seeing each other, but I hope that time will come in a few years, when we will spend some merry hours together.

N.B.—If it is not too troublesome turn over.

Where we shall go at present, I know not, but wherever it is, I will always write to you. If you ever choose to write, inclose either to Mr. Suckling, or my brother, as in all probability they will know where we are gone. I leave London on Wednesday evening, so shall always be glad to hear from you. Believing me to be, dear Brother, your affectionate brother,

Horatio Nelson.

P.S.—Pray give my best respects to my old school-fellow, H. Hammond.

To Mr William Nelson.

THE BEGINNING OF A FRIENDSHIP

Lowestoffe, at Sea, August 12th, 1777.

My most worthy Friend,

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the good opinion you entertain of me, and will do my utmost that you may have no occasion to change it. I hope God Almighty will be pleased to spare your life, for your own sake, and that of your family: but should any thing happen to you, (which I sincerely pray God, may not,) you may be assured that nothing shall be wanting on my part for the taking care of your effects, and delivering safe to Mrs. Locker such of them as may be thought proper not to be disposed of. You mentioned the word "consolation," in your letter—I shall have a very great one, when I think I have served faithfully the best of friends, and the most amiable of women.

All the services I can render to your family, you may be assured shall be done, and shall never end but with my life; and may God Almighty of his great goodness keep, bless, and preserve you, and your family, is the most fervent prayer

Of your faithful servant,

Horatio Nelson.

P.S.—Though this letter is not couched in the best manner be assured it comes from one entirely devoted to your service. H.N.

9th February, 1778. Off the West Corcos.

I am happy in having an opportunity of writing by Mr. Ellis, who comes down in the *Abigail* schooner from François, bound to Nantucket. We took her this morning at four o'clock, after a chase of eight hours.

We are just come to an anchor; and the wind is got to the Northward, so that I must conclude, as we are now weighing. Pray give my compliments to my messmates.

Bristol, Monday afternoon (apparently 31st August, 1778).

Dear Sir,

Your goodness to me has been more than ever I expected, or had any right to think on in every respect. The man you mentioned I should be very happy to have with me, as the one is very assiduous, the other you know (is) one of my favourites. . . . Dundas,—I thought I had mentioned him before: he messes with us, and keeps the fourth watch: he agrees tolerable well, as he has been told the man he has to deal with, but I am sure he has wished himself often on board the *Lowestoffe*. Cunningham has sent me a jar of sweetmeats, which I am much obliged to him for. I heard of you by M'Namara yesterday. I hope it is not true the accounts we have here of the taking the *Minerva*. May health and happiness attend (you) is the constant sincere wish of your humble Servant.

Horatio Nelson.

To Captain William Locker.

CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH

Bristol, Saturday morning (apparently 12th September, 1778).

. . . I am very sorry to acquaint (you) of the *Active's* laying alongside the *Minerva*. . . . She had hove twelve of her guns overboard, in a gale of wind; and sprung her mainmast. Poor Captain Williams died about ten days ago of a broken heart: the Tender that was sent after the *Æolus* is also taken, and our people were not permitted to see either the Officers or Seamen of the Ships. They say there is upwards of three hundred seamen in the jails. . . .

May health and one (of) the French frigates attend you, is the sincere wish of yours faithfully,

To Captain William Locker.

H. Nelson.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1779

In 1779 he is appointed to the Hinchinbrook as post captain, and is entrusted with the command of the batteries at Port Royal, "the most important post in the island".

THE CHARACTER

Badger, off the N.E. End, April 30th.

. . . I wish I could give a good character of Mr. Capper: he is a drunkard; I need say no more.

To Captain Locker.

NELSON IS WARM

Badger, May 13th.

. . . When I first saw the Ships in Port Antoniom I took them for part of the Cork Fleet, and sent the boat for men, with orders not to press from homeward-bound Ships. They went on board two, and did not meddle with their people; but thirty-five men on board the *Amity Hall* tempted them to bring five; I was not pleased when they were brought on board, and came into Port on purpose to return them, for I had not a thought of keeping any of them; the Master came on board in a most impertinent manner, and with very abusive language told me he should take the Law, &c. I can't say but I was warm to be talked to in such a manner; however, I immediately returned two men and a Neutral, but told him I should keep the other two, for his impertinent behaviour. (This is all the matter.) If you tell the story, I beg you will mention, that the Master forgot to advertise that he had on board two deserters from the *Badger*. The Master is just coming on board, so I must stop a little.

(Later) The Master has just gone. . . . He has begged my pardon for his behaviour on that day, and we are parted very good friends (though I believe all he told me is false).

To Captain Locker.

BUT NELSON SAVED THE CREW

Badger, off St Ann's, June 7th.

Dear Sir,

I suppose before this you have heard of the fate of the poor *Glasgow*, indeed it was a most shocking sight; and had it happened half an hour later, in all probability a great many people would have been lost. She anchored at half-past three, and at six she was in flames, owing to the steward attempting to steal rum out of the after-hold.

To Captain Locker.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1780

In January 1780 he commands the sea part of the expedition against Fort St. Juan on Lake Nicaragua. He is attacked by dysentery and is poisoned by the foul water.—He is recalled the day before the fall of the Fort to become captain of the Janus.—He resigns in August on account of serious ill-health, and returns to England.

PRIZES AND AN APPOINTMENT

Port Royal, January 23rd.

. . . I sailed in the *Hinchinbrook* from Port Royal in the middle of September, to join the *Niger* and *Penelope*. We took four Sail, for which I shall share about 800*l*. sterling. . . . The Spanish Ship is to be made a Ship of 36 guns. The Admiral offered her to me, which I declined. He says he will give me the first Frigate. He has appointed me to go with an Expedition which is now on foot against the city of Grenada, upon the Lake of Niguragua. How it will turn out, God knows . . .

You must not be surprised to see me in England after this trip; for if my health is not much better than it is at present, I shall certainly come home, as all the Doctors are against my staying so long in this country. You know my old complaint in my breast: it is turned out to be the gout got there. Kitty Crawford sends you two jars of tamarinds. . . . I have been twice given over since you left this country with that cursed disorder, the gout.

To Captain Locker.

HE PASSES ON GOOD NEWS

Port Royal, 2nd June.

Dear Polson,

I assure you nothing gave me more pleasure than to hear of your reducing the Fort, before the arrival of Kemble, or any of the folks of the Second Division. When I arrived at Jamaica, I saw General Dalling several times, and I told him of all your transactions from our first setting out; our troubles on the Mosquito Shore, &c., which I thought you would wish, as no letters had arrived. He expressed himself very much pleased with your conduct on every occasion, and expressed a very great regard for you, and was very sorry he was obliged to send down older Officers. But when the news arrived of the reduction of the Fort, I assure you he expressed the greatest pleasure it happened to you.

To Captain Polson.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1781

In 1781 he is on half-pay until August, when he is appointed captain of the Albemarle, and spends the winter in the North Sea.

THE PRECIOUS JEWEL

Bath, January 23rd.

Dear Sir,

I must crave your pardon for (not) having wrote to you before this, but I know you will readily believe the reason was inability; for I have been so ill since I have been here, that I was obliged to be carried to and from bed, with the most excruciating tortures, but, thank God, I am now upon the mending hand. I (am) phy-icked three times a day, drink the waters three times, and bathe every other night, besides (*qu.* not) drinking wine, which I think the worst of all. . . . I hope your health is better, at least that you have got rid of that cursed bile. Adieu, and believe me to be, your

Devoted humble Servant,

Horatio Nelson.

Bath, January 28th.

. . . Your scolding at my not writing I own I expected it, although I am convinced I did not deserve it; for even now, although I am much better, I am scarcely able to hold my pen. . . . I shall be very happy whenever I am appointed to a Ship, for as you will suppose, I do not set under the hands of a Doctor very easy, although I give myself credit this once for having done everything, and taken every medicine that was ordered, that Dr. Woodward, who is my Physician, said he never had a better patient. . . . Although I have not quite recovered the use of my limbs, yet my inside is a new man.

Bath, February 15th.

. . . My health, thank God, is very near perfectly restored; and I have the perfect use of all my limbs, except my left arm, which I can hardly tell what is the matter with it. From the shoulder to my fingers' ends are as if half dead; but the Surgeon and Doctors give me hopes it will all go off. . . . I must wish you a good night, and drink your health in a draught of my Physician's cordial and a bolus. Adieu, and believe me to be,

Your sincere friend and devoted humble Servant,

Horatio Nelson.

Bath, March 5th.

. . . I never was so well in health since you knew me, or that I can

remember. It is a most precious jewel, which I will take great care of in future.

To William Locker, Esq.

Kentish Town, May 7th.

. . . Now you will say, Why does not he come into Norfolk? I will tell you: I have entirely lost the use of my left arm, and very near of my left leg and thigh, and am at present under the care of a Mr. Adair, an eminent Surgeon in London; but he gives me hopes a few weeks will remove my disorder, when I will certainly come into Norfolk, and spend my time there till I am employed. When you write to my father do not mention my complaints, for I know it will make him very uneasy, and can do no good.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

A SMALL FRIGATE OF TWENTY-EIGHT GUNS

Kentish Town, August 24th.

Dear Brother,

According to my promise I sit down to write you an account of the *Albemarle*. Yesterday I went down to Woolwich with Maurice, and hoisted my Pendant; and I am perfectly satisfied with her, as a twenty-eight gun Frigate. She is in dock, alongside the *Enterprize*, and in some respects, I think, excels her. She has a bold entrance, and clean run. The *Enterprize*, a *lean bow*, which does not answer so well with copper, as they always allow for sheathing, which is upwards of an inch more in thickness, therefore, she wants that much. The *Albemarle* is not so wide, upon the gun-deck, by four inches, but the same beam; the gun-deck six feet high; between decks very low indeed, about five feet. She is now coppering, and will not be out of dock this fortnight, at least.

The Admiralty have been very civil, having given me the choice of all my Officers, which I am much pleased with. . . I have talked with Mr. Suckling about your going Chaplain in the Navy, and he thinks as I do, that fifty pounds where you are, is much more than equal to what you can get at Sea; but in that I know you will please yourself, therefore shall not attempt to state any argument to *dissuade* you from it. Your own judgment must rule you.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

OF CONVOYS

Yarmouth Roads, December 22nd.

. . . They behaved, as all Convoys that ever I saw did, shamefully ill; parting company every day.

To William Locker, Esq.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1782

In April 1782 he sails for Quebec.—In August he is chased by a French squadron which he tricks by running amongst the shoals off St. George's Bank.—In October he is in New York and meets Prince William Henry, later William IV. This meeting is the beginning of a life-long friendship, though the Prince describes him as "the meekest boy of a captain I ever beheld," with lank, unpowdered hair and old-fashioned clothes. "I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who it was nor what he came about! But there was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation." The Prince adds that at this time "the height of Nelson's ambition was to command a line of battle ship."—He goes to the West Indies at the end of the year.

THE ART OF WRITING HOME

Deal, 25th January.

Dear Brother,

I have wrote at last. I am almost ashamed not to have wrote before, but I have been so unwell, and weather so bad, that I have not had patience to put pen to paper. On board I have wrote almost a sheet of *nonsense*; but in my great wisdom I was sent for on shore, and have left it on board: but I was determined, as I had half an hour on dry land, to make some use of it.

Albemarle in the Downs, 28th January.

My dear Brother,

I have no doubt but you have scolded me most heartily for not having wrote before this, but I know *after a Storm comes a Calm*; so at this time I suppose you quite quiet and easy, not expecting a letter: therefore I am determined you shall have one. Now I'll begin excuses. In the first place, you did not wish me to write till I knew where I was to (be) stationed; that I can't tell you, for I do not know myself. The Admiralty, I believe, are asleep, but if I can prognosticate, we are to have the Downs Station for the present—(a horrid bad one).

To the Reverend William Nelson.

THE STEPPING STONES

Portsmouth, February 8th.

. . . I wish I could congratulate you upon a Rectory instead of a Vicarage: it is rather *awkward* wishing the poor man *dead*, but we all rise by *deaths*. I got my rank by a shot killing a Post-Captain, and I

most sincerely hope I shall, when I go, go out of (the) world the same way; then we go all in the line of our Profession—a *Parson* praying, a Captain fighting. I suppose you are returned from Hilborough before this, and taken *Miss Ellen* and the *Living*.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

DISAPPOINTMENT

Albemarle, Isle of Bic, River St. Lawrence, Oct. 19th.

. . . In the end, our cruise has been an unsuccessful one; we have taken, seen, and destroyed more Enemies than is seldom done in the same space of time, but not one arrived in Port. But, however, I do not repine at our loss; we have in other things been very fortunate, for on the 14th of August, we fell in with, in Boston Bay, four Sail of the Line, and the *Iris*, French Man-of-War part of M. Vaudreuil's Squadron, who gave us a pretty dance for between nine or ten hours; but we beat all except the Frigate, and though we brought to for her, after we were out of sight of the Line of Battle Ships, she tacked and stood from us. Our escape I think wonderful: they were upon the clearing up of a fog, within shot of us, and chased us the whole time about one point from the wind: the Frigate, I fancy, had not forgot the dressing Captain Salter had given the *Amazon*, for daring to leave the Line of Battle Ships. . . .

About a fortnight ago, when I was at Quebec, with no other expectation or desires than to return to England, arrives the *Drake Sloop*, and *Cockatrice Cutter*, with orders for the Transports to be fitted for the reception of Troops, and to be sent to New York: in consequence thereof, old Worth, has given me orders to carry the Fleet to New York—a very *pretty job* at this late season of the year, for our sails are at this moment frozen to the yards.

To William Locker, Esq.

THE MAPLE CROWN

Albemarle, Isle of Bic, River St. Lawrence, October 19th.

. . . Health, that greatest of blessings, is what I never truly enjoyed till I saw *Fair Canada*. The change it has wrought, I am convinced is truly wonderful.

To the Reverend Edmund Nelson.

FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCE

Albemarle, New York, November 17th.

. . . I arrived here with all my Fleet safe on the 13th, which is a very fortunate thing at this season of the year. Peacock I saw and dined with the day I landed; I could not do less. He showed me a

letter from you in August, where I was sorry to see you had not got perfectly well. Peacock has got the *L'Aigle*, a very fine Frigate, of twenty-eight, eighteen pounders, and three hundred and fifteen men. . . . I wish he may have health, or I am sorry to say, life to enjoy her. The day he went with me to show me his Ship, he was, to all appearance, perfectly well. He was seized with a fit of *apoplexy*, which, if there had not been a Doctor by, who bled him plentifully, might have carried him off: however, he is now pretty well, but not able to get out of doors. It is the second attack, but do not give him the least hint that you know it, as I fancy the Doctors have pretty well persuaded him it was only a *casual* fainting. He is very much beloved by everybody here; and I think, from my little personal acquaintance, he is a very genteel man. . . .

Charles Pilfold is here, one of the first to be made a Lieutenant; he is a charming character, beloved by his Captain, and all his acquaintance. . . . Peacock has not got a third Lieutenant as yet; I wish he could get him. I shall speak to him this day about him. He has the same gentle disposition and modesty as when a youngster: you must remember the little fellow well. . . .

I am a candidate with Lord Hood for a Line of Battle Ship: he has honoured me highly by a letter, for wishing to go off this Station, to a Station of Service, and has promised me his friendship. Prince William is with him; I think it is a prelude to the *Digby's* going off this station; money is the great object here, nothing else is attended to. . . .

The Packet sails to-morrow, and I have been so much employed in fitting my Ship, that I could not get time to write before to-day; and you must excuse me for not saying more, though I could fill another sheet very well. When I arrive in the West Indies you will hear from me.

Farewell, my dear Friend, and be assured

I am your obliged humble Servant,

Horatio Nelson.

I have got but a corner, tell all my friends "*how do ye*."

To William Locker, Esq.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1783

*On March 8th of 1783 he attacks Turk's Island.—In July, having arrived at Spithead, Nelson is paid off the *Albemarle* and placed on half-pay.—He travels in France in November and December. He falls in love with a Miss Andrews.*

THE CURSED NEUTRAL FLAG

Albemarle, Off Cape Tiberoon, February 25th.

. . . We are all in the dark in this part of the world, whether it is *Peace* or *War*. . . . The Fleet fell in with Charles Pole. . . . He had been pretty successful since he came upon this Station, and will be very much so, if a *Neutral*, which he sent in, is given to him. She is condemned in Jamaica, but they have appealed, and in England we are afraid of the cursed Neutral flag.

My situation in Lord Hood's Fleet must be in the highest degree flattering to any young man. He treats me as if I was his son, and will, I am convinced, give me anything I can ask of him: nor is my situation with Prince William less flattering. Lord Hood was so kind as to tell him (indeed I cannot make use of expressions strong enough to describe what I felt), that if he wished to ask questions relative to Naval Tactics, I could give him as much information as any Officer in the Fleet. He will be, I am certain, an ornament to our Service. He is a *seaman*, which you could hardly suppose. Every other qualification you may expect from him. But he will be a *disciplinarian*, and a strong one: he says he is determined every person shall serve his time before they shall be provided for, as he is obliged to serve his . . .

If I get safe back to Port-Royal (which is a matter of great doubt to me), I shall get a cask of the best rum on board for you. . . . Not an Officer has been changed, except the Second Lieutenant. since the *Albemarle* was commissioned, therefore it is needless to say, I am happy in my ship's company. Once more farewell.

To William Locker, Esq.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY

Albemarle, March 9th.

My Lord,

On Thursday, the 6th Instant, a few leagues to windward of Monte Christi, I fell in with his Majesty's Ship *Resistance*, Captain King. From him I received information that the French had taken the Turk's Island, on the 13th February, with one hundred and fifty Regulars, and three Vessels of War.

As it would be very little loss in my getting to the Eastward, making

the Turk's Island, I determined to look what situation the French were in, and if possible to retake it. . . . I sent Captain Dixon on shore with a flag of truce to demand a surrender of the Islands. With much confidence of his superior situation, the Commander of the French troops sent an answer that he should defend himself.

On Saturday morning, at daylight, one hundred and sixty-seven Seamen and Marines were landed from the Ships under the command of Captain Charles Dixon, who very much obliged me by offering to command them. . . . I ordered the *Drake*, under the command of Lieutenant Hinton, and Admiral Barrington, Lieutenant Cunningham who joined at this instant, to go off the town, and batter it.

To Rear Admiral Lord Hood.

HE FIGHTS HIS MEN'S BATTLES

No. 3, Salisbury-street, Strand, July 12th.

My dear Friend,

When I look at the date of your letter I received at Portsmouth, I ought to be ashamed at not having wrote to you; but you always knew I was a careless fellow, although, be assured, my great esteem and respect for you can never be lessened. My time, ever since I arrived in Town, has been taken up in attempting to get the wages due to my *good fellows*, for various ships they have served in the war. The disgust of the Seamen to the Navy is all owing to the infernal plan of turning them over from Ship to Ship, so that Men cannot be attached to their Officers, or the Officers care two-pence about them.

To Captain Locker.

OLD FRIENDS SETTLE DOWN

Salisbury-street, 9th August.

. . . I have not seen any of the Parkers since my arrival: they are in Essex, at an estate they have lately purchased, pulling the old house down and building a new one (thanks to Jamaica for the money). An Irish Peerage is all that is wanted to complete them.

To Hercules Ross, Esq.

NELSON IN FRANCE

St. Omer, November 2nd.

. . . Sterne's Sentimental Journey is the best description I can give of our tour. . . . They told us we travelled *en poste*, but I am sure we did not get on more than four miles an hour. . . . Their chaises have no springs, and the roads generally paved like London streets; therefore you will naturally suppose we were pretty well shook together by the time we had travelled two posts and a-half, which is fifteen miles, to Marquise. Here we (were) shown into an inn—they called it—

I should have called it a pigstye: we were shown into a room with two straw beds, and, with great difficulty, they mustered up clean sheets; and gave us two pigeons for supper, upon a dirty cloth, and wooden-handled knives—*O what a transition from happy England.* . . .

We set off at daylight for Boulogne, where we breakfasted: this place was full of English, I suppose because wine is so very cheap. . . .

We lodge in a pleasant French family, and have our dinners sent from a *traiteur's*. There are two very agreeable young ladies, daughters, who *honour* us with their company pretty often: one always makes our breakfast, and the other our tea, and play a game at cards in an evening. Therefore I must learn French if 'tis only for the pleasure of talking to them, for they do not speak a word of English.

To William Locker, Esq.

St. Omer, November 10th.

. . . We set off *en poste*, they called it: we did not get on more than four miles an hour. Such *carriages*, such *horses*, such *drivers*, and such *boots*, you would have been ready to burst with laughing at the ridiculous figure they made together. The roads were paved with stones; therefore by the time we had travelled fifteen miles, we were pretty well shook up, and heartily tired.

We have good rooms in a pleasant French family, where are two very agreeable young ladies. . . . I exert myself, you will suppose, in the French language, that I may have the pleasure of talking to them; and French ladies make full as much use of their tongues as our English ones.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

St. Omer, November 26th.

. . . The French goes on but slowly; but patience of which you know I have not much, and perseverance, will, I hope, make me master of it.

To William Locker, Esq.

"A LADY'S IN THE CASE"

St. Omer, December, 4th.

. . . My heart is quite secured against the French beauties: I almost wish I could say as much for an English young lady, the daughter of a clergyman, with whom I am just going to dine, and spend the day. She has such accomplishments, that had I a million of money, I am sure I should at this moment make her an offer of them: my income at present is by far too small to think of marriage, and she has no fortune.

St. Omer, 28th December.

. . . I must conclude, as I am engaged to tea and spend the evening with the most accomplished woman my eyes ever beheld; and when a Lady's in the case, all other things they must give place.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEARS 1784-1792

In January of 1784 he is planning to marry Miss Andrews, but the affair falls through.—In March he is appointed captain of the Boreas, and in May sails for the Leeward Islands, where he continues till 1787. Nelson finds himself in a difficult position during these years. The islanders had ignored the navigation laws, which forbid trade between the British Empire and the Americans, and the Naval and civil authorities sympathized with the merchants. Nelson, however, refuses to wink at illegalities. He becomes most unpopular, “a great little man of whom every one is afraid,” is threatened and boycotted, but succeeds in suppressing the illegal traffic. During these years he meets Mrs. Francis Nisbet, the niece of the President of Nevis, a widow of twenty-four with one child. The love affair progresses amiably to a marriage on 12th March 1787, though Nelson’s naval friends disapprove. One said at the time: “The Navy . . . lost one of its greatest ornaments by Nelson’s marriage. It is a national loss that such an officer should marry: had it not been for that circumstance, I foresaw that Nelson would become the greatest man in the service.”—In July Nelson and his wife come home.—In December he is placed on half-pay. Returning to London he has interviews with William Pitt, Howe, Middleton and the Treasury, exposing the naval frauds in the Indies. He is praised, and his advice is taken. In spite of the great services rendered the Government, he is given no employment and spends five years at home, principally in Norfolk, with his wife. This is owing to the intrigues of the West Indian merchants and the officialdom’s uneasy feeling that Nelson is a fire-brand.—But when war breaks out with the French Republic in 1793 Nelson is at once offered a ship.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT—FIRST VERSION

January 14th, 1784.

My dear Uncle,

There arrives in general a time in a man’s life (who has friends), that either they place him in life in a situation that makes his application for anything farther totally unnecessary, or give him help in a pecuniary way, if they can afford, and he deserves it.

The critical moment of my life is now arrived, that either I am to be happy or miserable:—it depends solely on you.

You may possibly think I am going to ask too much. I have led myself up with hopes you will not—till this trying moment. There is

a lady I have seen, of a good family and connexions, but with a small fortune,—1000*l.* I understand. The whole of my income does not exceed 130*l.* per annum. Now I must come to the point:—will you, if I should marry, allow me yearly 100*l.* until my income is increased to that sum, either by employment, or any other way? . . .

You must excuse the freedom with which this letter is dictated; not to have been plain and explicit in my distress had been cruel to myself. If nothing can be done for me, I know what I have to trust to. Life is not worth preserving without happiness; and I care not where I may linger out a miserable existence. I am prepared to hear your refusal, and have fixed my resolution if that should happen; but in every situation, I shall be a well-wisher to you and your family, and pray they or you may never know the pangs which at this instant tear my heart.

To William Suckling, Esq.

THE PANGS LESSEN

Bath, January 31st, 1784.

. . . I am happy I can say that our Father never was so well since I can remember; he is grown quite lusty. His cheeks are so much plumped out, that I thought they had been violently swelled when I first saw him, but it is all solid flesh. He gets up to breakfast, eats supper, and never retires till after ten. Keep his mind at rest, and I do not fear but he will live these many years. We have fixed our plan for next winter; you know I mean to come to you; we shall be quite a party. Poor little Kate is learning to ride, that she may be no trouble to us. She is a charming young woman, and possesses a great share of sense. In about a week or fortnight I think of returning to the Continent, till autumn, when I shall bring a horse, and stay the winter at Burnham. I return to many charming women, but *no charming woman* will return with me. I want to be a proficient in the language, which is my only reason for returning. I hate their country and their manners. . . . Let me hear from you soon. Is the bank down at Wells? Tell me all your Norfolk news. God bless you, and rest assured,

I am your sincere and affectionate Brother,
Horatio Nelson.

To the Reverend William Nelson. *Rector.*

CONFOUND THEIR POLITICS

Bath, January 31st, 1784.

. . . Mr. Pitt, depend upon it, will stand against all opposition: an honest man must always in time get the better of a *villain*; but I have done with politics; let who will get in, I shall be left out.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

HIS BARK AND HIS BITE

3 Lancaster Court, Strand, March 23rd.

. . . On last Friday I was commissioned for the *Boreas*. . .

I understand she is going to the Leeward Islands; and I am asked to carry out Lady Hughes and her family.—a very modest request, I think: but I cannot refuse, as I am to be under the command of this Gentleman, so I must put up with the inconvenience and expense, two things not exactly to my wish. The Ship is full of young Midshipmen, and everybody is asking me to take some one or other. . . . I must conclude with saying, is there any young gentleman you wish me to take? I shall have great pleasure in paying every attention in my power to him. If I should touch at Madeira, shall I get you any wine?

To William Locker, Esq.

FOX v. PITT

April 2nd.

Dear Brother,

I shall not be from London on Sunday, but shall dine with Mr. Suckling on Sunday. If you arrive on Sunday and come immediately to Kentish town, you will be sure of finding me. I hope sincerely you will vote for Mr. Pitt.

Yours affectionately,
Horatio Nelson.

We shall unkennel *Fox* in Westminster.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

JOHN GILPIN WAS A SAILORMAN

Portsmouth, April 21st.

My dear Sir,

Since I parted from you, I have encountered many disagreeable adventures. The day after I left you, we sailed at daylight, just after high water. The d—d Pilot—it makes me swear to think of it—ran the Ship aground, where she lay with so little water that the people could walk round her till next high water. . . . On Wednesday I got into a quarrel with a Dutch Indiaman who had Englishmen on board, which we settled after some difficulty. . . . And yesterday, to complete me, I was riding a *blackguard* horse that ran away with me at Common, carried me round all the Works into Portsmouth, by the London gates, through the Town out at the gate that leads to Common, where there was a waggon in the road,—which is so very narrow, that a horse could barely pass. To save my legs, and perhaps my life, I was obliged to throw myself from the horse, which I did with great agility: but unluckily upon hard stones, which has hurt my back and

my leg, but done no other mischief. It was a thousand to one that I had not been killed.

To William Locker, Esq.

THE PARSON BROTHER COMES TO SEA

Boreas, Portsmouth, April 23rd.

Dear Brother,

Come when you please, I shall be ready to receive you. Bring your canonicals and sermons. Do not bring any Burnham servants. I cannot say any more, being much hurried.

Yours affectionately,

Horatio Nelson.

In less than a fortnight my Ship will not sail. I have a fine talkative Lady for you to converse with.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

NELSON IS BORED—

Boreas, English Harbour, September 24th.

. . . Was it not for Mrs. Moutray, who is *very very* good to me, I should almost hang myself at this infernal hole. Our Admiral is tolerable, but I do not like him, he bows and scrapes too much for me; his wife has an eternal clack, so that I go near them as little as possible: in short, I detest this Country.

To William Locker, Esq.

—AND UNPOPULAR

Boreas, Basseterre Road, January 15th, 1785.

. . . The residents of these Islands are Americans by connexion and by interest, and are inimical to Great Britain. They are as great rebels as ever were in America, had they the power to show it.

After what I have said, you will believe I am not very popular with the people. They have never visited me, and I have not had a foot in any house since I have been on the Station, and all for doing my duty by being *true to the interests of Great Britain*. A petition from the President and Council has gone to the Governor-General and Admiral, to request the admission of Americans. I have given my answer to the Admiral upon the subject; how he will like it I know not: but I am determined to suppress the admission of Foreigners all in my power. I have told the Customs that I will complain if they admit any Foreigner to an Entry:—an American arrives; sprung a leak, a mast, and what not, makes a protest, gets admittance, sells his cargo for ready money; goes to Martinico, buys molasses, and so round and round. But I hate them all. The Loyalist cannot do it, consequently must sell a little dearer.

To William Locker, Esq.

NELSON v. THE KING'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL

(January 11th or 12th).

. . . Whilst I have the honour to command an English Man-of-War, I never shall allow myself to be subservient to the will of any Governor, nor co-operate with him in doing *illegal acts*. Presidents of Council I feel myself superior to. They shall make proper application to me, for whatever they may want to come by water.

If I rightly understand your order of the 29th of December, it is founded upon an Opinion of the King's Attorney-General, viz.: 'That it is legal for Governors or their Representatives to admit Foreigners into the Ports of their Government, if they think fit.' How the King's Attorney-General conceives he has a right to give an illegal Opinion, which I assert the above is, he must answer for. I know the Navigation Laws. To Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Hughes, Bart.

GOSSIP

Boreas, Carlisle Bay, February 20th.

. . . All my Children are well except one, young Andrews. He came out in the *Unicorn*: do you remember him? On the 11th November last, he was forced by Mr. Stainsbury to fight a duel, which terminated fatally for the poor lad: the ball is lodged in his back, and whether he will ever get the better of it God knows. . . .

Come, I must carry you to our love scenes. Captain Sandys has asked Miss Eliot—*refused*. Captain Sterling was attentive to Miss Elizabeth E.; but never having asked the question, Captain Berkeley is, I hear, to be the happy man. Captain Kelly is attached to a lady at Nevis, so he says: I don't much think it. He is not steady enough for that passion to hold long. . . . Rosy has had no offers: I fancy she seems hurt at it. Poor girl! you should have offered. I have not gallantry enough. A niece of Governor Parry's has come out. She goes to Nevis in the *Boreas*; they trust any young lady with me, being an old-fashioned fellow.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

EGERIA LEAVES FOR ENGLAND

Boreas, St. Kitt's, March 16th.

. . . My sweet amiable friend sails the 20th for England. I took my leave of her with a heavy heart, three days ago. What a *treasure* of a woman. God bless her.

Boreas, St. Christopher's, May 3rd.

. . . This Country appears now intolerable, my dear friend being absent. . . . I went once up the Hill to look at the spot where I spent more happy days than in any one spot in the world. E'en the trees drooped their heads, and the tamarind tree died:—all was melancholy:

the road is covered with thistles; let them grow. I shall never pull one of them up. By this time I hope she is safe in Old England. Heaven's choicest blessing go with her. . . .

My letter is broken in upon by a scoundrel of a *rebel*. The whole Island of St. Kitt's are on his side, and against me, but I am in a fair way of casting them. They make me so angry, that I have no patience, and our Admiral does not support us. He is an *excellent fiddler*. . . .

Little S—— is over head and ears in love; what will come of it I know not, but he is in a sad way. Next hurricane months will finish his life I should suppose. As to news, I can't tell you any out of my Ship. Old Jemmy Jameson has got the gout. Wallis, and Dent are well, and with Doctor Graham, pay great attention to the Purser's wife. Mr. Lane is at sick-quarters; let him stay, I never wish to see his face again. To the Reverend William Nelson.

THE POSTSCRIPT

Boreas, St. Kitt's, June 28th.

Entre nous.—Do not be surprised to hear I am a *Benedict*, for if at all, it will be before a month. Do not tell.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

A ROW WITH THE ISLANDERS

Boreas, English Harbour, September 4th.

My dear Friend,

Our friend Kingsmill will have told you of my captivity, and of all disasters which I have suffered by having acted with a proper spirit against the villanies of a certain set of men settled in this Islands from America and have brought their rebel principles with them.

To William Locker, Esq.

HIS FUTURE WIFE LOSES HER AUNT

Boreas, English Harbour, 11th September.

Indeed, my dear Fanny, I had buoyed myself up with hopes that the Admiral's Schooner would have given me a line from you: but the tidings she brought of the release of poor Mrs. Herbert, from this world, sufficiently apologize for your not thinking of an absentee. Yet this believe from my heart, that I partake in all the sorrows you experience; and I comfort myself, that however great your grief at this moment may be, at losing a person who was so deservedly dear to you, as your good Aunt; yet, when reason takes place, you must rather have pleasure in knowing she is released from those torments she had undergone for months past. . . .

I have received a letter from Mr. Herbert, in answer to that which I left at Nevis for him. My greatest wish is to be united to you; and the foundation of all conjugal happiness real love and esteem, is, I

trust, what you believe I possess in the strongest degree towards you. I think Mr. Herbert loves you too well, not to let you marry the man of your choice.

To Mrs. Nisbet.

WHAT THE WORLD CALLS LOVE

Boreas, English Harbour, September 25th.

. . . We are all well, and every person here desires their kind remembrances to you. Rosy—your Rosy—is very unwell, and is obliged to apply to an Irish physician to cure her disorder, which is what the world calls Love. A bold Major Browne of the 67th regiment is the man, and the Admiral sails on Tuesday in the *Latona*, to join them together. God help the poor man: has he taken leave of his senses? Oh what a taste. The mother will be in a few years the handsomest of the two.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

COMING EVENTS

Boreas, English Harbour, September 28th.

. . . My dear boy, I want some prize-money.

To Captain Collingwood.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT—SECOND VERSION

My dear Sir,

Boreas, Nevis, November 14th.

Not a scrap of a pen have I by the last Packet from any relation in England; but, however, you see I don't think I am forgot, more especially when I open a business which, perhaps, you will smile at, in the first instance, and say, 'This Horatio is for ever in love.'

My present attachment is of pretty long standing; but I was determined to be fixed before I broke this matter to any person. The lady is a Mrs. Nisbet, widow of a Dr. Nisbet, who died eighteen months after her marriage, and has left her with a son. From her infancy (for her father and mother died when she was only two years of age,) she has been brought up by her mother's brother, Mr. Herbert, President of Nevis, a gentleman whose fortune and character must be well known to all the West Indian Merchants, therefore I shall say nothing upon that head. Her age is twenty-two; and her personal accomplishments you will suppose *I think* equal to any person's I ever saw: but, without vanity, her mental accomplishments are superior to most people's of either sex; and we shall come together as two persons most sincerely attached to each other from friendship. Her son is under her guardianship, but totally independent of her.

But I must describe Herbert to you, that you may know exactly how I stand; for when we apply for advice, we must tell all circumstances. Herbert is very rich and very proud,—he has an only daughter, and this niece, who he looks upon in the same light, if not higher. I have

lived at his house, when at Nevis, since June last, and am a great favourite of his. I have told him I am as poor as Job; but he tells me he likes me, and I am descended from a good family, which his pride likes; but he also says, 'Nelson, I am proud, and I must live like myself, therefore I can't do much in my lifetime: when I die she shall have twenty thousand pounds; and if my daughter dies before me, she shall possess the major part of my property. . . . Therefore, if you two can live happily together till that event takes place, you have my consent.' This is exactly my situation with him; and I know the way to get him to give me most, is not to appear to want it: thus circumstanced, who can I apply to but you? The regard you have ever expressed for me leads me to hope you will do something. My future happiness, I give you my honour, is now in your power: if you cannot afford to give me anything for ever, you will, I am sure, trust to me, that if I ever can afford it, I will return it to some part of your family. I think Herbert will be brought to give her two or three hundred a year during his life; and if you will either *give me*, I will call it—I think you will do it—either one hundred a year, for a few years, or a thousand pounds, how happy you will make a couple who will pray for you for ever. Don't disappoint me, or my heart will break: trust to my honour to do a good turn for some other person if it is in my power. I can say no more, but trust implicitly to your goodness, and pray let me know of your generous action by the first Packet.

To William Suckling, Esq.

QUAINT PRAISE

Nevis, January 1st, 1786.

. . . I am well, and as merry as I wish. So I must be, you will conclude, sitting by the woman who will be my wife; and every day am I more than ever convinced of the propriety of my choice, and I shall be happy with her. You will esteem her for herself when you know her; for she possesses sense far superior to half the people of our acquaintance, and her manners are Mrs. Moutray's.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

THE PROMISE THAT WAS BROKEN

Boreas, English Harbour, 25th Feb.

. . . My whole life shall ever be devoted to make you completely happy, whatever whims may sometimes take me. We are none of us perfect, and myself probably much less so than you deserve. To Mrs. Nisbet.

OUT OF TUNE

Boreas, off Martinico, March 5th.

. . . This Station has not been over-pleasant: had it not been for Collingwood, it would have been the most disagreeable I ever saw.

Little—, poor fellow, between Bacchus and Venus, is scarcely ever thoroughly in his senses. I am very sorry for him, for his heart is good; but he is not fit to command a Man-of-War. . . . Sir Richard Hughes you know, probably better than myself, and that he is a fiddler; therefore, as his time is taken up tuning that instrument, you will consequently expect the Squadron is cursedly out of tune.

To William Locker, Esq.

OUT OF TEMPER

Boreas, Carlisle Bay, April 17.

My dearest Fanny,

I have been looking out anxiously for some time past, for the *Adamant* and *Berbice*, making sure of the pleasure of receiving a letter—but it is not to happen: therefore I must write what I know, and not answers to what you send. . . . I am involved in Law: and although everything will go as I wish it, yet I fear it will keep me this fortnight. I shall wish the Vessels at the devil, and the whole Continent of America to boot. . . .

April 23rd.

All the Squadron are now here holding Court Martials, which will finish to-morrow, when they return to their respective Stations, except poor me, who am kept to take care of two Yankees; I wish they were a hundred fathoms under water: and when I am likely to be released, I have not the smallest idea. . . . I am so much out of temper with this Island, that I would rather sacrifice anything than stay. . . .

How is my little Josiah?—I sent yesterday, the moment the Admiral told me the Schooner was going to Nevis, for nobody but myself knew it, as polite a note as I was able to —. The servant brought word back, there was no answer; not even ‘much obliged,’ ‘thank you,’ or any other word but what I have told you: I may be uncivilly treated once, and then it is my misfortune: but if I put it in any person’s power to be so a second time, it’s my fault.—Farewell for a little time; and bless you, with all my heart and soul; and do believe, and never doubt, but that I am, with the most sincere affection, ever your

Horatio Nelson.

Boreas, May 4th, Barbarous Island.

My dearest Fanny,

Never, never, do I believe, shall I get away from this detestable spot. Had I not seized any Americans, I should now have been with you: but I should have neglected my duty, which I think your regard for me is too great, for you to have wished me to have done.

To Mrs. Nisbet.

Boreas, Barbadoes, May 5th.

My dear Brother,

Your letters of January and February are yet unanswered, nor is it through any fault of mine; but I have been so much taken up here in a little business concerning Yankees. Everybody is against me, therefore I have a very unpleasant time, you will believe. But why should I carry my troubles across the Atlantic? I will have done.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

A LOVE LETTER

Boreas, English Harbour, August 19th.

. . . To write letters to you is the next greatest pleasure I feel to receiving them from you. What I experience when I read such as I am sure are the pure sentiments of your heart, my poor pen cannot express, nor indeed would I give much for any pen or head that could describe feelings of that kind: they are worth but little when that can happen. My heart yearns to you—it is with you; my mind dwells upon nought else but you. Absent from you, I feel no pleasure: it is you, my dearest Fanny, who are everything to me. . . .

As you begin to know something about Sailors, have you not often heard, that salt water and absence always wash away love? Now, I am such a heretic as not to believe that Faith; for behold, every morning since my arrival, I have had six pails of salt water at daylight poured upon my head, and instead of finding what the Seamen say to be true, I perceive the contrary effect. . . . You will, however, find I am better; though when you see me, I shall be like an Egyptian mummy, for the heat is intolerable.

To Mrs. Nisbet.

THE PRINCE

Off Antigua, December 12th.

Our young Prince is a gallant man: he is indeed volatile, but always with great good nature. There were two balls during his stay, and some of the old ladies were mortified that H.R.H. would not dance with them; but he says, he is determined to enjoy the privilege of all other men, that of asking any lady he pleases.

Wednesday—We arrived here this morning at daylight. His Royal Highness dined with me, and of course the Governor. I can tell you a piece of news, which is, that the Prince is fully determined, and has made me promise him, that he shall be at our wedding; and he says he will give you to me. His Royal Highness has not yet been in a private house to visit, and is determined never to do it, except in this instance.

To Mrs. Nisbet.

THE LESSER EVIL

English Harbour, December 29th, 1786.

. . . I am truly happy to hear Mr. Suckling is married. It will add to his felicity, for had he not done that, he must have kept a woman, which you will allow would have been very disagreeable.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

ESTEEM

1st January, 1787.

. . . His Royal Highness often tells me, he believes I am married; for he never saw a lover so easy, or say so little of the object he has a regard for. When I tell him I certainly am not, he says, 'Then he is sure I must have a great esteem for you, and that it is not what is (vulgarly), I do not much like the use of that word, called love.' He is right: my love is founded on esteem, the only foundation that can make the passion last. . . . You are never absent from my mind in any place or company. I never wished for riches, but to give them to you. To Mrs. Nisbet.

NAVAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Portsmouth, July 22nd.

In the first place, my Lord, it is necessary that he should be made complete in his Navigation; and if the Peace continues, French is absolutely necessary. Dancing is an accomplishment that probably a Sea Officer may require. You will see almost the necessity of it, when employed in Foreign Countries; indeed, the honour of the Nation is so often entrusted to Sea Officers, that there is no accomplishment which will not shine with peculiar lustre in them.

To the Earl of Cork.

KNOW BEFORE YOU TRUST

Portsmouth, 27th July.

. . . I take the liberty of saying, that having seen a few more years than yourself, I may in some respects know more of mankind. Permit me then to urge, a thorough knowledge of those you tell your mind to. Mankind are not always what they seem.

To H.R.H. Prince William Henry.

THE SUTLER

No. 6, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, December 29th.

. . . I take the liberty of requesting you to inform their Lordships that Mr. Jameson is by no means of a cruel or oppressive disposition, and I am afraid that if Mr. Jameson had confined the Steward till I came on board I should have punished him at the gangway.

He is of a bad character, insomuch that I have been obliged to punish

him for suttling to the Ship's company, and making numbers of them drunk.

To Philip Stephens, Esq., Admiralty.

THE CAREFUL STEPFATHER

6, Princes-street, Cavendish-square, January 3rd, 1788.

My dear Brother,

Our little boy shall be at Hilborough on Tuesday or Wednesday next, escorted by Frank, who I have desired to stay two or three days till the child becomes reconciled. I am assured of your and Mrs. Nelson's goodness to him—that is, you will not allow him to do as he pleases; it's mistaken kindness where it happens. I wish him at school to have the same weekly allowance as the other boys, and whatever else may be proper for him.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

THE FARMER

Burnham, September 10th, 1789.

. . . When we may meet, time must determine; at present, I have no appearance of being called up to London. Not being a man of fortune is a crime which I cannot get over, and therefore none of the Great care about me. I am now commencing Farmer, not a very large one, you will conceive, but enough for amusement. Shoot I cannot, therefore I have not taken out a license.

To William Locker, Esq.

NELSON YAWNS

Burnham, 5th February, 1792.

. . . Dr. Poyntz told me a long story a little time past about walnut trees and red filberts; but really I can hardly tell you what he said. However I think he meant that he had not the trees you wanted, as he had planted them last year, but that he would send some which, if you planted five or six years in your garden, they would be fit to plant out. I told him I fancied you would never live to get many of the walnuts.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

HE CHAMPIONS THE WORKING MAN

Burnham, 10th December, 1792.

. . . That the poor labourer should have been seduced by promises and hopes of better times, your Royal Highness will not wonder at, when I assure you, that they are really in want of everything to make life comfortable. Part of their wants, perhaps, were unavoidable, from the dearness of every article of life; but much has arose from the neglect of the Country Gentlemen, in not making their farmers raise their wages, in some small proportion, as the prices of necessaries increased.

To H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1793

On the outbreak of war Nelson is offered a seventy-four if he will wait a little, but he prefers the Agamemnon of sixty-four guns and immediate service, and is appointed captain of this ship on 26th January. He is delighted with his ship, officers and men. He takes his stepson, Josiah Nisbet, with him.—He is first in the Channel under Vice-Admiral Hotham. He sails for the Mediterranean under Lord Hood in June. Lord Hood negotiates with the people of Toulon to protect the port and the city, and sends Nelson with dispatches to Sir William Hamilton, British Ambassador to the Court at Naples, asking for Neapolitan troops.—On 14th September Nelson writes to Mrs. Nelson mentioning Sir William Hamilton and his wife Emma, “a young woman of amiable manners.” Lady Hamilton’s version of first impressions runs thus: “Sir William, on returning home after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would become the greatest man that ever England produced.” Nelson is said to have taken an equally instant liking to Sir William, a man after his own heart.—In October Nelson is in a worry over his wife’s health and comfort.—The same month he is ordered to Tunis. On the way he engages three enemy gun frigates with a corvette and brig. Agamemnon is damaged; but prepares for further action. There is, however, no further trouble.—He goes to Tunis to try to detach the Bey from the enemy interests, but “you will believe we English seldom get much by negotiation except the being laughed at, which we have been: and I don’t like it.”—He has orders to take command of a squadron of frigates off Corsica.—At the end of the year Toulon is evacuated, Hood ordering the French Fleet to be set on fire. Nelson writes with horror of the dreadful fate of Toulon.

THE WEATHER CHANGES

London, 7th January.

Post nubila Phœbus:—After clouds comes sunshine. The Admiralty so smile upon me, that really I am as much surprised as when they frowned. Lord Chatham yesterday made many apologies for not having given me a Ship before this time, and said, that if I chose to take a Sixty-four to begin with, I should be appointed to one as soon as she was ready; and whenever it was in his power, I should be removed into a Seventy-four. Everything indicates War. One of our Ships, looking into Brest, has been fired into: the shot is now at the Admiralty. You

will send my Father this news, which I am sure will please him. Love to Josiah, and believe me

Your most affectionate,
Horatio Nelson.

To Mrs. Nelson.

THE OLD AGAMEMNON

. . . I have the pleasure of telling you that my Ship is, without exception, the finest 64 in the service, and has the character of sailing most remarkably well.

Chatham, February 10th.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

Agamemnon, Nore, April 18th.

. . . To me it is perfectly indifferent to what quarter of the world we go: with a good Ship and Ship's company we can come to no harm. We appear to sail very fast: we went, coming out, nearly as fast, without any sail, as the *Robust* did under her topsails. Josiah is with me; yesterday, it blowing a smart gale, he was a little sea-sick.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

THE PROUD CAPTAIN

Spithead, April 29th.

We arrived at Spithead last night, and this morning have got my orders to go to Sea until the 4th of May, when I shall be at Portsmouth. Lord Hood will then be there, and it is now certain that I am going with him. We are all well: indeed, nobody can be ill with my Ship's company, they are so fine a set. Don't mind what newspapers say about us. God bless you.

Horatio Nelson.

To Mrs. Nelson.

RE-ACTION

Agamemnon, twelve leagues N.W. of the Island of Guernsey,
18th May.

This is not the first Squadron sent out to do nothing, and worse than nothing.

To Mrs. Nelson.

SPORTED WITH

Agamemnon, S.B.E., ten leagues off the Lizard. (About the 20th or 25th May).

My dear Brother,

Although you will say, when you have read this letter, that I had nothing to communicate, yet I know you like to hear that nothing,

though the postage will be so very great that I had thoughts of not writing. What we have been sent out for is best known to the Great Folks in London: to us, it appears, only to hum the Nation and make tools of us, for where we have been stationed, from ten to twenty leagues to the Westward of Guernsey, no Enemy was likely to be met with, or where we could protect our own trade. Thus five Ships have been sported with. I don't like it, nor does our Admiral.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

HE HATED CRUELTY

Agamemnon, at Sea, Sunday, 23rd June.

We came out this morning, having completed our Ship with everything except wine, which is to be done at Gibraltar. The Spaniards have been very civil to us. . . . They have four First-rates in commission at Cadiz, and very fine Ships, but shockingly manned. . . . The Dons may make fine Ships,—they cannot, however, make men.

A bull-feast was exhibited, for which the Spaniards are famous; and from their dexterity in attacking and killing of these animals, the ladies choose their husbands. We English had certainly to regret the want of humanity in the Dons and the Donnas. The amphitheatre will hold 16,000 people: about 12,000 were present. Ten bulls were selected, and one brought out at a time. Three cavaliers on horse-back, and footmen with flags, were the combatants. We had what is called a fine feast, for five horses were killed, and two men very much hurt: had they been killed, it would have been quite complete. We felt for the bulls and horses; and I own it would not have displeased me to have had some of the Dons tossed by the enraged animal. How women can even sit out, much more applaud, such sights, is astonishing. It even turned us sick, and we could hardly go through it: the dead mangled horses with the entrails torn out, and the bulls covered with blood, were too much. However, we have seen one bull-feast, and agree that nothing shall tempt us to see another. The better sort of people never miss one, if within reach of them; and the lowest will sell his jacket, or go without his victuals, rather than be absent.

To Mrs. Nelson.

THE DONS

Agamemnon, off Cape St. Sebastian, 14th July to 4th August.

. . . We saw a Fleet off Alicant on the close of the 7th, and lay to mid-channel between that place and Iviça. At daylight we formed our line, and soon perceived them to be the Spanish Fleet, twenty-four Sail of the Line. The Dons did not, after several hours' trial, form anything which could be called a Line of Battle ahead. However, after answering our private signals, the Spanish Admiral sent down two Frigates, with answers to Lord Hood's letters by *l'Aigle*, acquainting

him, that as his Fleet was sickly 1,900 men, he was going to Carthage. The Captain of the Frigate said, "It was no wonder they were sickly, *for they had been sixty days at Sea.*" This speech to us appeared ridiculous; for from the circumstance of having been longer than that time at Sea, do we attribute our getting healthy. It has stamped with me the extent of their nautical abilities: long may they remain in their present state.

To H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

ALL WELL

August 4th, off Toulon.

. . . Whether the French intend to come out seems uncertain: they have a force equal to us. Our Jacks would be very happy to see it; and, as our Fleet is in the fullest health, I dare say we should give a good account of them. I hardly think the War can last; for what are we at War about? How I long to have a letter from you: next to being with you, it is the greatest pleasure I can receive. The being united to such a good woman, I look back to as to the happiest period of my life; and as I cannot here show my affection to you, I do it doubly to Josiah, who deserves it, as well on his own account as on yours, for he is a real good boy, and most affectionately loves me. . . . Lord Hood has sent to offer me a Seventy-four, but I have declined it; as the Admiralty chose to put me into a Sixty-four, there I stay. I cannot give up my Officers. . . . If I have not an opportunity of writing to my good Father, send my kindest remembrances to him. God bless you, and believe me,

Your most affectionate husband,
Horatio Nelson.

To Mrs. Nelson.

SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Agamemnon, off Toulon, August 7th.

Sir,

Your letter, dated April 20th, of which I enclose a copy, I did not receive till my arrival at Gibraltar: therefore it has been totally out of my power to take any steps to receive the prize-money due to the Ship's company under my command, nor is it possible that every poor seaman can go to Nevis, to receive his money from the Collector of the Customs. They look up to their Captain as their friend and protector, and it was my intention, if the money was paid me, to advertise the distribution of it in London, when every Officer and Seaman, or their relatives, would be on the spot . . . I humbly hope their Lordships will be pleased to order the money to England, or such other measures as in their wisdom they shall judge proper.

I am, &c.,
Horatio Nelson.

To Charles Long, Esq.

“NOTHING WILL COME OF NOTHING”

August 20th, off Toulon.

. . . Our Fleet is inactive. We have attempted nothing. Marseilles must fall if we attack it. Monsieur Égalité is still in prison at Marseilles with his daughter. We have taken nothing: my prize-money will not be twenty pounds. I recollect this is high harvest. I hope you have fine weather and good crops.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

AFTER THE CAPITULATION OF TOULON

Begun off the Island of Sardinia, 7th September; finished at anchor off Naples, 11th September.

. . . What an event this has been for Lord Hood: such an one as History cannot produce its equal; that the strongest place in Europe, and twenty-two Sail of the Line, &c. should be given up without firing a shot. It is not to be credited. . . . The perseverance of our Fleet has been great, and to that only can be attributed our unexampled success. Not even a boat could get into Marseilles or Toulon, or on the Coast, with provisions; and the old saying, ‘That hunger will tame a Lion,’ was never more strongly exemplified. If Parliament does not grant something to this Fleet, our Jacks will grumble; for here there is no prize money to soften their hardships: all we get is honour and salt beef. My poor fellows have not had a morsel of fresh meat or vegetables for near nineteen weeks.

To Mrs. Nelson.

FIRST MEETING WITH EMMA

Naples, September 14th.

. . . Lady Hamilton has been wonderfully kind and good to Josiah. She is a young woman of amiable manners, and who does honour to the station to which she is raised.

To Mrs. Nelson.

THE EVACUATION OF TOULON

Agamemnon, Leghorn Roads, 27th December.

. . . Lord Hood issued a Proclamation to prepare the inhabitants for what would probably happen, the evacuation of Toulon. . . . On the 19th, in the morning, such a scene was displayed, as would make the hardest heart feel: the mob had risen, was plundering, and committing every excess; many—numbers cannot be estimated—were drowned in trying to get off; boats upset; and many put a period to their existence. One family, of a wife and five children, are just arrived—the husband shot himself. Indeed, Sir, the recital of their miseries is too afflicting to dwell upon.

To H.R.H. The Duke of Clarence.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1794

In January he is "waiting anxiously for troops from Lord Hood to take. St Fiorenzo and the frigates.—On 6th February he lands at Maginaggio, burns eight sail of vessel and takes four.—On the twelfth he attacks a French courier boat, "and after a very smart contest carried her".—From the middle of February until the last week of May he is occupied in besieging Bastia, though he gets little support from the Army.—After the surrender of Bastia he sails after the French fleet with Lord Hood.—He is present at the siege of Calvi, and in July is wounded in the right eye, losing the sight of it.—In October he is once more under Hotbam, and continues in the Mediterranean for the rest of the year.

A HAPPY MOMENT

Leghorn, January 30th.

I was blown off my Station on the 28th, in the hardest gale almost ever remembered here. The *Agamemnon* did well, but lost every sail in her. Lord Hood had joined me off Corsica the day before; and would have landed the Troops, but the gale has dispersed them over the face of the waters. The *Victory* was very near lost; however, we are safe. A number of Transports are missing. I am fearful the Enemy will get their Troops from France before I can return to my Station, which will be a vexing thing after my two months' hard fag.

I hope to get my Ship to sea to-morrow. I direct this to Bath, where I desire you will not want for anything: my expenses are by no means great, therefore don't be afraid of money. A circumstance happened a few days past, which gave me great satisfaction. January 21st, the French having their storehouse of flour near a water-mill close to St. Fiorenzo, I seized a happy moment, and landed sixty soldiers and sixty seamen, in spite of opposition. At landing, the sailors threw all the flour into the sea, burned the mill—the only one they had, and returned on board without the loss of a man.

To Mrs. Nelson.

WE SELDOM FAIL

Off Bastia, February 28th.

My dear Fanny,

I write literally to say I am well, never better, and in active service, which I like. Lord Hood . . . is come on this side himself, but would not bring an older Captain than me; therefore the Naval service at Bastia is intrusted to my direction, under his Lordship. I have now six Frigates with me. Our little brush last Sunday, happened at the

moment when part of our Army made their appearance on the hills over Bastia, they having marched over land from St. Fiorenzo, which is only twelve miles distant. The General sent an express to Lord Hood at Fiorenzo to tell him of it. What a noble sight it must have been! indeed, on board it was the grandest thing I ever saw. If I had carried with me five hundred troops, to a certainty I should have stormed the Town, and I believe it might have been carried. Armies go so slow, that Seamen think they never mean to get forward; but I dare say they act on a surer principle, although we seldom fail.

To Mrs. Nelson.

THEN THEY RAN AWAY

Agamemnon, March 1st, off Bastia, in Corsica.

. . . My merit, if that is any, was seizing the happy moment. . . . February 8th.—At eight o'clock anchored with the *Tartar*, off the town of Maginaggio: sent a flag of truce on shore to demand an immediate surrender. Having received a very insolent answer, viz. 'We are Republicans, that is sufficient. Go to St. Fiorenzo, to Bastia, or Calvi.—There you will get such an answer as you desire: the troops which I command, and which are ready to give you a meeting, are true French soldiers.' I immediately landed, when this famous Commander and his troops ran away, and I had the satisfaction of striking the National Flag with my own hand.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

"I REALLY HAVE NOT PATIENCE WITH THE GENERAL"

March 1st.—Off Bastia.

March 2nd.—Lord Hood in sight.

March 3rd.—Lord Hood made my Signal, and acquainted me of the retreat of our Troops from the Heights, and of their return to St. Fiorenzo. Saw General Dundas's letter to Lord Hood, as also Paoli's. What the General could have seen to have made a retreat necessary, I cannot conceive. The Enemy's force is 1,000 Regulars, and 1,000 or 1,500 Irregulars. I wish not to be thought arrogant, or presumptuously sure of my own judgement, but it is my firm opinion that the *Agamemnon* with only the Frigates now here, lying against the Town for a few hours with 500 troops ready to land, when we had battered down the Sea-wall, would to a certainty carry the place. I presumed to propose it to Lord Hood, and his Lordship agreed with me; but that he should go to Fiorenzo, and hear what the General had to say, and that it would not be proper to risk having our Ships crippled without a co-operation of the Army, which consists of 1,600 Regulars, and 180 Artillery-men, all in good health, and as good troops as ever marched. We now know, from three Ragusa Ships and one Dane, that our cannonade on Sunday, the

23rd February, threw the Town into the greatest consternation; that it almost produced an insurrection; that La Combe St. Michel, the Commissioner from the Convention, was obliged to hide himself, for had he been found and massacred, to a certainty the Town would have been surrendered to me. But St. Michel having declared he would blow up the Citadel with himself was the only thing which prevented a boat coming off to us with offers. A magazine blew up, and the people believe we fired nothing but hot shot. The French shot were all hot; that by our cannonade on Tuesday afternoon, the 25th February, the Camp was so much annoyed that the French run, and in the Town they so fully expected I should land, that St. Michel sent orders for the La Fleche to be burnt, but it falling calm, I could not lay near enough to the Town to do good service. Many people were killed and wounded, and the Master of the *Ragusa*, who has been on board me, had a piece shot out of his leg, and the man next him killed. I lament that several women were killed, and a most beautiful girl of seventeen. Such are the horrors of war. My Ship's company behaved most amazingly well. They begin to look upon themselves as invincible, almost invulnerable. . . . Lord Hood offered me the *Courageux* 74, but I declined it: shall stay by *Agamemnon*.

March 4th.—Close off Bastia. Romney joined.

From Journal B.

Agamemnon, March 4th.

My dear Fanny,

You will be surprised to hear that the English General, Dundas, had retired from before Bastia without making an attack. God knows what it all means. Lord Hood is gone to St. Fiorenzo to the Army, to get them forward again. A thousand men would to a certainty take Bastia: with five hundred, and *Agamemnon*, I would attempt it. Lord Hood said publicly, that if he thought it proper to give me three Sail of the Line, and 500 men, he was sure I should take the Town, although probably not the heights; but he would not sacrifice his seamen and Ships in doing, what the finest Army of its size that ever marched could, and wish to do. General Paoli has told them, that if they don't keep my force low, I shall take Bastia, before they pitch their tents in St. Fiorenzo: however, these are only civil speeches. But we now know that I was very near getting possession on Sunday the 23rd. If I had force to go again and cannonade it, I believe I should yet get it. My seamen are now what British seamen ought to be, to you I may say it, almost invincible: they really mind shot no more than peas.

To Mrs. Nelson.

March 6th.—Close off Bastia; the Enemy adding strong posts for the defence of the place. At this moment Bastia is stronger than when our

troops retired from it; how that has hurt me. . . . Sent an Officer overland to Lord Hood, with my opinion that it was yet possible to take Bastia with 500 Regulars and two or three Ships. Received a letter from Lord Hood, to say he would send me two Gun-boats, according to my desire. When I get them, the inhabitants of Bastia sleep no more. . . .

March 11th.—Romney joined me from Lord Hood: brought me letters to say that General Dundas was going Home, and that he hoped and trusted the troops would once more move over the Hill.

From Journal B.

CAT AT THE MOUSEHOLE

Agamemnon, off Bastia, 16th March.

. . . My wish is to be present at the attack of Bastia; and if your Lordship intends me to command the Seamen who may be landed, I assure you I shall have the greatest pleasure in doing it, or any other service where you may think I can do most good: even if my Ship goes into Port to refit, I am ready to remain. We are certainly in a bad plight at present, not a man has slept dry for many months.

Agamemnon, off Bastia, 18th March.

. . . With fine weather, if it is necessary, I am certain we could starve Bastia. I am sure my hearty endeavours shall not be wanting to get it some way or other; for I consider, pardon the expression, it would be a National disgrace to give it up, without a trial.

To Vice-Admiral Lord Hood.

Agamemnon, off Bastia, 18th March.

. . . We are still blocking up Bastia, the attack of which has been given up in a most extraordinary manner. . . . If the Army will not take it, we must, by some way or other. General Dundas has quitted the command, differing in opinion with Lord Hood.

To William Suckling, Esq.

March 19th.—At 8 A.M. got into Fiorenzo. Gave Lord Hood my free opinion that 800 troops, with 400 seamen, would take Bastia, and that not attacking it I could not but consider as a National disgrace. Found all the Army against an attack, and declaring the impossibility of taking Bastia, even if all the force was united. Getting water, provisions, and stores on board.

March 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th.—Ditto employed. The General absolutely refused to attack Bastia; but, wonderful to tell, he refused Lord Hood a single soldier, cannon, or stores, to assist in the Siege.

From Journal B.

"I GLORY IN THE ATTEMPT"

Agamemnon, off Bastia, March 26th.

. . . I am to command the Seamen landed from the Fleet. I feel for the honour of my Country, and had rather be beat than not make the attack. If we do not try we never can be successful. I own I have no fears for the final issue: it will be conquest, certain we will deserve it. You will naturally be anxious about me. My reputation depends on the opinion I have given; but I feel an honest consciousness that I have done right. . . . We must, we will have it, or some of our heads will be laid low. I glory in the attempt. I have not heard from you this age. Why don't you write?

To the Reverend William Nelson.

WHAT WOULD WOLFE HAVE DONE?

Agamemnon, off Bastia, March 27th.

. . . I am just come from Lord Hood at Fiorenzo. His zeal, his activity for the honour and benefit of his King and Country are not abated. Upwards of seventy, he possesses the mind of forty years of age. He has not a thought separated from Honour and Glory. May each opposer of such a Character have for their accusers their own minds. I am sure that will be all sufficient.

My dear Sir, when was before the time that 2,000 British troops, as good as ever marched, were not thought equal to attack 800 French troops, allowing them to be in strong works? What would the immortal Wolfe have done? as he did, beat the Enemy, if he perished in the attempt.

To Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

"WE FEW, WE HAPPY FEW"

April 6th and 16th.

We are in high health and spirits besieging Bastia; the final event, I feel assured, will be conquest. Time, I hope, indeed have no doubt, will crown our zealous endeavours with success. We are but few, but of the right sort: our General at St. Fiorenzo not giving us one of the five Regiments he has there lying idle.

To Mrs. Nelson.

THE ARMY WISE-HEADS

Camp, near Bastia, April 6th.

. . . I have little doubt of our success; and if we do, what a disgrace to the Fiorenzo wise-heads:—if we do not, it can only be owing to their neglect in not attacking the place with us.

To William Suckling, Esq.

THOUGH TWO THOUSAND WON'T, ONE THOUSAND WILL

April 22nd.

I have great reason, my dearest Fanny, to be thankful to that Being, who has ever protected me in a most wonderful manner, and in none more than since my landing here. If it is His good pleasure, I shall in nothing more rejoice, than in being once more with you; when we will talk over all these stories and laugh at them. We are here with a force not equal to our wishes or wants, and with only half of what is at present in this Island. General D'Aubant will not attack our Enemy, with two thousand as fine troops as ever marched, whilst we are here beating them from post to post with one thousand. . . .

The Island, however, is to belong to England.

To Mrs. Nelson.

ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL

April 25th.

. . . The conduct of Brigadier-General D'Aubant is so extraordinary, that anything he possess, even his life, appears not sufficient to atone for such an expression as 'will not entangle himself in any co-operation'.

To Admiral Lord Hood.

CONCERNING BASTIA

May 1st to 4th.

My dear Fanny,

I need not, I am certain, say, that all my joy is placed in you, I have none separated from you; you are present to my imagination be where I will. I am convinced you feel interested in every action of my life; and my exultation in victory is two-fold, knowing that you partake of it. Only recollect that a brave man dies but once, a coward all his life long. We cannot escape death; and should it happen to me in this place, remember, it is the will of Him, in whose hands are the issues of life and death. As to my health, it was never better, seldom so well. I have no fears about the final issue of the Expedition—It will be victory, Bastia will be ours. . . .

Bastia is a beautiful place, and the environs delightful, with the most romantic views I ever beheld. This Island is to belong to England, to be governed by its own laws as Ireland, and a Viceroy placed here, with free Ports. . . . Our loss has been very trifling; the Enemy's very great. Only think of a beautiful Town being bombarded and cannonaded for a month—what knocks it has had. We have many deserters, who paint the horrid situation the inhabitants are in, but they have behaved so ill to the Corsicans, that they are afraid to surrender. ~~Josiah~~ Josiah is very well; I have not seen him these ten days, but have written

to invite him and Hoste to dinner: that lad is a charming good boy. You will write to my father that I am well.

To Mrs. Nelson.

A CURE FOR HOT TEMPER

Camp, near Calvi, June 27th.

I sent you a few lines just as we landed, since which nothing particular has occurred. Dragging cannon up steep mountains, and carrying shot and shells, has been our constant employment. Josiah is very well, and I have no fears but he will be a good man. He is affectionate, though warm in his disposition, which nothing can cool so thoroughly as being at Sea, where nobody has entirely their own way.

To Mrs. Nelson.

THE OBSERVER

Camp, near Calvi, June 27th.

Those people who so liberally abuse everybody but themselves, are probably the very persons who deserve abuse.

To Mrs. Nelson.

DEPARTMENTAL DITTY

Camp, July 3rd.

By the ignorance and laziness of people in the different departments the General is kept back much longer than he wished.

To Admiral Lord Hood.

FANNY IS NOT TO WORRY

Camp, 8th July.

My dear Fanny,

I long to hear from you, for a post has arrived without a letter. Our batteries opened yesterday, and it is possible you may have heard that a Captain of the Navy has fallen. To assure you it is not me, I write a few lines; for if such a report should get about, I well know your anxiety of mind. We shall take Calvi in due time; and I hope without much loss of men. I am very busy, yet own I am in all my glory; except with you, I would not be any where but where I am, for the world.

To Mrs. Nelson.

BUT WHY BLAME THE NAVY?

Battery, half-past ten o'clock, July 9th.

I have this moment received your letter. I should be sorry that any opinion of mine should cast a censure on an Officer; but at sunset the Seamen were ready to proceed with the guns: in about a quarter of an

hour the General passed us with the Troops for the feint of an attack; in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, the Engineer, Captain Nepean, came from towards the intended battery, and he did not go forward with the workmen till near half-past ten o'clock. The General's orders were clear, and were executed, as we know, the next night, and I know no reason but the Engineer's not going forward so soon as it was dark, that prevented the batteries being made one night as well as the other. The General is displeased, and it has given Captain Nepean a fit of the gout, so General Stuart tells me. . . . The General's expression of anger, the night I mentioned—no Engineer to be found—was public: '*not an Engineer to be found.*'

To Admiral Lord Hood.

LAWFUL, NOT EXPEDIENT

Camp, July 10th.

. . . I find it so late, that I cannot send my Journal to-day, but will have it ready for to-morrow. Every thing mentioned, your Lordship may rely is most strictly correct; only we must recollect *the truth is not to be spoken at all times*, but with your Lordship I have no reserves.

To Admiral Lord Hood.

THE "LITTLE HURT"

At daylight on the 12th, the Enemy opened a heavy fire from the town and San Francisco, which, in an extraordinary manner, seldom missed our battery; and at seven o'clock I was much bruised in the face and eyes by sand from the works struck by shot. The Mozelle was by this time much breached. At night replaced the guns destroyed, and fired a gun and mortar every three minutes. At half-past twelve the Town was on fire, and burnt for three hours. We had two Seamen and three Soldiers wounded.

From Journal C.

Camp, July 12th.

. . . . However, the people behaved well, and having worked all day probably, and ordered to work all night, if your Lordship will allow me, I will discretionarily order them a little wine as an encouragement. Reports, we know, get about, and as neither time, or many other circumstances, may be mentioned, it is best to say it myself—that I got a little hurt this morning: not much, as you may judge by my writing.

Camp, July 13th.

. . . My eye is better, and I hope not entirely to lose the sight.

To Admiral Lord Hood.

July 14th.

. . . Hallowell and myself are both well, except my being half

blinded by these fellows, who have given me a smart slap in the face, for which I am their *debtor* but hope not to be so long.

To Thomas Pollard, Esq.

Calvi, Camp, July 16th.

. . . You will be surprised when I say I was wounded in the head by stones from the merlon of our battery. My right eye is cut entirely down; but the Surgeons flatter me I shall not entirely lose my sight of that eye. At present I can distinguish light and dark, but no object: it confined me one day, when, thank God, I was enabled to attend to my duty. I feel the want of it; but, such is the chance of War, it was within a hair's breadth of taking off my head.

To William Suckling, Esq.

Camp, Calvi, July 17th.

. . . Our loss has been trifling, not twenty killed and wounded; amongst the former is Captain Serocold, and amongst the latter, in a slight manner, is myself, my head being a good deal wounded, and my right eye cut down; but the Surgeons flatter (me) I shall not entirely lose the sight, which I believe, for I can already distinguish light from dark. It confined me, thank God, only one day, and at a time when nothing particular happened to be doing.

To the Right Honourable Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart.

THE HEAD COOK SPEAKS

Camp, July 16th.

. . . Too many captains, I have felt before, are an inconvenience.

To Admiral Lord Hood.

HE CAN BE ACID

Camp, July 18th.

. . . Duncan is, I think, a little altered; there is nothing like kicking down the ladder a man rises by.

To Admiral Lord Hood.

OUR JACKS

22nd July.

We will fag ourselves to death, before any blame shall lie at our doors; and I trust, my dear Lord, it will not be forgotten, that twenty-five pieces of heavy ordnance have been dragged to the different batteries and mounted, and all, but three at the Royal Louis battery, have been fought by seamen, except one Artillery-man to point the guns, and, at first, an additional Gunner to stop the rest; but, as I did not choose to trust a Seaman's arms to any but Seamen, he was with-

drawn: all the mortars have also been worked by Seamen: every man landed is actually half bare-footed. I am far from well; but not so ill as to be confined. My eye is troublesome, and I don't think I shall ever have the perfect sight of it again. In one week at farthest after our batteries are open, I think Calvi will be ours.

Camp, August 2nd.

. . . I would not wish anything to be said to the General about our seamen. Hallowell and myself are always on the batteries with them, and our Jacks don't mind it.

To Admiral Lord Hood.

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY

4th August.

Except a very slight scratch towards my right eye, I have received no hurt whatever: so you see I am not the worse for Campaigning; but I cannot say I have any wish to go on with it.

Off Leghorn, August 18th.

I left Calvi on the 15th, and hope never to be in it again. . . . As it is all past, I may now tell you, that on the 10th of July, a shot having hit our battery, the splinters and stones from it struck me with great violence in the face and breast. Although the blow was so severe as to occasion a great flow of blood from my head, yet I most fortunately escaped, having only my right eye nearly deprived of its sight: it was cut down, but is so far recovered, as for me to be able to distinguish light from darkness. As to all the purposes of use, it is gone; however, the blemish is nothing, not to be perceived, unless told. The pupil is nearly the size of the blue part, I don't know the name.

At Bastia, I got a sharp cut in the back. You must not think that my hurts confined me: no, nothing but the loss of a limb would have kept me from my duty, and I believe my exertions conduced to preserve me in this general mortality. . . . Poor little Hoste is also extremely ill, and I have great fears about him; one hundred and fifty of my people are in their beds; of two thousand men I am the most healthy. Josiah is very well, and a clever smart young man, for so I must call him, his sense demands it.

To Mrs. Nelson.

THE LAUREL BED

Camp, August 4th.

Laurels grow in the Bay of Biscay,—I hope a bed of them may be found in the Mediterranean.

To the Right Honourable Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart.

NELSON ON DOCTORS

Camp before Calvi, August 6th and 10th.

. . . I am here the reed amongst the oaks; all the prevailing disorders have attacked me, but I have not strength for them to fasten upon: I bow before the storm, whilst the sturdy oak is laid low. One plan I pursue, never to employ a Doctor; Nature does all for me, and Providence protects me.

To H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

NELSON MOURNS ONE OF HIS "CHILDREN"

Sacred
To the Memory
of
Lieutenant James Moutray, R.N.
Who, Serving on Shore at the Siege
of Calvi
There Caught a Fever
of which he Died
Sincerely Lamented
On August 19th, 1794
Aged 21 Years

This stone is erected by an affectionate friend, who well knew his worth as an Officer, and his accomplished manners as a Gentleman.

H.N.

ARMY v. NAVY

September 12th.

. . . When Lord Hood quits this station, I should be truly sorry to remain; he is the greatest Sea-officer I ever knew; and what can be said against him, I cannot conceive, it must only be envy, and it is better to be envied than pitied. But this comes from the Army, who have also poisoned some few of our minds. The taking of Bastia, contrary to all Military judgement, is such an attack on them that it is never to be forgiven.

To Mrs. Nelson.

ABSENCE

Off Gourjean, October 3rd.

. . . Pray let me hear often from you: it is my greatest comfort.

October 12th.—Lord Hood left us yesterday: therefore our hopes of my going Home at present are at an end; however, we must not repine: at all events I shall cheat the winter, and, as I understand I am to have a cruise, it may possibly be advantageous. Lord Hood is very well inclined towards me; but the service must ever supersede all private consideration. . . . Do not repine at my absence; before Spring I hope

we shall have Peace, when we must look out for some little cottage: I assure you I shall return to the plough with redoubled glee.

To Mrs. Nelson.

POOR ENGLAND

Leghorn, October 24th.

What changes, my dearest Fanny, our life is subject to. The other day, when I wrote, I was going up the Levant: now that is gone by, and I am under different orders. . . . I wish we could make a Peace on any fair terms, for poor England will be drained of her riches to maintain her Allies, who will not fight for themselves.

To Mrs. Nelson.

THE BROTHERS

Leghorn, October 26th.

My dear Brother,

I have not heard from you this age: not more than three or four letters since I left England. You are become a notorious bad correspondent, and hardly deserve a letter from me. You may now, perhaps, thank a rainy day, and all their letters finished. I own I should like to hear from you, and all your Hilborough and Swaffham news, more interesting to me than all the Public news, probably because more difficult to be got at.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

DIABOLICAL

St. Fiorenzo, November 12th.

. . . There has been a most diabolical report here, of *Agamemnon's* being captured and carried into Toulon, owing to my running into the Harbour's mouth. I hope it has not reached England. Never believe anything you may see in the Papers about us, and rest assured, that *Agamemnon* is not to be taken easily.

To Mrs. Nelson.

THE OLD STORY

December.

. . . The French have sent over, as a present to the Bey of Tunis, a Xebec completely armed: thus by trifling presents they keep up their influence, whilst England sends nothing; of course, they are the well-wishers of one, and dislike the other, and give the Enemy every information respecting our Cruisers, whilst we are in total ignorance. . . .

Most probably early in the Spring we shall be in England, and I really believe Peace is not far distant at this moment. God bless you, and give us a happy meeting, says your most affectionate husband,

Horatio Nelson.

To Mrs. Nelson.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1795

The beginning of 'ninety five opens stormily, "nothing but gales of wind, but in Agamemnon we mind them not." The Fleet is commanded by Admiral Hotham. It sails in pursuit of the French. "Our Admiral is careful of us, and will not suffer a line of battle ship to get out of our sight."—On 13th March ("our miserable action of the thirteenth") Hotham engages the enemy fleet, and Nelson covers himself with glory by attacking the Ca Ira.—On the fourteenth the Ca Ira and Le Censeur surrender to the Agamemnon. Nelson describes the affair as "our brush with the French fleet, a battle it cannot be called."—Nelson also takes part in Hotham's second action with the French fleet on 13th July, but :—"Admiral Hotham thought it right to call us out of action" after a chase which lasted all day.—Two days later Nelson is sent with a small squadron to co-operate with the Austrian general De Vins. "What changes in my life of activity."—In August he complains of illness and overwork, and is "not quite so well pleased as I expected with this army . . . which is slow beyond all description. As to the German generals, war is their trade, and peace is ruin to them."—Early in November Hotham is succeeded by Sir Hyde Parker, who reduces Nelson's squadron so much that, on 24th November, Nelson is unable to support the Austrians, who are defeated by the French at Loano Bay. At the end of November Jervis takes command of the Mediterranean Fleet, "to the great joy of some and sorrow of others."—On 24th December: "My campaign is closed by the defeat of the Austrian army, and the consequent loss of Vado and every place in the Riviera. . . . I am on my way to refit poor Agamemnon and her miserable ship's company at Leghorn. We are indeed, sir, worn out."—On 28th December: "We have nothing new here, no battles, no defeats."

THE PHILOSOPHER

Fiorenzo, 31st January.

. . . My eye is grown worse, and is in almost total darkness, and very painful at times; but never mind, I can see very well with the other.
To Mrs. Nelson.

INJUSTICE

Agamemnon, St. Fiorenzo, February 7th.

. . . When I reflect that I was the cause of re-attacking Bastia, after our wise Generals gave it over, from not knowing the force, fancying it 2000 men; that it was I, who, landing, joined the Corsicans, and with

only my Ship's party of Marines, drove the French under the walls of Bastia; that it was I, who, knowing the force in Bastia to be upwards of 4000 men, as I have now only ventured to tell Lord Hood, landed with only 1200 men, and kept the secret till within this week past;—what I must have felt during the whole Siege may be easily conceived. Yet I am scarcely mentioned. I freely forgive, but cannot forget.

To William Suckling, Esq.

“WE OWE A DEATH”

Agamemnon at Sea, 10th March.

. . . Life with disgrace is dreadful. A glorious death is to be envied; and if anything happens to me, recollect that death is a debt we must all pay, and whether now, or in a few years hence, can be but of little consequence.

To Mrs. Nelson.

MY POOR BRAVE FELLOWS

Agamemnon, Porto Especia, March 21st.

My dear Friend,

You will have heard of our brush with the French Fleet, a Battle it cannot be called, as the Enemy would not give us an opportunity of closing with them. . . . I firmly believe they never would have fought us, had not the *Ca Ira* lost her topmasts which enabled the *Agamemnon* and *Inconstant* to close in with her, and so cut her up that she could not get a topmast up during the night, which caused our little brush the next day. Providence, in a most miraculous manner, preserving my poor brave fellows, who worked the ship in manœuvring about his stern and quarters, with as much exactness as if she had been working into Spithead.

To William Locker, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

Agamemnon, Porto Especia, March 25th.

. . . Fortune in this late affair has favoured me in a most extraordinary manner, by giving me an opportunity which seldom offers of being the only Line-of-Battle Ship who got singly into Action on the 13th, when I had the honour of engaging the *Ca Ira*, absolutely large enough to take *Agamemnon* in her hold. I never saw such a Ship before. That Being who has ever in a most wonderful manner protected me during the many dangers I have encountered this war, still shielding me, and my brave Ship's company. I cannot account for what I saw: whole broadsides within half-pistol shot missing my little Ship, whilst ours was in the fullest effect. . . . We had only six men slightly wounded. Our sails were ribbons, and all our ropes were ends. Had our

good Admiral have followed the blow, we should probably have done more, but the risk was thought too great.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

THE HORRORS

Fiorenzo, 1st April.

I am absolutely, my dearest Fanny, at this moment in the horrors, fearing, from our idling here, that the active Enemy may send out two or three Sail of the Line, and some Frigates, to intercept our Convoy, which is momentarily expected. In short, I wish to be an Admiral, and in the command of the English Fleet; I should very soon either do much, or be ruined. My disposition cannot bear tame and slow measures. Sure I am, had I commanded our Fleet on the 14th, that either the whole French Fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape. I went on board Admiral Hotham as soon as our firing grew slack in the Van, and the *Ca Ira* and *Censeur* had struck, to propose to him leaving our two crippled Ships, the two Prizes, and four Frigates, to themselves, and to pursue the Enemy; but he, much cooler than myself, said, 'We must be contented, we have done very well.' Now, had we taken ten Sail, and had allowed the eleventh to escape, when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done. . . .

I may venture to tell you, but as a secret, that I have a Mistress given to me, no less a Personage than the Goddess Bellona; so say the French verses made on me, and in them I am so covered with laurels, that you would hardly find my sallow face. At one period I am 'the dear Nelson,' 'the amiable Nelson,' 'the fiery Nelson:' however nonsensical these expressions are, they are better than censure, and we are all subject and open to flattery.

To Mrs. Nelson.

OFFICIALDOM

June 8th, off the Island of Minorque.

My dear Brother,

We have been cruising off here for a long month, every moment in expectation of reinforcements from England. Our hopes are now entirely dwindled away, and I give up all expectation: then comes accounts of Lord Hood's resignation. Oh, miserable Board of Admiralty! They have forced the first Officer in our Service away from his command.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

TIME CHANGES THE TUNE

Off Vado Bay, 24th July.

What changes in my life of activity! Here I am, having commenced a

co-operation with an old Austrian General, almost fancying myself charging at the head of a troop of horse. . . .

When I get through this campaign, I think myself I ought to rest. I hope to God the war will be over, and that I may return to you in peace and quietness. A little farm, and my good name, form all my wants and wishes.

To Mrs. Nelson.

PURE STUPIDITY, SIR!

Leghorn, July 27th.

Hotham must get a new head: no man's heart is better, but that will not do without the other.

To William Suckling, Esq.

THE CONSEQUENCES

Sir,

Agamemnon, Alassio, August 26th.

The French having taken possession of the Town and Coast of Alassio, I cannot but consider it as an Enemy's Coast; therefore, to prevent destruction to the Town, and to avoid the unnecessary effusion of human blood, I desire the immediate surrender of your Vessel. If you do not comply with my desire, the consequences must be with you and not with

Your very humble Servant

Horatio Nelson.

To the Commander of the National Corvette.

READ, MARK, LEARN——!

Vado Bay, August 31st.

. . . However cruel it may appear to deprive poor innocent people of provisions, yet policy will not allow it to be done, for if the inhabitants have plenty, so will the Enemy.

To Captain Collingwood.

THE GERMAN GENERALS

Vado Bay, 15th September.

I am not, Fanny, quite so well pleased as I expected with this Army, which is slow beyond all description; and I begin to think, that the Emperor is anxious to touch another four millions of English money. As for the German Generals, war is their trade, and peace is ruin to them; therefore we cannot expect that they should have any wish to finish the war.

To Mrs. Nelson.

BUT HE THAT FILCHES FROM ME MY GOOD NAME——

Agamemnon, Genoa Road, November 23rd.

My Lord,

Having received, from Mr. Drake, a copy of your Lordship's letter to him of October, enclosing a paper highly reflecting on the honour of myself and other of His Majesty's Officers employed on this Coast under my Orders, it well becomes me, as far as in my power lies, to wipe away this ignominious stain on our characters. I do, therefore, in behalf of myself, and much-injured Brethren, demand, that the person, whoever he may be, that wrote, or gave that paper to your Lordship, do fully, and expressly bring home his charge. . . . If he cannot, I do most humbly implore, that His Majesty will be most graciously pleased to direct his Attorney-General to prosecute this infamous libeller in His Courts of Law; . . . for as, if true, no punishment can be too great for the traitors; so, if false, none can be too heavy for the villain, who has dared to allow his pen to write such a paper. Perhaps I ought to stop my letter here; but I feel too much to rest easy for a moment, when the honour of the Navy, and our Country, is struck at through us. . . .

For myself, from my earliest youth I have been in the Naval service; and in two Wars, have been in more than one hundred and forty Skirmishes and Battles, at Sea and on shore; have lost an eye, and otherwise blood, in fighting the Enemies of my King and Country; and, God knows, instead of riches, my little fortune has been diminished in the Service: but I shall not trouble your Lordship further at present, than just to say—that at the close of this Campaign, where I have had the pleasure to receive the approbation of the Generals of the Allied Powers; of his Excellency Mr. Drake, who has always been on the spot; of Mr. Trevor, who has been at a distance; when I expected and hoped, from the representation of His Majesty's Ministers, that His Majesty would have most graciously condescended to have favourably noticed my earnest desire to serve Him, and when, instead of all my fancied approbation, to receive an accusation of a most traitorous nature—it has almost been too much for me to bear. Conscious innocence, I hope, will support me.

To the Right Honourable Lord Grenville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

THE CHILDREN OF REUBEN

Agamemnon, Leghorn, December 12th.

. . . I tremble at your account of want of bread for our poor. Pray God send us peace. We have established the French Republic, which, but for us, I verily believe would never have been settled by such a volatile, changeable people. I hate a Frenchman.

To the Reverend Dixon Hoste.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1796

At the beginning of the year he is convinced that: "The French, I am certain, will this spring make a great exertion to get into Italy, and I think Sir John Jervis must be active to keep them out. . . . The prevention of the intention of the enemy requires great foresight, for if once landed our fleet is of no use, and theirs would retire into Toulon or some secure port. Holland, and Flanders, with their own country they have entirely stripped; Italy is the gold mine, and if once entered is without the means of resistance,"—and events prove that Nelson's judgement was entirely sound. For Nelson himself the year opens most happily. He gets on so well with Jervis that a rival tells him: "You did just as you pleased in Hood's time, the same in Admiral Hotham's and now again with Sir John Jervis. It makes no difference to you who is commander in chief."—He is in excellent health, and writes to his wife planning "to possess a cottage of our own".—Jervis tells him: "You must have a larger ship, for we cannot spare you, either as captain or admiral." He leaves "the poor old Agamemnon" for the Captain.—At the end of June he blockades Leghorn, in July takes Porto Ferrajo in Elba, in September is concerned in the evacuation of Corsica, and at Bastia deals extremely firmly with the obstructive locals. "An owner . . . came to me to say he had goods from the customs house which they refused to deliver: I ordered him to go to the committee and say I sent him for the things, which if not instantly delivered I would open my fire. In five minutes he returned with the keys, and said they were as white as sheets."—On 1st November he is handling the Service authorities equally firmly.—In December he shifts his flag to La Minerve, and sails for Elba to bring away English troops and stores.—In the third week of December he fights two Spanish frigates off Carthage, and captures one, La Sabina, later recaptured, "an unpleasant tale."—He captures a French privateer off South Sardinia, and goes on to Elba.

NELSON IS TEMPTED

Agamemnon, St. Fiorenzo, 20th January.

We were received, not only with the greatest attention, but with much apparent friendship. Sir John Jervis's offer of either the *St. George*, 90, or *Zealous*, 74, was declined; but with that respect, and sense of obligation on my part, which such handsome conduct demanded of me. I found the Admiral anxious to know many things, which I was a good deal surprised to find had not been communicated to him from others in the Fleet. . . . He had no reserve with me

respecting his information and ideas of what is likely to be done: he concluded by asking me if I should have any objection to serve under him, with my Flag. My answer was, that if I were ordered to hoist my Flag, I should certainly be happy in serving under him; but if *Agamemnon* were ordered to go home, and my Flag were not arrived, I should on many accounts wish to return to England; yet still, if the war continued, I should be very proud of the honour of hoisting my Flag under his command: and, I rather believe, Sir John Jervis writes home this day, that if the Fleet is kept here, my Flag, on a promotion, may be sent to the Mediterranean.

To Mrs. Nelson.

ARM-CHAIR CRITICS

Agamemnon, close to the Victory, Gulf of Genoa, April 22nd.

My dear Sir,

After the melancholy events which have taken place within these last ten days in the Riviera, but of which we have no accounts but by the publication of the French Minister at Genoa, the Admiral and myself are very anxious to hear of the extent of the misfortune, and what steps are now likely to be pursued. We hope the accounts published are exaggerated, but the Imperial Minister tells me he has received no accounts whatever from the General. I wished, and it was proper for Sir John Jervis to know, the number of Austrian Troops under Beaulieu's command, and also what Troops the King of Sardinia had to defend Piedmont, exclusive of the German Army, that he might form some opinion of what is likely to happen. . . . I have wrote you fully, last post, of the circumstance of the Convoy's arrival at Vado, and of what I understand has been the tenor of the Imperial and Sardinian Minister's conversation. Nothing but their ignorance of Sea affairs can palliate, but by no means excuse them, giving their opinion on a professional subject of which they must be totally ignorant. Let it be recollected that Admiral Goodall at Milan, from judgement, (and) that myself from experience, have uniformly declared that unless the Austrians got down on the Sea-coast, that we could not stop expeditions coastways with our large Ships. Had it been the French Fleet which we were to have destroyed, with the risk of ours, that is our object, and the loss of part of our Fleet would have been well used. But I will suppose that for driving a Convoy on shore, where they would most probably have had an opportunity of landing great part of their cargoes, that two or three of our Fleet had been crippled. What would then have been said when the French had been riding triumphant on the seas, as I fear they are on the land? I will tell you:—'England was bound to keep a Fleet equal to cope with the Enemy in the Mediterranean; the Admiral, to take a few prizes, has lost his Fleet.' This, from what I have seen and heard, would have been the language. Our

Fleet, thank God, is perfect, and if the Enemy will give us an opportunity, the ancient glory of the British Navy will be kept up. I need not enlarge on this subject.

To His Excellency The Hon. John Trevor.

PATIENCE, PLEASE!

Agamemnon, off Delle Melle, April 28th.

. . . You will, and I wish all the Allies would, give me credit for my earnest endeavours to destroy the Enemy. I have not a thought on any subject separated from the immediate object of my Command, nor a wish to be employed on any other service. So far the Allies, if I may be allowed the expression, are fortunate in having an Officer of this character; but I cannot command winds and weather. A Sea-Officer cannot, like a Land Officer, form plans; his object is to embrace the happy moment which now and then offers—it may be this day, not for a month, and perhaps never.

To His Excellency Francis Drake Esq.

THE INJURED INNOCENT

Agamemnon, May 8th.

Commodore Nelson is very much surprised that whenever he approaches any Town belonging to the Genoese Government, they fire shot at him.

The Commodore promises never to fire on any Town, unless they fire, or permit anybody to fire, on him; then the Inhabitants must submit to the bad consequences. If the Batteries are in possession of the Enemy, and the Inhabitants do not prevent their firing, it is they who will suffer.

The Commodore begs you will let this be known to all Towns belonging to the Genoese.

P.S.—The Commodore avails himself of this opportunity to acquaint the Genoese Inhabitants that he has the greatest respect for the Genoese Nation, and he would be very sorry should an individual suffer; for which reason he acquaints them of this his resolution, and, at the same time, wishes it to be known that every Genoese Ship which does not attempt to escape from the English Squadron will have nothing to fear.

To the Governor of Finale.

THE MASTERS

Agamemnon, Gulf of Genoa, May 14th.

. . . It rarely happens that Allies speak well of each other—the Austrians of the Piedmontese, and the Piedmontese speak ill of the Germans; and both, I fancy, speak ill of us,—for not stopping a Convoy

which, I will venture to say, was no more to be stopped by us than the moon in her course.

Perhaps we Officers ought to avoid giving our opinions of measures out of our profession. Let the Germans take care of the land. We ever have, and ever will remain, I hope, Masters of the seas.

To His Excellency the Honourable John Trevor.

YES OR NO?

(About May 15th.)

The Papers from the Secretary of State, I am astonished at; and before I answer a word of it, if it is proper for you to communicate officially with the Genosese Government, which I think you told me *it was not*, I wish to know officially and no more than a plain answer, 'Yes', or 'No', are all the Batteries on the Coast manned and belonging to the Genoese? Should the answer be 'Yes'; then I have a most heavy complaint to make, and doubt not but England is fully equal to repel the insult every day offered to her Flag. Should the answer be 'No, they are in possession of the French'; then of course I shall consider it as an Enemy's Coast. . . . How can he for a moment fancy, that I can receive shot and shells from every part of the Coast, and not consider it as hostile? This, he may be assured of, that I never have, not ever will fire the first shot; but if shot are fired, I will do my utmost to destroy the Battery firing at the English flag.

Memorandum delivered to Mr. Brame, British Consul at Genoa.

A PREDICTION

Agamemnon, at Sea on her passage to Leghorn, May 16th.

. . . I very much believe that England, who commenced the war with all Europe for her Allies, will finish it by having nearly all Europe for her Enemies.

To the Right Hon. Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart.

BONAPARTE'S READING

Captain, at Sea, June 19th.

. . . We have hopes the French may advance too far. One lucky blow will ruin them. Pray God it may be soon.

On the 31st May I took exactly one quarter of the battering-cannon, motars, shells, shot, and every ordnance store intended for the siege of Mantua; for I have an exact list of every store intended for that Siege, sent for Buona Parti, together with maps, an exact return of his Army at the opening the Campaign, and such books as the Directory think it right he should read at his leisure hours, viz., *Mallebois' Wars in Italy*, *Memoirs of Marshal Catinat*, *Duke de Vendome*, *Vauban's Attack and Defence of Places*, *The Life of Prince Eugene*, *Memoires Politiques*, *The*

Life of the Duke of Berwick, Hannibal's March over the Alps, Plans of Attack and Defence, in good plates. These books are sent by the Directory: a proof of their attention.

I have to request that you will acquaint General Beaulieu, that I have taken a Vessel which contained 150 Austrian prisoners, who had been sold by the French Commissaries at Savona, to the Spaniards, to the disgrace of the French, and still much more disgrace of the Spaniards. The Admiral has directed them to be clothed—for they were naked; and distributed them to the different Ships in the Fleet, until there is an opportunity of returning them to General Beaulieu. I send you a paper of the Spanish Consul. They cannot plead ignorant that the Recruits were Prisoners of War, and belonging to the Emperor. More than two thousand, these people say, have already been sold. They were marched by a French guard in the night, on board the Vessel.

To Colonel Graham.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Captain, at Sea, June 20th.

I suppose England will be the last to make peace; and whilst she trusts to her Wooden Walls, she (will) be more successful than any other Power. This has ever been proved, yet we continue blindly to be attached to an Army.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

A GESTURE

Captain, Genoa Mole, June 22nd.

Sir,

Generous Nations are above rendering any other damage to individuals than such as the known Laws of War prescribe. In a Vessel lately taken by my Squadron is an *imperiale* full of clothes belonging to a General Officer, Commanding Officer of Artillery. I therefore send you the clothes as taken and some papers which may be useful to the Officer, but can be of none to us, and have to request you will have the goodness to forward them to that Officer. The direction is unfortunately torn off, but to the best of my recollection it was directed to Vado.

To His Excellency Monsieur Fairpoult.

• NELSON IS INCENSED

Captain, at Sea, 25th June.

. . . I send you a full answer to the three complaints of the Genoese Secretary of State; a copy of which I have also enclosed for Mr. Drake, that he may answer the Government of Genoa, if he thinks it right. The Genoese can only make these complaints to please the French; but I cannot think it right, that we are to be traduced to please any

nation on earth. As to Mr. Brame's conduct, I am very angry. I have wrote to Mr. Drake to desire he will order Mr. Brame not to send home complaints against Officers in such a hurry; but he is a poor creature, and more of a Genoese than an Englishman. Since writing my answer, I have found the Greeks' protest, which states the act of cruelty to have been committed on April 16th, when *Agamemnon* was in Genoa, and the whole Fleet in sight from the Town.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

"THE YOUNG LIGHT-HEARTED MASTER OF THE WAVES"

Captain, off Leghorn, July 15th.

. . . I may congratulate you on the soreness which the French feel for your strict blockade of the Port of Toulon. We have fairly got to be masters from one end of the Coast to the other.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

NELSON CONFIDES

(About the 20th July.)

Sir John Jervis, K.B., Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, is so well satisfied (from the representations of Commodore Nelson,) of the exceeding good conduct and alacrity shewn by persons of every description in the Fleet, in the possessing ourselves of Porto Ferrajo, that Commodore Nelson is directed by the Commander-in-Chief, to return his thanks to the Captains, Officers, and Ships' Companies employed on that service, for their good conduct, to which the Commodore begs leave to add his confidence that, had the town not surrendered on terms, it would have fallen by the bravery of the Seamen and Soldiers.

From Memorandum.

ODD NEWS

Captain, Leghorn Roads, July 28th.

. . . I have just received an odd letter from Mr. Trevor, in which he assures me of the determination of the French to invade England.

To the Right Honourable Sir Gilbert Elliot, Vice-Roy of Corsica.

HE MINDS HIS OWN BUSINESS

Captain, Leghorn Roads, August 1st, half-past eight P.M.

. . . This blockade is complete, and we lay very snug in the North Road, as smooth as in a harbour. I rejoice with you our English Post is open again to us. I have letters only to the middle of June: all well, and as to Public affairs, Mr. Pitt seems as strong as ever. What have we to do with the Prince's private amours? The world say there are faults on both sides: like enough. Thank God, I was not born in high life.

To Captain Collingwood.

NEUTRAL GENTRY

Leghorn Roads, 1st August.

. . . It is certainly most desirable to keep those Neutral gentry in good humour.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

HIS GAZETTE

2nd August.

. . . I will also relate another anecdote, all vanity to myself, but you will partake of it: A person sent me a letter, and directed as follows, 'Horatio Nelson, Genoa.' On being asked how he could direct in such a manner, his answer, in a large party, was, 'Sir, there is but one Horatio Nelson in the world.' The letter certainly came immediately. At Genoa, where I have stopped all their trade, I am beloved and respected, both by the Senate and lower Order. If any man is fearful of his Vessel being stopped, he comes and asks me; if I give him a Paper, or say, 'All is right,' he is contented. I am known throughout Italy; not a Kingdom, or State, where my name will be forgotten. This is my Gazette.

To Mrs. Nelson.

HUMAN NATURE

Leghorn Roads, 5th August.

. . . The Dey's Lord of the Bedchamber, or some such great man, has been on board my Ship; he was highly pleased with my entertainment of him, and declared he would supply us with bullocks of 600 lbs. each, for ten Spanish dollars; he was never tired of looking about him.

I must relate an anecdote: I asked him why he would not make peace with the Genoese and Neapolitans, for they would pay the Dey? His answer was, 'If we make peace with every one, what is the Dey to do with his Ships?' What a reason for carrying on a Naval war! but has our Minister a better one for the present? I have sent great news to Bastia; but (I wish the word was out of our language) I am not fully contented; we beat the Enemy on the 29th, 30th, 31st, 1st, and 2nd; and because I do not know whether we beat them on the 3rd, I am not satisfied; such is human nature. Guns are sounding from the ramparts, and I am wicked enough to wish that all these fellows' throats may be cut before night.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH

Captain, Bastia Roads, August (17th).

. . . It is allowable to seize the property of Enemies, even on board Neutral Ships of War. Mr. North tells me, that in the late War two

of three Danish Ships of War were seized by the *Spaniards*, carrying stores to Gibraltar; and, on the remonstrance of the Danish Minister at Madrid, the answer he received was, that it was not Men of War which were stopped, but Vessels which had made themselves Merchantmen for the time. This hint may be useful, but if I should learn that money, &c., is shipping on board him, what is your opinion, as to at least making him submit to be examined? The times are critical, therefore, I should like your idea on this subject.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

Captain, between Bastia and Leghorn, August 18th.

. . . Almost every one lives beyond his income, and attempts to imitate his neighbour who is richer. However, now, I am a real Commodore having a Captain under me, I shall share for all prizes, whoever is the taker.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

FOR THE POOR

Captain, August 19th.

. . . Last year, from various causes, I missed the opportunity of sending something to the poor. I send it in time this year, and at the proper time you will dispose of it.

To the Reverend Edmund Nelson.

THE PARENT AND ORIGINAL

Leghorn Roads, 22nd August.

. . . You must have noticed my long forbearance, in not having repelled the firing of the batteries against his Britannic Majesty's Ships; you must have known that it has been humanity, and not want of power, towards a Town and its innocent inhabitants belonging to your Sovereign, whose situation I have pitied: but now, . . . I beg leave to acquaint you, that if in future one shot is fired at his Britannic Majesty's Ships, I shall chastise the battery; and whatever damage may happen to the Town, your Sovereign and the inhabitants of Leghorn must lay the entire blame on his Excellency Jacques de Lavelette, and not on your Excellency's most obedient servant,

Horatio Nelson.

To Signor Jacques de Lavelette, Governor of Leghorn.

A MOST UNGRATEFUL SET

Captain, at Sea, September 1st.

It is true we have a large party who wish us well, . . . but like America, this party will do nothing for us, whilst the other is all

activity. They are a most ungrateful set; and whatever is the event of this, I hope whenever a Peace comes, we shall have done with them. The conduct of the Austrians must surprise me, and every one. Is it bribery, or is it panic? both I fear. They are beat by boys, without Cavalry, without Artillery.

To Mr. Wyndham.

COMMON-SENSE

Captain, at Sea, September 1st.

. . . If the Spanish Frigate carries goods belonging to our Enemies, they are certainly as liable to be stopped as any other Vessel. They are Merchant Ships for the time. Upon this principle I shall act.

To Mr. Drake. (†)

RESPECTABLE VENETIANS

His Britannic Majesty's Ship *Captain*, off Leghorn Roads,
September 3rd.

Sir,

I have a real pleasure in relieving the distresses of my fellow-creatures, and particularly such a respectable Nation as the Venetians; therefore I have no difficulty in permitting Venetian Vessels without cargoes to leave the Port of Leghorn; and if you will direct them to come to me, I will give them passports to prevent their being molested on their present voyage. I expect, as do nearly all the world, that the Republic of Venice will not much longer submit to have the heads of the Roman Catholic Church insulted, as his Holiness has been, by the invaders of the peaceful and fruitful plains of Italy. In hopes of soon seeing the downfall of the wicked, I have the honour to remain, &c.,

Horatio Nelson.

To the Venetian Consul.

FAMILIAR ARGUMENT

September 9th.

. . . The Doge put the question to the Senate to give me thirty bullocks, but it was overruled, and I am not to have one. The principal argument was, we shall offend the French, and we had better offend the English than them, for they will not injure us so much.

To His Excellency Francis Drake, Esq.

PENALTY FOR SPITTING

Captain, off Leghorn, September 25th.

In the present situation of affairs with the Republic of Genoa, I think it necessary, in concert with his Excellency the Vice-Roy of Corsica, to detain all Genoese Vessels, until satisfaction be given for the insult offered His Majesty's Flag by firing on it.

To the Captains of the Squadron.

THE DIGNITY OF ENGLAND

About 17th October.

We are all preparing to leave the Mediterranean, a measure which I cannot approve. They at home do not know what this Fleet is capable of performing; anything, and everything. Much as I shall rejoice to see England, I lament our present orders in sackcloth and ashes, so dishonourable to the dignity of England, whose Fleets are equal to meet the World in arms.

To Mrs. Nelson.

THE HARD DUTY

Bastia, October 17th.

Dear Sir,

. . . I am sorry that you, or any Englishman, should have thought I acted without thought on the 11th September. Whether the measure was right or wrong in itself, is not for me to say. I certainly thought a good deal before I ordered the reprisal. The King's honour was, I conceive, too much insulted to forbear. . . . However, we all regret what an innocent Merchant suffers from public measures.

To Messrs. Heath and Co., Genoa.

ON VELVET

Captain, at Sea, November 5th.

. . . We left St. Fiorenzo on the 2nd, at night. . . . So soon as our Fleet is united, I have no doubt but we shall look out for the Combined Fleet, who I suppose are about thirty-four Sail of the Line, badly manned, and worse ordered; whilst ours is such a Fleet as I never before saw at sea. There is nothing hardly beyond our reach. . . . All the French Army in Italy is going to the Devil very fast. We are on shore, upon *velvet*.

To William Locker, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor, Royal Hospital, Greenwich.

WHERE'S THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND?

Captain, Gibraltar Bay, December 3rd.

. . . . The Marquis states how much the Republic has *always* studied to deserve the good will of England. I deny the fact of *always*. Does She not acknowledge detaining the bullocks purchased out of the Dominions of the Republic by British Agents, for the use of his Majesty's Fleet? Is not this unfriendly, and very nearly a hostile act?

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

HE PROTESTS TOO MUCH.

(About the 10th December.)

I am going on a most important Mission, which, with God's blessing, I have little doubt of accomplishing: it is not a fighting Mission, therefore be not uneasy. I feel honoured in being trusted, as I am, by Sir John Jervis. If I have money enough in Marsh and Creed's hands, I wish you would buy a Cottage in Norfolk. I shall follow the plough with much greater satisfaction than viewing all the magnificent scenes in Italy.

Yours, &c.,

To Mrs. Nelson.

Horatio Nelson.

"TODAY TO ME"

His Britannic Majesty's Ship the *Minerve* at Sea, December 24.

Sir,

The fortune of war put *La Sabina* into my possession after she had been most gallantly defended: the fickle Dame returned her to you with some of my officers and men in her.

I have endeavoured to make the captivity of Don Jacobo Stuart, her brave Commander, as light as possible; and I trust to the generosity of your Nation for its being reciprocal for the British Officers and men. I consent, Sir, that Don Jacobo may be exchanged, and at full liberty to serve his King, when Lieutenants Culverhouse and Hardy are delivered into the garrison of Gibraltar, with such others as may be agreed on by the Cartel established between Gibraltar and St. Roche for the exchange of prisoners. I have also a domestic taken in *La Sabina*; his name is Israel Coulson. Your Excellency will, I am sure, order him to be immediately restored to me, for which I shall consider myself as obliged to you. I also trust that those men now Prisoners of War with you, will be sent to Gibraltar. It becomes great Nations to act with generosity to each other, and to soften the horrors of war. I have the honour to be, with the most perfect esteem, your most obedient servant,

Horatio Nelson.

To His Excellency Don Miguel Gaston, Captain General of the Department of Carthagena.

"TOMORROW TO THEE"

La Minerve, East Side of Sardinia, December 24th.

. . . On the 19th, at night, took a Spanish frigate of 40 guns, 18-pounders, larger than *Minerve*. On the 20th, in the morning fought another as large, beat her, and she run from us: but there is no certainty in this world: two Sail of the Line and two Frigates surrounded us, took our Prize from us, and we very narrowly escaped visiting a Spanish prison. Two Lieutenants and a number of our men are taken, and we have lost near fifty killed and wounded; but 'tis well it's no more. Yesterday we took a French privateer, three days from Marseilles.

To the Right Honourable Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1797

On New Year's Day he writes to his father, describing the Carthage action, and sends his best love to his "dear wife."—On 9th February he is at Gibraltar, on 11th he is anxious and ready to sail: "But I fear a westerly wind." La Minerve leaves Gibraltar and is pursued by Spanish ships. Nelson looks up at his broad pendant and says: "Before the Dons can get hold of that bit of bunting I'll have a struggle with them." Hardy and some sailors are rescuing a man who has fallen overboard, and get carried towards the enemy. Nelson exclaims: "By God I'll not lose Hardy! Back the mizen topsail!" Hardy and the crew are rescued, and "the dastardly Dons" shaken off.—Nelson joins Jervis and the Fleet off Cape St. Vincent, and on St. Valentine's Day contributes very much to winning the Battle. He boards and captures the San Nicolas and the San Josef. After the battle Jervis receives Nelson on the quarter-deck of the Victory, hugs him, says he cannot sufficiently thank him, and insists that he shall keep the Spanish rear-admirals sword.—Nelson is appointed Rear Admiral of the Blue and created Knight-Commander of the Bath.—In April he is sent to Elba.—In May he rejoins Jervis and hoists his flag in the Theseus.—In July he bombards Cadix, and has a desperate engagement with a Spanish gunboat.—On 24th July he makes an unsuccessful night attack on Santa Cruz in Teneriffe, and is wounded in the right arm, which is amputated. "Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better." The operation is badly managed, and he is invalided home, suffering intense pain for months.—He does not fully recover till the end of the year, when he is appointed to the Vanguard. He is present when the King returns thanks at St. Paul's for the naval victories.

NELSON AND THE STUART CHARM

La Minerve, 1st January.

My dear Father,

On this day I am certain you will send me a letter; may many, very many happy returns of it attend you. My late Action will be in the Gazette, and I may venture to say it was what I know the English like. My late prisoner, a descendant from the Duke of Berwick, son of James II, was my brave opponent; for which I have returned him his sword, and sent him in a Flag of truce to Spain. I felt it consonant to the dignity of my Country, and I always act as I feel right, without regard to custom.

To the Reverend Edmund Nelson.

A WORTHY OPPONENT

La Minerve, Port Ferrajo, January 13th.

. . . When I hailed the Don, and told him, 'This is an English Frigate,' and demanded his surrender of I would fire into him, his answer was noble, and such as became the illustrious family from which he is descended—'This is a Spanish Frigate, and you may begin as soon as you please.' I have no idea of a closer or sharper battle: the force to a gun the same, and nearly the same number of men; we having two hundred and fifty. I asked him several times to surrender during the Action, but his answer was—'No, Sir; not whilst I have the means of fighting left.' When only himself of all the Officers were left alive, he hailed, and said he could fight no more, and begged I would stop firing.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

THE BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT

On the 13th February, at 6 P.M., shifted my Pendant from *La Minerve* Frigate to the *Captain*.

Valentine's day, at daylight, signal to prepare for Battle: at 10, saw some strange Ships standing across the van of our Fleet, on the larboard tack, which was sailing in two divisions, eight in the weather, seven in the lee, on the starboard tack. About 11, signal to form the Line, as most convenient. At twenty-five past 11, the Action commenced in the Van, then passing through the Enemy's Line. About 1 A.M., the *Captain* having passed the sternmost of the Enemy's Ships, which formed their Van, consisting of seventeen Sail of the Line, and perceiving the Spanish Fleet to bear up before the wind, evidently with an intention of forming their Line, going large—joining their separated division,—or flying from us; to prevent either of their schemes from taking effect, I ordered the Ship to be wore, and passing between the *Diadem* and *Excellent*, at ten minutes past 1 o'clock, I was in close Action with the Van, and, of course, leewardmost of the Spanish Fleet. The Ships which I know were the *Santa Trinidad*, *San Josef*, *Salvador del Mundo*, *San Nicolas*, *San Isidro*, another First-rate and Seventy-four, names not known. I was immediately joined and most nobly supported by the *Culloden*, Captain Troubridge. . . For an hour the *Culloden* and *Captain* supported this apparently, but not in reality, unequal contest, when the *Blenheim*, passing to windward of us and ahead, eased us a little. By this time the *Salvador del Mundo* and *San Isidro* dropped astern, and were fired into in a masterly style by the *Excellent*, Captain Collingwood, who compelled them to hoist English colours, when, disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten Enemies, he most gallantly pushed up to save his old friend and messmate, who was to appearance in a critical situation: the *Blenheim* having fallen to leeward, and the *Culloden* crippled and astern,

the *Captain* at this time being actually fired upon by three First-rates and the *San Nicolas* and a Seventy-four, and about pistol-shot distance of the *San Nicolas*. The *Excellent* ranged up with every sail set, and hauling up his mainsail just astern, passed within ten feet of the *San Nicolas*, giving her a most awful and tremendous fire. The *San Nicolas* luffing up, the *San Josef* fell on board her, and the *Excellent* passing on for the *Santa Trinidad*, the *Captain* resumed her situation abreast of them, close alongside.

At this time, the *Captain* having lost her fore-topmast, not a sail, shroud, or rope standing, the wheel shot away, and incapable of further service in the Line or in chase, I directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and calling for the Boarders, ordered them to Board.

The soldiers of the 69th Regiment, with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, with Lieutenant Pierson, of the same Regiment, were amongst the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the Enemy's mizen-chains was Captain Berry, late my First-Lieutenant. He was supported from our spritsail-yard; and a soldier of the 69th Regiment having broke the upper quarter-gallery window, jumped in, followed by myself and others, as fast as possible. I found the cabin-doors fastened, and the Spanish Officers fired their pistols at us through the windows, but having broke open the doors, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish Brigadier (Commodore, with a distinguishing Pendant) fell as retreating to the quarter-deck. Having pushed on the quarter-deck, I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish Ensign hauling down. The *San Josef* at this moment fired muskets and pistols from the Admiral's stern-gallery on us. Our seamen by this time were in full possession of every part: about seven of my men were killed, and some few wounded, and about twenty Spaniards.

Having placed sentinels at the different ladders, and ordered Captain Miller to push more men into the *San Nicolas*, I directed my brave fellows to board the First-rate, which was done in a moment. When I got into her main-chains, a Spanish Officer came upon the quarter-deck rail, without arms, and said the Ship had surrendered. From this welcome information, it was not long before I was on the quarter-deck, when the Spanish Captain, with a bended knee, presented me his Sword, and told me the Admiral was dying with his wounds below. I gave him my hand, and desired him to call to his officers and Ship's Company that the Ship had surrendered, which he did; and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish First-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the Swords of the vanquished Spaniards, which as I received I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen, who placed them, with the greatest sang-froid, under his arm. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pierson, 69th Regiment, John Sykes, John Thompson, Francis Cook, and William Fearney, all old *Agamemmons*, and several other brave men, Seamen and Soldiers. Thus fell these Ships. The *Victory* passing saluted us with three cheers,

as did every Ship in the Fleet. . . . At dusk, I went on board the *Victory*, when the Admiral received me on the quarter-deck, and having embraced me, said he could not sufficiently thank me, and used every kind expression which could not fail to make me happy. On my return on board the *Irresistible*, my bruises were looked at, and found but trifling, and a few days made me as well as ever.

H. N.

N.B.—There is a saying in the Fleet too flattering for me to omit telling—viz., ‘Nelson’s Patent Bridge for boarding First-Rates,’ alluding to my passing over an Enemy’s 80-gun Ship; and another of a Sailors’ taking me by the hand on board the *San Josef*, saying he might not soon have such another place to do it in, and assuring me he was heartily glad to see me.

“A few remarks” from the Nelson Papers.

“DEAR COLL”

Irresistible, February 15th.

My dearest Friend,

‘A friend in need is a friend indeed,’ was never more truly verified than by your most noble and gallant conduct yesterday in sparing the *Captain* from further loss; and I beg, both as a public Officer and a friend, you will accept my most sincere thanks. I have not failed, by letter to the Admiral, to represent the eminent services of the *Excellent*. Tell me how you are; what are your disasters? I cannot tell you much of the *Captain’s*, except by Note of Captain Miller’s, at two this morning, about sixty killed and wounded, masts bad, &c., &c. We shall meet at Lagos; but I could not come near you without assuring you how sensible I am of your assistance in nearly a critical situation. Believe me, as ever, your most affectionate

Horatio Nelson.

To Captain Collingwood, H.M.S. *Excellent*.

CONTUSED PHILOSOPHY

Irresistible, 15th February.

. . . Amongst the slightly wounded is myself, but it is only a contusion and of no consequence, unless an inflammation takes place in my bowels, which is the part injured. But they who play at balls must expect rubbers. To the Right Hon. Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart.

THE DREAM

Irresistible, Lisbon, 28th of February.

We got up here with our Prizes this afternoon: the more I think of our late Action, the more I am astonished; it absolutely appears a dream. The *Santissima Trinidad*, of four decks, lost five hundred

killed and wounded; had not my Ship been so cut up, I would have had her; but it is well, thank God for it! As to myself, I assure you I never was better, and rich in the praises of every man from the highest to the lowest in the Fleet. The Spanish War will give us a Cottage and a piece of ground, which is all I want. I shall come one day or other laughing back, when we will retire from the busy scenes of life; I do not, however, mean to be a hermit; the Dons will give us a little money. To Mrs. Nelson.

THE BLOODY SWORD

March 5.

My dear Admiral,

I send you a Narrative of the transactions of the *Captain* on the 14th of February, and also the Sword of one of the Officers (I believe Second Captain of the *San Nicolas*) with which he killed one of my seamen.

How hard this wind is not to let us out, but I hope it is at its last gasp. To Vice-Admiral the Hon. William Waldegrave.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

March 5.

Dear Sir,

Captain Macnamara has been speaking to me about the poor wretch who was condemned to suffer death at Porto Ferrajo for three times deserting from the *Speedy*, and once attempting to desert. If strict justice and attending to the discipline of the Service is to be attended to, he is a proper object for an example, for the desertion of the present day from the Navy is too bad; but on the side of mercy, which I well know your inclination to hold forth, perhaps a respite to this wretch may have a proper effect, on the consideration of the gallant conduct of those Seamen who have remained faithful to their King and Country, and have not flown from their Defence in a time of war. I beg pardon for having wrote so much and freely; but Mac tells me you wished to speak to me on the subject.—Believe me, dear Sir, your most faithful,
Horatio Nelson.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

“BAN—BAN
CA—CALIBAN”

Irresistible, off Lagos Bay, March 16th.

. . . The Spanish Fleet are in Cadiz, the Officers hooted and pelted by the mobility. Their first report was, the Action happening on a foggy day, when the fog cleared up, they only saw fifteen Sail of the Line, therefore concluded at least five were sunk in the Action.

To John M'Arthur, Esq.

NELSON DEMURE

Off Cape St. Vincent, March 22nd.

. . . I have ventured to propose to the Admiral, letting me go with two or three Sail of the Line, off Toulon, or to Elba, as may be necessary, and for the Fleet to stay outside. I beg your Royal Highness will not think that I am in the habit of advising my Commander-in-Chief; but Sir John Jervis has spoiled me by encouraging me to give my opinion freely; knowing that it is not impertinence in me, I have thought it right to say thus much.

To His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

"THE DAUNTLESS THREE"

Captain, off Cape St. Vincent's, April 6th.

. . . I must be delighted, when, from the King to the Peasant, all are willing to do me honour. But I will partake of nothing but what shall include Collingwood and Troubridge. We are the only three Ships who made great exertions on that glorious day: the others did their duty, and some not exactly to my satisfaction. . . .

Sir John Jervis is not quite contented, but says nothing publicly. An anecdote in the Action is honourable to the Admiral, and to Troubridge and myself. Calder said, 'Sir, the *Captain* and *Culloden* are separated from the Fleet, and unsupported: shall we recall them?'—'I will not have them recalled. I put my faith in those Ships; it is a disgrace that they are not supported and separated.' . . . You will not be surprised to hear I have declined all hereditary Honours; and as to entailing a Title, unless you have a good estate to send with it, you send misery; and, till I became a Flag-officer, I had not made both ends meet.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

DON DESPERADO

Captain, off Cadiz, 10th April.

. . . The Spaniards threaten us they will come out, and take their revenge: the sooner the better; but I will not believe it till I see it; and if they do, what will the mines of Mexico or Peru signify, compared with the honour I doubt not we shall gain by fighting an angry Don? They will have thirty Sail of the Line, we twenty or twenty-two; but fear we shall have a peace before they are ready to come out. What a sad thing that will be!

To John M'Arthur, Esq.

THE DISCREET WARNING

April 11th.

I shall endeavour by fair means to accomplish your wishes in the blockade. I have myself no idea that the Spanish Fleet will be

ready for sea for some months; and I own, Sir, that my feelings are alive for the safety of our Army from Elba. If the French get out two Sail of the Line, which I am confident they may do, our Troops are lost, and what a triumph would that be to them! . . . At all events, I trust you will not imagine that my taking the great liberty of thus mentioning my thoughts, arises from any other motive than affection towards you.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

NEARLY FIVE YEARS WITHOUT A HOLIDAY

Off Cape de Gatte, 30th April.

. . . In October I intend to ask permission to return to England until February, should the war still continue; and when it is considered that I have been four years and nine months without one moment's repose for body or mind, I trust credit will be given me that I do not sham. To His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE

Theseus, May 27th.

Changed from the *Captain* this day.

. . . We hear of a Squadron laying wait within Sir John Jervis's Command for to take those rich Ships which otherwise would fall into our hands. It is impossible to conceive the ill-blood it has created in this Fleet—leave us so inferior to the Enemy, and one of our *Task-Masters* attempting to rob us of our harvest, but leaving us very *handsomely* to spend our blood in opposing so superior a force. Share with us our danger, share our honour, and share with us the wealth which may come forward.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

THEIR EYES DAZZLE

Theseus, June 9th.

The number of men you propose to give me, I have no doubt are all-sufficient; but I well know that a few more red coats have their use in dazzling the eyes of an Enemy.

To Admiral-Sir John Jervis, K.B.

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL

9th June.

. . . I send you the State of the *Swiftsure*; even the sight of the two poor men in irons on board her has affected me more than I can express: if Mr. Weir would look at them, I should be glad. The youth may, I hope, be saved, as he has intervals of sense, his countenance

is most interesting. If any mode can be devised for sending him home, I will with pleasure pay fifty pounds to place him in some proper place for his recovery; the other, I fear, is too old.

10th June.

My dear Sir,

I hope, for the poor men's sakes, that they are imposing on me; but depend on it, that God Almighty has afflicted them with the most dreadful of all diseases. They do not sham; indeed, you will find I am not mistaken, and all the Commissioners in the World cannot convince me of it. For what purpose can these poor wretches attempt to destroy themselves? for what purpose can one of them have spoken to me as rationally as any person could do? Do let Mr. Weir look at them: I am sure he will think with me, from the order to represent those who are objects unfit for the service, I could not do otherwise than I did.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

THIS WAS "THE WORST SHIP'S COMPANY IN THE FLEET"

15th June.

A few nights ago a Paper was dropped on the quarter deck, of which this is a copy:—'Success attend Admiral Nelson! God bless Captain Miller! We thank them for the Officers they have placed over us. We are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them, and the name of the *Theseus* shall be immortalized as high as the *Captain's*. SHIP'S COMPANY.'

Yours, &c.,

To Mrs. Nelson.

Horatio Nelson.

FAITH AND WORKS

29th June.

Rest assured of my most perfect love, affection, and esteem for your person and character, which the more I see of the world the more I must admire. The imperious call of honour to serve my Country, is the only thing which keeps me a moment from you, and a hope, that by staying a little longer, it may enable you to enjoy those little luxuries which you so highly merit. I pray God it may soon be peace, and that we may get into the cottage.

. . . I have sent my brother my Supporters, Crest, and Motto: on one side a Sailor properly habited, holding in his hand the Broad Pendant on a staff, and trampling on a Spanish flag; on the other side the British Lion tearing the Spanish flag, the remnants hanging down, and the flag in tatters. Motto, what my brother William suggested, turned into English—"Faith and Works."

I hope you will like them. I intend my next winter's gift at Burnham should be fifty good large blankets of the very best quality, and they

will last for seven years at least. This will not take from anything the Parish might give. I wish inquiry to be made, and the blankets ordered of some worthy man; they are to be at my father's disposal in November. To Mrs. Nelson.

AND THEN——!

July 5th.

My dear Sir,

I am thankful, for your flattering letter, which, as we all like, I will believe as much of as I can. To-night my plan is for Cadiz, on the outside of the lighthouse: Jackson knows a good berth. . . . At present the Brigs lie too close to each other to hope for a dash at them, but soon I expect to find one off guard, and then——.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

NEWS FROM CADIZ

H.M.S. Ship *Theseus*, 7th July.

. . . News from Cadiz, by a Market-boat, that our Ships did much damage; the Town was on fire in three places; a shell that fell in a Convent destroyed several priests (that no harm, they will never be missed); that plunder and robbery was going on—a glorious scene of confusion. . . .

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

MUTINEERS

Theseus, July 9th.

My dear Sir,

I am sorry that you should have to differ with (Vice-Admiral Thompson) but had it been Christmas Day instead of Sunday, I would have executed them.

We know not what might have been hatched by a Sunday's grog: *now* your discipline is safe. I talked to our people, and, I hope, with good effect: indeed, they seem a very quiet set. Ever your most faithful,
Horatio Nelson.

To Sir Robert Calder, Knight.

A NORFOLK MAN

July 12th to the 14th.

I should be glad if the house were bought: and if you do not object, I should like Norfolk in preference to any other part of the Kingdom; but do you choose.

To Mrs. Nelson.

PROPHETIC

Theseus, July 13th.

. . . In Spain it will never end but in a Revolution. . . .

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

ORDERS

Theseus at Sea, 20th July.

. . . You will proceed as near to the Town of Santa Cruz as possible, without endangering your being perceived; when you will embark as many men as the Boats will carry, and force your landing in the north-east part of the Bay of Santa Cruz, near a large battery. The moment you are on shore, I recommend you to first attack the battery; which when carried, and your post secured, you will either proceed by storm against the Town and Mole-head battery, or send in my Letter, as you judge most proper, containing a Summons, of which I send you a copy. . . . Having the firmest confidence in the ability, bravery, and zeal of yourself, and all placed under your command, I have only to heartily wish you success.

To Thomas Troubridge, Esq.

Theseus, July 20th.

The *Culloden's* Officers and men, with only their arms, to be ready to go on board the *Terpsichore*, at 1 P.M., this day; to carry with them four ladders, (each of which to have a lanyard four fathoms long,) a sledge-hammer, wedges, and a broad axe.

The Boats' oars to be muffled with either a piece of canvas or kersey. To the *Culloden*, *Zealous*, and *Theseus*.

THE VOLUNTEERS

Theseus, off Santa Cruz, 27th July.

Sir,

In obedience to your orders to make a vigorous attack on Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe, I directed from the Ships under my command, 1000 men, including Marines, to be prepared for landing, under the direction of Captain Troubridge, of his Majesty's Ship *Culloden*, and Captains Hood, Thompson, Fremantle, Bowen, Miller and Waller, who very handsomely volunteered their services; and although I am under the painful necessity of acquainting you that we have not been able to succeed in our attack, yet it is my duty to state that I believe more daring intrepidity was never shewn than by the Captains, Officers, and Men you did me the honour to place under my command.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis.

NELSON LOSES HIS RIGHT ARM

My dear Sir,

Theseus, July 27th.

I am become a burthen to my friends, and useless to my Country; but by my letter wrote the 24th, you will perceive my anxiety for the promotion of my son-in-law, Josiah Nisbet. When I leave your command, I become dead to the World; I go hence, and am no more seen. . . .

I hope you will be able to give me a frigate, to convey the remains

of my carcase to England. God bless you, my dear Sir, and believe me,
your most obliged and faithful Horatio Nelson.

You will excuse my scrawl, considering it is my first attempt.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

RESIGNATION

Theseus, August 16th.

. . . A left-handed Admiral will never again be considered as useful, therefore the sooner I get to a very humble cottage the better, and make room for a better man to serve the State.

To Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B.

FORTITUDE

Theseus, at Sea, August 3rd (to 16).

My dearest Fanny,

I am so confident of your affection, that I feel the pleasure you will receive will be equal, whether my letter is wrote by my right hand or left. It was the chance of war, and I have great reason to be thankful; and I know that it will add much to your pleasure in finding that Josiah, under God's Providence, was principally instrumental in saving my life. As to my health, it never was better; and now I hope soon to return to you; and my Country, I trust, will not allow me any longer to linger in want of that pecuniary assistance which I have been fighting the whole war to preserve to her. But I shall not be surprised to be neglected and forgot, as probably I shall no longer be considered as useful. However, I shall feel rich if I continue to enjoy your affection. The cottage is now more necessary than ever. . . . I beg neither you or my father will think much of this mishap: my mind has long been made up to such an event. God bless you, and believe me

Your most affectionate husband,

To Lady Nelson.

Horatio Nelson.

CHEERFULNESS BREAKS IN

September 7th.

Sir,

I trust your Royal Highness will attribute my not having sent a letter since my arrival to its true cause—viz., the not being now a ready writer. I feel confident of your sorrow for my accident; but I assure your Royal Highness, that not a scrap of that ardour with which I have hitherto served our King has been shot away.

To His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

THE DARK DAYS

London, 18th September.

My dear Lord,

I shall be brief at first. I had a very miserable passage home, and this

day am not the least better than when I left good Dr. Weir; and Cruikshanks has me now in hand. I found my domestic happiness perfect, and I hope time will bring me about again; but I have suffered great misery. To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

"I HAVE WOUNDS TO SHOW YOU, WHICH SHALL BE YOURS IN PRIVATE."

27th September.

. . . I take the liberty of transmitting to your Lordship certificates of the loss of my right eye at the Siege of Calvi; and I beg also to acquaint you that I was slightly wounded during the Siege of Bastia, and most severely bruised on the 14th February last.

To Earl Spencer.

"HUMBLE AND HEARTY THANKS"

December 8th (for next Sunday).

An Officer desires to return Thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe Wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed upon him.

Thanksgiving in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London.

"THE TO BE MRS. BERRY"

Secret, except to Dr. Forster and Miss.

December 8th.

My dear Sir,

If you mean to marry, I would recommend your doing it speedily, or the to be Mrs. Berry will have very little of your company; for I am well, and you may expect to be called for every hour.

To Captain Berry.

JOHN BULL'S VALENTINE

December 11th.

My dear Sir,

As I have not the hand of a ready writer, my friends must put up (at the best) with short letters, and oftener excuse my writing anything. I could say nothing of you anywhere, or to any person, that was not pleasant to your friends, and strictly true. John Bull does not forget the *Captain* on the 14th February. . . .

Lady Nelson and myself called to see your little girl at Mr. Taylor's. She is a very fine girl, and a great favourite with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, who seem very fond and kind to her. They are, I am sure, good people, and spoke in most affectionate terms of Mrs. Miller. It is fixed I am to have the *Vanguard*.

To Captain Ralph Willett Miller.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1798

He is at Bath and in London till the end of March, when he hoists his flag on board the Vanguard at Spithead.—At the end of April he joins Jervis, now the Earl of St. Vincent, off Cadiz.—St. Vincent sends Nelson into the Mediterranean to discover what is happening to the French fleet.—In June Nelson is joined by a squadron of ten sail of the line, and the hunt for the French fleet begins. He learns that it left Toulon on 20th May; but it is not till 1st August that it is at last discovered off Alexandria, and the Battle of the Nile is fought in Aboukir Bay at sunset. It is “not a victory, but a conquest.” The captains who fought under Nelson are the famous “band of brothers”, and include Hardy, Berry, Troubridge, Hallowell, Foley, Ball, Saumarez, Hood, Miller and Lewis. During the fight Nelson is struck in the forehead by a langridge iron and temporarily blinded.—Nelson returns to Naples, the fêted hero, worshipped by court and people. He stays with the Hamiltons and is nursed back to health by Lady Hamilton. This period cements the close friendship between the three. “We are the real tria juncta in uno.” He is constantly at Naples for the rest of the year.—Created Baron Nelson of the Nile and Burnham Thorpe.—On 28th November he takes Leghorn, and in the beginning of December rescues the Spanish royal family from the revolutionaries and carries them and the Hamiltons to Palermo on his ship. People begin to chafe at Lady Hamilton’s influence over Nelson. He, however, maintained to the day of his death that her power over the Queen of Naples had been of the greatest service during the long months when he was chasing the French fleet.

THE EPITAPH

Bath, January 27th.

I am very sorry that good Captain Miller should have awakened your feelings for the loss of your gallant son. I think I informed you that he was shot by my side at the Mole of Santa Cruz, and that he survived the wound four days, when he left this world, to the regret of all who knew his worth; and what must ever give consolation to his surviving friends . . . he fell in the service of his Country.

To the Reverend Mr. Weatherhead.

FOOD FRONT

Bath, January 29th.

. . . I now hope all the Nation will subscribe liberally. You will believe that I do not urge others to give, and to withhold myself; but my mode of subscribing will be novel in its manner, and by doing it,

I mean to debar myself of many comforts to serve my Country, and I expect great consolation every time I cut a slice of salt beef instead of mutton.

To Thomas Lloyd, Esq.

THE DUTY

March.

... Indeed it is our duty to be useful to the children of our brethren.

To Lady Collier.

MARCH PROPHECY IN AUGUST FULFILLED

Portsmouth, March 31st.

... In short, the times are big with events, and before the year gets round we shall either have a good Peace, or what I dread to think on. But God's will be done.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

"THE WIND! THE WIND! ONLY THE WIND!"

April 1st.

... Thus I have lost the finest East wind that has blown this year, and there can be no guess when we may have another; so much for Admiralty delays: however, I shall not go out of the Ship unless upon duty, and get off as soon as possible. My place is tolerably comfortable, but do not shine in servants.

St. Helens, April 3rd.

My dearest Fanny,

The wind still continues as foul as it can blow, but as I am now fixed on board, it is my intention not to move out of the Ship, to which I begin to be reconciled. As to news, I cannot tell you a word beyond my own Ship. If you look at Queen Square Chapel, it will tell you to write or not, but on the sealed side of the letter write,—'If the *Vanguard* is sailed, to be returned to Lady Nelson, Bath.' I can only, my dear Fanny, repeat, what I hope you know, that you are uppermost in my thoughts.—With my kindest love to my father, believe me your most affectionate

Horatio Nelson.

I cannot find my black stock and buckle.

To Lady Nelson.

DOMESTIC

St. Helens, April 5th.

... Pray, my dear Fanny, did you put up the three Portugal pieces—*joes?* for if you did, they cannot be found. If they are not sent, so much the better. My black stock and buckle has not yet appeared,

nor are the keys of my dressing-stand sent. If they were left with the stand in London, the man has neglected to pack them up. I can do very well without these things, but it is a satisfaction to mention them.

St. Helens, April 7th.

My dearest Fanny,

I have looked over my linen, and find it very different to your list in the articles as follows: thirteen silk pocket handkerchiefs: only six new, five old. Thirteen cambric ditto: I have sixteen. Twelve cravats: I have only eleven. Six Genoa velvet stocks: I have only three. You have put down thirty huckaback towels: I have from 1 to 10. Eleven is missing from 11 to 22, that is Nos. 12 and 21; therefore there is missing No. 11—22, and to 30;—Ten in all. I only hope and believe they have not been sent. I do not want them. Have you the two old pieces of gold which my father gave me, for I have them not? and yet I am pretty positive I brought them home: If you have them not, they are lost.

To Lady Nelson.

CONSOLATION

Vanguard, St. Helens, April 8th.

. . . You may rely that your son spend as little as possible for he will be a very lucky fellow if he gets on shore twice in a year.

To Lady Collier.

SEEKING PEACE AND ENSUING IT

Lisbon, 24th April.

. . . We arrived here yesterday, in fourteen days from St. Helen's. Lord St. Vincent is at sea off Cadiz, having wished to prevent some Spanish Ships from getting out, but without effect; for one Ship of the Line, the *Monarca*, and two Frigates, escaped on the 12th; the *Neptuno* 84, and two more Frigates, are also on the wing, but I hope they will not escape his vigilance. The *Dolphin* is here, and her Captain, Josiah is very well. If possible, I shall sail to-morrow to join the Fleet. I can hardly describe to you the miserable appearance of this place after seeing England. I pray fervently for Peace.

To Lady Nelson.

THE MOUSE AT THE CAT-HOLE

Lisbon (1st May).

. . . The Dons have, I find, long expected my return with Bomb-vessels, Gun-boats, and every proper implement for the destruction of Cadiz and their Fleet. They have prepared three floating batteries to lie outside their walls, to prevent the fancied attack; and, lo, the mountain has brought forth a mouse:—I am arrived with a single Ship, and without the means of annoying them. . . . I pray that it may very

soon please God to give us Peace. England will not be invaded this summer. Buonaparte is gone back to Italy, where 80,000 men are embarking for some expedition.

To Lady Nelson.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER

6th May.

. . . I shall procure information enough to regulate my further proceedings; and as I take Frigates, shall send one to have charge of each, keeping the large Ships complete, to fight, I hope, larger ones. God bless you.

To the Earl of St. Vincent.

FIRST RUMOURS

Vanguard, off Cape Sicie, May 17th.

My Lord,

This morning, the *Terpsichore* captured a small French Corvette, of six guns and sixty-five men, which came out of Toulon at 11 o'clock, last night. From the general report of Vessels spoke, you will observe the uniformity of the reports—viz., that an expedition is preparing to sail from Toulon. We have separately examined the crew of this Corvette, and, from the whole, I believe the following may be depended on as near the truth—that Buonaparte arrived at Toulon last Friday, and has examined the troops which are daily embarking in the numerous Transports; that Vessels with troops frequently arrive from Marseilles; it is not generally believed that Buonaparte is to embark, but no one knows to what place the Armament is destined. . . . Reports say they are to sail in a few days, and others that they will not sail for a fortnight. . . .

I saw three French Frigates this afternoon, but as they did not see the Squadron, I am in hopes of getting near them. The Squadron is as I wish them.

To the Earl of St. Vincent.

THE GOLDEN VANITY

Vanguard, Island of St. Peter's, in Sardinia, May 24.

My dearest Fanny,

I ought not to call what has happened to the *Vanguard* by the cold name of accident: I believe firmly, that it was the Almighty's goodness, to check my consummate vanity. I hope it has made me a better Officer, as I feel confident it has made me a better Man. I kiss with all humility the rod.

Figure to yourself a vain man, on Sunday evening at sun-set, walking in his cabin with a Squadron about him, who looked up to their Chief to lead them to glory, and in whom this Chief placed the firmest reliance, that the proudest Ships, in equal numbers, belonging to France, would have bowed their Flags; and with a very rich Prize lying

by him. Figure to yourself this proud, conceited man, when the sun rose on Monday morning, his Ship dismasted, his Fleet dispersed, and himself in such distress, that the meanest Frigate out of France would have been a very unwelcome guest. But it has pleased Almighty God to bring us into a safe Port, where, although we are refused the rights of humanity, yet the *Vanguard* will in two days get to sea again, as an English Man-of-War.

To Lady Nelson.

IRONICS

His Britannic Majesty's Ship *Vanguard*, At Anchor, off the Island of St. Peter, 26th May.

Sir,

Having, by a gale of wind sustained some trifling damage, I anchored a small part of his Majesty's Fleet, under my orders, off this Island, and was surprised to hear, by an Officer sent by the Governor, that admittance was to be refused to the Flag of his Britannic Majesty into this Port. When I reflect that my most gracious Sovereign is the oldest, (I believe,) and certainly the most faithful, Ally which his Majesty of Sardinia ever had, I could feel the sorrow which it must have been to his Majesty to have given such an order, and also for your Excellency, who has to direct its execution. I cannot but look at Afric's shore, where the followers of Mahomet are performing the part of the good Samaritan, which I look for in vain at St. Peter's, where it is said the Christian Religion is professed. . . . May God Almighty bless your Excellency is the sincere wish of your most obedient servant.

To His Excellency the Vice-Roy of Sardinia.

"HOOPS OF STEEL"

Vanguard, at Sea, May 28th.

In my last Letters of May 24th, I acquainted you of our arrival at St. Peter's, and I have now the pleasure to inform you that, by the indefatigable exertions of the Captains of the *Orion*, *Alexander*, and *Vanguard*, and the great ability of Mr. James Morrison, Carpenter of the *Alexander*, the *Vanguard* was completed for sea on the 26th at night, and that I sailed on the 27th, at daylight, to proceed on the service you were pleased to intrust to my direction. As your Lordship will observe the state of the *Vanguard* on her arrival at St. Peter's, the exertions of all classes will strike forcibly; therefore it is only necessary to observe, that the Ship was fitted under the advice of the Carpenter of the *Alexander*, an old and faithful servant of the Crown, and who has been near thirty years a warranted Carpenter; and I beg most earnestly that your Lordship will have the goodness to recommend Mr. Morrison to the particular notice of the Board of Admiralty.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

AN ERROR OF JUDGEMENT

Vanguard, May 31st, continued to June 15th.

... It has pleased God to assist us with His favour, in our exertions to refit the *Vanguard*, and here I am again off Toulon. I hope to find the Frigates on the *Rendezvous*. It is extraordinary that *all* of them should have parted by *accident*; but I am afraid it is too common a trick of Officers in Frigates.

June 11th. . . . Hope had taken all my Frigates off the *Rendezvous*, on the presumption that a Ship, which had lost her fore-mast, must return to an Arsenal. I thought Hope would have known me better.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MALTA

Vanguard, off the Faro of Messina, June 20th.

My dear Sir,

I have thought so much, and heard so much, of the French, since I left Naples, that I should feel culpable, was I for a moment to delay expressing my sentiments on the present situation of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. . . . I shall begin by supposing myself commanding a Fleet attending an Army which is to invade Sicily. If the General asked if Malta would not be a most useful place for the depot of stores &c., &c., my answer would be, if you can take Malta, it secures the safety of the Fleet, Transports, stores, &c., and insures your safe retreat should that be necessary; for if even a superior Fleet of the Enemy should arrive, before one week passes, they will be blown to leeward, and you may pass with safety. This would be my opinion. . . .

I have said and repeat it, *Malta is the direct road to Sicily*. . . . If I have wrote my mind too freely, I trust it will be excused. The importance of the subject called for my opinion. I have given it like an honest man, and shall wish to stand or fall with it.

To His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

His Britannic Majesty's Ship *Vanguard*, off Messina, June 20th.

It is with particular satisfaction I have the honour to acquaint you I am making all possible dispatch with the Squadron of his Britannic Majesty under my command towards Malta, with a full determination to prevent your Island from falling into the hands of the common Enemy. I therefore trust you will be pleased to give directions to assemble all your Ships of War, Fire-ships, Bombs, Galleys, &c., immediately, to form a speedy junction with me the moment I appear off Malta (which I expect will be on Friday next) for the better insurance of success, as no time must be lost in destroying the French Fleet

To the Most Illustrious the Grand Master of Malta.

(Private)

June 24th.

. . . I send you some Reviews and Magazines—they may be pleasant, although old. . . .

Pray do not detain the *Mutine*, for I am in a fever at not finding the French. At Naples they have English news to the 16th of May. No fears of an Invasion: Pitt stronger than ever.

To George Baldwin Esq., Consul at Alexandria.

FRIGATES YESTERDAY—'PLANES TODAY

Vanguard, Naples Bay, eleven o'clock, June 17th.

. . . I have only to observe in my present state, if I meet the Enemy at Sea, the Convoy will get off, for want of Frigates.

Vanguard, at Sea, 18th June.

My dear Sir,

I would not lose one moment of the breeze, in answering your Letter. The best sight (as an Irishman would say) was to see me out of sight. . . . God forbid it should so happen, that the Enemy escape me, and get into any Port. You may rely if I am properly supplied, that there they shall remain, a useless body, for this summer. But, if I have Gun and Mortar Boats, with Fire-Ships, it is most probable they may be got at: for, although I hope the best, yet it is proper to be prepared for the worst, (which, I am sure, all this Fleet would feel,) the escape of the Enemy into Port. My distress for Frigates is extreme; but I cannot help myself, and no one will help me. But, thank God, I am not apt to feel difficulties. Pray, present my best respects to Lady Hamilton. Tell her, I hope to be presented to her crowned with laurel or cypress. But God is good, and to Him do I commit myself and our Cause.

To the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

Vanguard, at Sea, June 29th.

. . . I must here state, that I had nothing in the shape of a Frigate except the *Mutine Brig*. . . . The Master reported that Malta surrendered on Friday the 15th of June, and that on Saturday, the 16th, the whole French Fleet left it, as was supposed, for Sicily: that a French garrison was left in the Town, and French colours flying. The wind at this time was blowing strong from the W.N.W. the Vessel had been spoken three hours before, and was gone out of my reach. . . .

It then became the serious question, where are they gone? (Here I had deeply to regret my want of Frigates, and I desire it may be understood, that if one-half the Frigates your Lordship had ordered under my command had been with me, that I could not have wanted information of the French Fleet.) . . . Upon their whole proceedings, together with such information as I have been able to collect, it appeared clear to

me, that either they were destined to assist the rebel Pacha and to overthrow the present Government of Turkey, or to settle a Colony in Egypt, and to open a trade to India by way of the Red Sea; for, strange as it may appear at first sight, an enterprising Enemy, if they have the force or consent of the Pacha of Egypt, may with great ease get an Army to the Red Sea, and if they have concerted a plan with Tippoo Saib, to have vessels at Suez, three weeks, at this season, is a common passage to the Malabar Coast, when our India possessions would be in great danger.

I therefore determined, with the opinion of those Captains in whom I place great confidence, to go to Alexandria; and if that place, or any other part of Egypt was their destination, I hoped to arrive time enough to frustrate their plans. The only objection I can fancy to be started is, 'you should not have gone such a long voyage without more certain information of the Enemy's destination:' my answer is ready—who was I to get it from? The Governments of Naples and Sicily either knew not, or chose to keep me in ignorance. Was I to wait patiently till I heard certain accounts? If Egypt was their object, before I could hear of them they would have been in India. To do nothing, I felt, was disgraceful: therefore I made use of my understanding, and by it I ought to stand or fall. . . . If, under all circumstances, it is decided that I am wrong, I ought, for the sake of our Country, to be superseded.

Vanguard, 12 Leagues West of Candia, 12th July.

. . . I have again to deeply regret my want of Frigates, to which I shall ever attribute my ignorance of the situation of the French Fleet.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

Vanguard, Syracuse, July 20th.

My dear Sir,

It is an old saying, 'the Devil's children have the Devil's luck.' I cannot find, or to this moment learn, beyond vague conjecture where the French Fleet are gone to. All my ill fortune, hitherto, has proceeded from want of Frigates. Off Cape Passaro, on the 22nd of June, at daylight, I saw two Frigates, which were supposed to be French, and it has been said since that a Line of Battle Ship was to leeward of them, with the riches of Malta on board, but it was the destruction of the Enemy, not riches for myself, that I was seeking. These would have fallen to me if I had had Frigates, but except the Ship of the Line, I regard not all the riches in this world. From every information off Malta I believed they were gone to Egypt. Therefore, on the 28th, I was communicating with Alexandria in Egypt, where I found the Turks preparing to resist them, but know nothing beyond report. From thence I stretched over to the Coast of Caramania, where not meeting a Vessel that could give me information, I became distressed for the Kingdom of the Two

Sicilies, and having gone a round of 600 leagues at this season of the year (with a single Ship) with an expedition incredible, here I am as ignorant of the situation of the Enemy as I was twenty-seven days ago. I sincerely hope, that the Dispatches which I understand are at Cape Passaro, will give me full information. I shall be able for nine or ten weeks longer to keep the Fleet on active service, when we shall want provisions and stores. . . . In about six days I shall sail from hence, and if I hear nothing more from the French, I shall go to the Archipelago, where if they are gone towards Constantinople I shall hear of them. I shall go to Cyprus, and if they are gone to Alexandretta, or any other part of Syria or Egypt, I shall get information. You will, I am sure, and so will our Country, easily conceive what has passed in my anxious mind, but I have this comfort, that I have no fault to accuse myself of. This bears me up, and this only. . . .

What a situation am I placed in! As yet, I can learn nothing of the Enemy; therefore I have no conjecture but that they are gone to Syria, and at Cyprus I hope to hear of them. . . . I have no Frigate, nor a sign of one.

To His Excellency Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

NELSON V. BUONAPARTE

Syracuse, July 20th.

I have not been able to find the French Fleet, to my great mortification, or the event I can scarcely doubt. We have been off Maltá, to Alexandria in Egypt, Syria, into Asia, and are returned here without success: however, no person will say that it has been for want of activity. I yet live in hopes of meeting these fellows; but it would have been my delight to have tried Buonaparte on a wind, for he commands the Fleet, as well as the Army. Glory is my object, and that alone. God Almighty bless you.

To Lady Nelson.

THE FINEST SQUADRON IN THE WORLD

Vanguard, Syracuse, 20th July.

. . . Every moment I have to regret the Frigates having left me, to which must be attributed my ignorance of the movements of the Enemy. Your Lordship deprived yourself of Frigates to make mine certainly the first Squadron in the world, and I feel that I have zeal and activity to do credit to your appointment, and yet to be unsuccessful hurts me most sensibly. But if they are above water, I will find them out, and if possible bring them to Battle. You have done your part in giving me so fine a Fleet, and I hope to do mine in making use of them.

To Admiral The Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

A DEBT INCURRED

22nd July.

My dear Friends,

Thanks to your exertions, we have victualled and watered: and surely watering at the Fountain of Arcthusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze, and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel, or covered with cypress.

To Sir William and Lady Hamilton.

UNGRATEFUL ALLIES

Vanguard, Syracuse, July 22nd.

I am so much distressed at not having had any account of the French Fleet, and so much hurt at the treatment we receive from the power we came to assist & fight for, that I am hardly in a situation to write a letter to an elegant body; therefore you must on this occasion forgive my want of those attentions which I am ever ambitious to shew you. I wish to know your and Sir Wm's plans for going down the Medn, for, if we are to be kicked in every port of the Sicilian dominions, the sooner we are gone the better. Good God! how sensibly I feel our treatment.

To Lady Hamilton.

1798 WARNS THE NINETEEN FORTIES

Vanguard, Syracuse, 23rd July.

My dear Sir,

The Fleet is unmoored, and the moment the wind comes off the land, shall go out of this delightful harbour, where our present wants have been most amply supplied, and where every attention has been paid to us. . . .

No Frigates!—to which has been, and may again, be attributed the loss of the French Fleet.

To the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

NELSON OF THE NILE

Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile, August 3rd.

My Lord,

Almighty God has blessed his Majesty's Arms in the late Battle, by a great Victory over the Fleet of the Enemy, who I attacked at sunset on the 1st of August, off the Mouth of the Nile. The Enemy were moored in a strong Line of Battle for defending the entrance of the Bay, (of Shoals,) flanked by numerous Gun-boats, four Frigates, and a Battery of Guns and Mortars on an Island in their Van; but nothing could withstand the Squadron your Lordship did me the honour to place under my command. Their high state of discipline is well known to you, and with the judgment of the Captains, together with their valour, and that of the Officers and Men of every description, it was absolutely irresistible. Could anything from my pen add to the character of the Captains, I would write it with pleasure, but that is impossible. . . .

The support and assistance I have received from Captain Berry cannot be sufficiently expressed. I was wounded in the head, and obliged to be carried off the deck; but the service suffered no loss by that event: Captain Berry was fully equal to the important service then going on. . . . He will present you with the Flag of the Second in Command, that of the Commander-in-Chief being burnt in *L'Orient*. . . . To Admiral The Earl of St. Vincent, K.B., Commander-in-Chief.

Sir,

Vanguard, Mouth of the Nile, August 7th.

Herewith, I have the honour to transmit you a Copy of my Letter to the Earl of St. Vincent, together with a Line-of-Battle of the English and French Squadrons, also a List of Killed and Wounded. I have the honour to inform you that eight of our Ships have already Top-gallant yards across, and ready for any service; the others, with the Prizes, will soon be ready for sea. In an event of this importance, I have thought it right to send Captain Capel with a Copy of my Letter (to the Commander-in-Chief) overland, which I hope their Lordships will approve; and beg leave to refer them to Captain Capel, who is a most excellent Officer, and fully able to give every information; and I beg leave to recommend him to their Lordships' notice.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

Horatio Nelson.

P.S. The Island I have taken possession of, and brought off the two thirteen-inch mortars, all the brass guns, and destroyed the iron ones.

To Evan Nepean, Esq., Admiralty.

THE HAPPY INSTRUMENT

My dear Sir,

Vanguard, Mouth of the Nile, 8th August.

Almighty God has made me the happy instrument in destroying the Enemy's Fleet, which I hope will be a blessing to Europe. You will have the goodness to communicate this happy event to all the Courts in Italy, for my head is so indifferent that I can scarcely scrawl this letter. Captain Capel, who is charged with my Dispatches for England, will give you every information. Pray put him in the quickest mode of getting home. You will not send by post any particulars of this Action, as I should be sorry to have any accounts get home before my Dispatches. I hope there will be no difficulty in our getting refitted at Naples. *Culloden* must be instantly hove down, and *Vanguard* all new masts and bowsprit. Not more than four or five Sail of the Line will probably come to Naples; the rest will go with the Prizes to Gibraltar. As this Army never will return, I hope to hear the Emperor has regained the whole of Italy. With every good wish, believe me, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate

Horatio Nelson.

To the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

A POSTSCRIPT

9th August.

I have intercepted all Buonaparte's Dispatches, going to France. This Army is in a scrape, and will not get out of it.

To the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

SUEZ

Vanguard, Mouth of the Nile, August 9th.

. . . During their march they had some actions with the Mamelukes, which the French call great victories. As I have Buonaparte's dispatches before me, (which I took yesterday,) I speak positively: he says, 'I am now going to send off to take Suez and Damietta'; he does not speak very favourably of either the Country or people: but there is so much bombast in his letters, that it is difficult to get near the truth; but he does not mention India in these dispatches. He is what is called organizing the Country, but you may be assured is master only of what his Army covers. . . . If my letter is not so correct as might be expected, I trust for your excuse, when I tell you my brain is so shook with the wounds in my head, that I am sensible I am not always so clear as could be wished; but whilst a ray of reason remains, my heart and my head shall ever be exerted for the benefit of our King and Country.

To His Excellency the Governor of Bombay.

THE OLD STORY!

Mouth of the Nile, 9th August.

My Lord,

Was I to die this moment, 'Want of Frigates' would be found stamped on my heart. No words of mine can express what I have, and am suffering for want of them. Having only the *Mutine* Brig, I cannot yet send off Captain Capel, which I am very anxious to do; for as an accident may happen to Captain Berry, it is of some importance, I think, for your Lordship to be informed of our success as speedily as possible. . . .

I send you a packet of intercepted Letters, some of them of great importance; in particular, one from Buonaparte to his brother. He writes such a scrawl, no one not used to it can read; but luckily, we have got a man who has wrote in his Office, to decipher it. Buonaparte has differed with his Generals here; and he did want—and if I understand his meaning, does want, and will strive to be, the Washington of France. "*Ma mère*" is evidently meant "*my Country*".

To Earl Spencer.

THE COST OF SECURITY

Vanguard, Mouth of the Nile, 9th August.

. . . I have thought it right to send an Officer, Lieutenant Duval,

(who very handsomely offered his services,) by Alexandretta, Aleppo, and Bussarah, to Bombay, to give all the account I know of the movements of the French Army, and their future intentions. Herewith, I send a copy of my Letter, and of the orders I have given him to draw for money on the East India Company, &c. If I have done wrong, I hope the bills will be paid, and I will repay the Company; for as an Englishman, I shall be proud that it has been in my power to be the means of putting our Settlements on their guard.

To the Right Honourable Henry Dundas.

THE INVALID

August 10.

. . . I should have sunk under the fatigue of refitting the Squadron, but for him, (Troubridge), Ball, Hood, and Hallowell: not but that all have done well, but those are my supporters. My head is ready to split, and I am always so sick: in short, if there be no fracture, my head is severely shaken. I shall remain off this Coast as long as circumstances will allow me, and will endeavour to annoy the Enemy to the utmost of my power. God bless you.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

NO SENTIMENTALITY

August 12th.

. . . I have the satisfaction to tell you, the French Army have got a complaint amongst them caused by the heat, and nothing but water which will make Egypt the grave of the greater part.

To the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton.

“AT YOUR CHOICE, SIR”

August 15th.

My dear Sir James,

I am not very anxious to receive any persons of the description you mention; they will eat our meat and drink. As they chose to serve the French, there let them remain.

To Captain Sir James Saumarez, H.M.S. *Orion*.

SITUATION OF THE FRENCH ARMY

Vanguard, off Rhodes, August 29th.

. . . I wish you had succeeded in getting Bomb-vessels sent with our Fleet, then, in 48 hours after the victory, every Transport, and all the stores in them, would have been destroyed at Alexandria; for the Port is so very small, and so crowded, that not one shell or carcass could have fell amiss.

The present situation of the French army is briefly this: they have

Rosetta and Damietta, the principal entrances of the Nile, for they can get nothing by land to Cairo over the desert; and as we are in possession of the anchorage of Bequier, between Alexandria and Rosetta, the Army can get nothing by water. Apropos, this being the season of the rising and overflowing of the Nile, it is usual for the different Beys to send their people and open the canals in order to obtain water till the return of this season, and this applies very strongly to Alexandria, where they have no water but what comes by the canal and fills their reservoir. Now, unless the French are able to buy the Beys and Bedouins, Alexandria must perish for want of water; and I do not think it improbable but that the garrison must evacuate it, and an endeavour will be made to get the Ships *armé en flute* with the stores out of the harbour; but, as I have left Hood with three Ships of the Line and three Frigates to annoy Buonaparte, I trust the business will be well attended to. The French Admiral and Officers, who we have on board, were not aware of my leaving a Squadron off Alexandria, and freely, declare their opinion that their Army is lost by the measure; for that the Transports are in divisions, with stores, &c., and were to move along the coast as Buonaparte penetrated into Syria. In short it is hardly possible to calculate what good events may arrive from our victory. I lost not a moment in sending an Officer overland to India; (if you see Mr. Drake, tell him it is his relation, a very clever young man,) for, if Buonaparte should send any troops down the Red Sea, (which now I do not believe he will,) our Settlements will be prepared. And here I would give an opinion on our last Peace with Tippoo, but high respect for the Officers who made it will not allow me.

... Now a word for myself. I doubt if I ought to stay here; my brain is in such a state that rest of mind, if that is possible for me, is, the Doctors say, absolutely necessary. The Portuguese are at Naples, but I doubt if they will either go to Egypt, or even cruise (that is, what I call cruising) for ten days. If Naples will give me Bombs, I will either return or send Troubridge to ruin Buonaparte, for his Army may be destroyed if the Grand Signior, Naples, and England do but exert themselves for three months; I only wish I had the means in my own power. Now, a word for George. He is well; and Foley tells me that he is one of the most active and best youths he has ever met with. Pray present my most respectful remembrances to Lady Minto, and believe me, my dear Lord, ever your most affectionate and obliged

Horatio Nelson.

To the Right Honourable Lord Minto.

TURKEY-TROT

Off Candia, September 1st.

My dear Lord,

You will think me quite mad to pester you with so many letters. I now only do it to send you a copy of my letter to Mr. Jackson, at

Constantinople; and if the Grand Signior will but *trot* an Army into Syria, Buonaparte's career is finished.

To the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

ENTER LADY HAMILTON

At Sea, 16th September.

The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies is mad with joy; from the throne to the peasant, all are alike. According to Lady Hamilton's letter, the situation of the Queen was truly pitiable: I only hope I shall not have to be witness to a renewal of it. I give you Lady Hamilton's own words: "How shall I describe the transports of the Queen! 'tis not possible: she cried, kissed her husband, her children, walked frantic about the room, cried, kissed, and embraced every person near her; exclaiming, O brave Nelson! O God bless and protect our brave deliverer? O Nelson, Nelson! what do we not owe you! O Victor! Saviour of Italy! O that my swollen heart could now tell him personally what we owe to him?" You may judge, Fanny, of the rest: but my head will not allow me to tell you half; so much for that. My fag, without success, would have had no effect, but blessed be God for his goodness to me.

To Lady Nelson.

Yours, &c.

Horatio Nelson.

HE IS HAMPERED

Vanguard, off Strombolo, September 16th.

. . . The Portuguese having with no small difficulty been got from Naples, have been to Egypt, but they would neither stay or give our Ships water, which was all Captain Hood requested. I have waylaid them off Messina and entreated them to go off Malta, which with little exertion must be taken from the French, but I hope your Lordship will not build hope on their exertions.

The moment I can get Ships all aid shall be given to the Maltese. What would I give for four Bomb-ships! All the French armament would long ago have been destroyed. Pray, if the service will admit of it, let me have them: I will only say, I shall endeavour to make a proper use of them. Pray, my Lord, let me know our situation with Genoa. That she is at war with us is certain, these two years past. The Judge of the Admiralty has cited me to appear before him and show cause why I seized a Genoese Ship, (the accounts of which I long since sent to the Board of Admiralty,) for the sale of her cargo, and which I have long wanted to be taken out of my hands. The Ship was liberated when our troops evacuated Porto Ferrajo. The seas are covered with Genoese Ships, but the Judge of the Admiralty's conduct has to me so repeatedly militated against my duty, in the service of my King and Country, that I dare not do my duty. I have already been half ruined

by him, and condemned without knowing I was before him. The Treasury, it is true, paid part of the expense, but that does not make the Judge's conduct the less grievous.

. . . Buonaparte has advanced 15,000 men into a strong Post in Syria, twenty-five leagues from Cairo, which he is fortifying—a proof he expects an attack from that quarter. I pray God he may not be disappointed. The flux still rages in his Army. . . .

To Earl Spencer.

HE HAS BEEN HELPED, NOW HE HELPS

Vanguard, at Sea, 19th September.

My Lord,

Captain Faddy, of the Marines, who was killed on board the *Vanguard*, has a family of small children: his eldest son is now on board this Ship, only fourteen years of age. I beg to solicit your Lordship for a Commission in the Marines for him. I understand it has been done, and the youth permitted to remain at school, till of a proper age to join the Corps. If, however, this should, in the present instance, be thought wrong, may I request that his name may stand as an *élève* of the Admiralty, and Mrs. Faddy acquainted with it, which must give her some relief under her great misfortune. Ever your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

Horatio Nelson.

To Earl Spencer.

THE BAND OF BROTHERS

Naples, September 25th.

. . . Captain Ball is so anxious to get at the *Guillaume Tell*, that she will soon be ready. He is emulous to give the final blow to the French Navy in the Mediterranean (for I reckon, nor do the Enemy, the Venetian Ships as anything). I wish my friend Ball was fairly alongside of her: our Country need not fear the event. His activity and zeal are eminently conspicuous even amongst the Band of Brothers—each, as I may have occasion to mention them, must call forth my gratitude and admiration. . . .

You will not, my Lord, I trust, think that one spark of vanity induces me to mention the most distinguished reception that ever, I believe, fell to the lot of a human being, but that it is a measure of justice due to his Sicilian Majesty and the Nation. If God knows my heart, it is amongst the most humble of the creation, full of thankfulness and gratitude! I send your Lordship a correct statement of the loss of the Enemy in the Battle of the Nile. The hand of God was visible from the first to the last. The fate of *Généreux* and miserable condition of *Guillaume Tell* are farther proofs of it. All glory be to Him! Amen!

To the Right Honourable Earl Spencer.

THE ARTLESS HUSBAND

(about September 25th)

The poor wretched *Vanguard* arrived here on the 22nd of September. I must endeavour to convey to you something of what passed; but if it were so affecting to those who were only united to me by bonds of friendship, what must it be to my dearest wife, my friend, my everything which is most dear to me in this world?—Sir William and Lady Hamilton came out to sea, attended by numerous Boats with emblems, &c. They, my most respectable friends, had really been laid up and seriously ill; first from anxiety, and then from joy. It was imprudently told Lady Hamilton in a moment, and the effect was like a shot; she fell apparently dead, and is not yet perfectly recovered from severe bruises. Alongside came my honoured friends: the scene in the boat was terribly affecting; up flew her Ladyship, and exclaiming, ‘O God, is it possible?’ she fell into my arm more dead than alive. Tears, however, soon set matters to rights; when alongside came the King. The scene was, in its way, as interesting; he took me by the hand, calling me his ‘Deliverer and Preserver,’ with every other expression of kindness. In short, all Naples calls me ‘Nostro Liberatore;’ my greeting from the lower Classes was truly affecting. I hope some day to have the pleasure of introducing you to Lady Hamilton, she is one of the very best women in this world; she is an honour to her sex. Her kindness, with Sir William’s, to me, is more than I can express: I am in their house, and I may now tell you, it required all the kindness of my friends to set me up. Lady Hamilton intends writing to you. May God Almighty bless you, and give us in due time a happy meeting.

To Lady Nelson.

THE HAND

September 25th.

. . . The Almighty has blessed my exertions for the happiness of mankind, and I am daily receiving the thanks and prayers of Turks and Christians. In short, I am placed by Providence in that situation, that all my caution will be necessary to prevent vanity from showing itself superior to my gratitude and thankfulness. The hand of God was visibly pressed on the French.

To the Reverend Edmund Nelson.

THE SCOLDING CURE

27th September.

Dear Troubridge, whom we went to visit yesterday, is better than I expected; the active business, and the scolding he is obliged to be continually at, does him good. I am not surprised that you wish him near you; but I trust you will not take him from me. I well know he is my superior; and I so often want his advice and assistance. . . .

September 29th. . . . This being my birth-day, Lady Hamilton gives a fête. The King has directed the Court-mourning to cease for the day; but none of my brave Companions can join the festive scene. I am better, certainly; but truly stand some chance of being killed with kindness. I am, &c.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

Horatio Nelson.

FIVE DAYS' FLATTERY WAS ENOUGH

September 30th.

. . . I trust, my Lord, in a week we shall all be at sea. I am very unwell, and the miserable conduct of this Court is not likely to cool my irritable temper. It is a country of fiddlers and poets, whores and scoundrels.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

BIRTH-DAY PARTY

1st to 6th of October.

Our time here is actively employed; and between business, and what is called pleasure, I am not my own master for five minutes. The continued kind attention of Sir William and Lady Hamilton must ever make you and I love them. . . . The Grand Signior has ordered me a valuable diamond; if it were worth a million, my pleasure would be to see it in your possession. My pride is being your husband, the son of my dear father, and in having Sir William and Lady Hamilton for my friends. While these approve of my conduct, I shall not feel or regard the envy of thousands. Could I, my dearest Fanny, tell you half the honours which are shown me here, not a ream of paper would hold it. On my birth-day, eighty people dined at Sir William Hamilton's; one thousand seven hundred and forty came to a ball, where eight hundred supped. . . . A little circumstance has also happened, which does honour to the King of Naples, and is not unpleasant to me. I went to view the magnificent manufactory of china. After admiring all the fine things, sufficient to seduce the money from my pocket, I came to some busts in china of all the Royal Family: these I immediately ordered, and, when I wanted to pay for them, I was informed that the King had directed whatever I chose should be delivered free of all cost: it was handsome in the King. Yours, &c.,

To Lady Nelson.

Horatio Nelson.

READ, MARK, LEARN——

Naples, October 3rd.

. . . May the words and advice of the great William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, be engraved on the heart of every Minister of this Country—viz., *the boldest measures are the safest.*

To Lady Hamilton.

DANGEROUS NAPLES

4th October.

My dear Lord,

I cannot, am not able to tell you the quantity I have to communicate. This Country by its system of procrastination will ruin itself: the Queen sees it, and thinks as we do. The Ministry, except Acton, are for putting the evil day off, when it will come with destruction. War at this moment can alone save these Kingdoms. . . . I have scolded; anger is necessary. . . . His Excellency is too good to them, and the strong language of an English Admiral telling them plain truths of their miserable system may do good. . . . We all dine this day with the King on board a Ship, he is very attentive; I have been with the Queen, she is truly a daughter of Maria Theresa. I am writing opposite Lady Hamilton, therefore you will not be surprised at the glorious jumble of this letter. Were your Lordship in my place, I much doubt if you could write so well; our hearts and our hands must be all in a flutter: Naples is a dangerous place and we must keep clear of it. I am, &c.

Horatio Nelson.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

THE NONPAREIL

Begun October 19th, ended (on the 24th).

. . . I consider Captain Troubridge's conduct as fully entitled to praise as any one Officer in the Squadron, and as highly deserving reward. He commanded a Division equally with Sir James Saumarez, by my order of June; and I should feel distressed if any honour is granted to one, that is not granted to the other. This part, I write you, my dear Lord, to make use of to Lord Spencer, should any difference be made. I know the Knight has wrote to the first Lord, but the eminent services of our friend deserve the very highest rewards. I have experienced the ability and activity of his mind and body: it was Troubridge that equipped the Squadron so soon at Syracuse—it was he that exerted himself for me after the Action—it was Troubridge who saved the *Culloden*, when none that I know in the Service would have attempted it—it was Troubridge whom I left as myself at Naples to watch movements—he is, as a Friend and an Officer, a *nonpareil*!

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

PLAIN TRUTHS

Off Malta, October 27th.

. . . The *Emerald* will sail in twenty-four hours after my arrival for Malta. At least two thousand of small arms complete, ammunition, &c., should be sent by her. This is wanted to defend themselves; for offence, two or three large mortars, fifteen hundred shells, with all necessities, and perhaps a few artillery, two 10-inch howitzers with 1000 shells.

The Bormola and all the left side of the Harbour with this assistance will fall. Ten thousand men are required to defend those works, the French can only spare twelve hundred; therefore, a vigorous assault in many parts, some one must succeed. But who have the Government of Naples sent to lead or encourage these people? A very good, and I dare say, brave old man, enervated and shaking with the palsy. This is the sort of man that they have sent, without any supply, without even a promise of protection, and without his bringing any answer to the repeated respectful memorials of these people to their Sovereign. I know their Majesties must feel hurt when they hear these truths. I may be thought presuming, but I trust General Acton will forgive an honest seaman for telling plain truths. *As for the other Minister I do not understand him.* We are different men. He has been bred in a Court, and I in a rough element, but I believe my heart is as susceptible of the finer feelings as his, and as compassionate for the distress of those who look up to me for protection. The Officer sent here should have brought supplies, promises of protection, and an answer from the King to their Memorials. He should have been a man of judgment, bravery, and *activity*. He should be the first to lead them to glory, and the last, when necessary to retreat; the first to mount the wall of the Bormola, and never to quit it. This is the man to send. Such, many such, are to be found. If he succeeds, promise him rewards: my life for it the business would soon be over.

To Sir W. Hamilton.

THE WILLING SPIRIT

Vanguard, off Ustica, November 3rd.

. . . I take the opportunity of writing when I can: for, to say the truth, my cough is returned again with such violence, since being four days at sea, that it is not always I can write, and I fear I shall at last either be obliged to give up this very flattering Command, or it will give me up. I had been so well nursed by Lady Hamilton, that I fancied myself perfectly recovered, but too soon I found the reverse. However, as Captain Dixon *says*, in his pleasant letter about taking the *Dorothea*, 'I never despair; whilst there is life,' there is hope, and so I finish tormenting you with my ills.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

THE PLUNDERERS

Camp, St. Germaines, 13th November.

I long ago told the Queen I did not think Mr. Pitt would go to Parliament and ask money of the Country in the present moment; that if England saw every exertion made in this Country to save themselves, John Bull was never backward in supporting his friends in distress. Good God, my Lord, can the Emperor submit to this!

November 18.—Last evening Lady Hamilton received a letter from the Queen, full of the idea that money was indispensable, and desired her Ladyship to show it to me, and that I would say what I saw. That I can do very soon. I see the finest Country in the world full of resources, yet not enough to supply the public wants: all are plundering who can get at Public money or stores. In my own line I can speak. A Neapolitan Ship of the Line would cost more than ten English Ships fitting out. Five Sail of the Line must ruin the Country. Everything else is, I have no doubt, going on in the same system of thieving. I could give your Lordship so many instances of the greatest mal-conduct of persons in Office, and of those very people being rewarded. If money could be placed in the Public chest at this moment, I believe it would be well used; for the sad thing in this Country is, that, although much is raised, yet very little reaches the Public chest. I will give you a fact: when the Order of Jesuits was suppressed in this Country and Sicily, they possessed very large estates. Although these, with every other part of their property, were seized by the Crown, yet to this moment, not one farthing has reached the Public chest. On the contrary, some years the pretended expense of management was more than the produce. Taxes have been sold for sums of money, which now are five times more than when sold.

To Earl Spencer

A CHUCKLE

November 29th.

We have taken the *whole* Ligurian Navy—two 20-gun ships.

To Sir W. Hamilton.

THE COMFORTERS

Tuesday night (December 4th.)

. . . If you have not recd my letter from Leghorn Roads, you will like to know that we took possession last Wednesday. I send a paper for you and Sir Willm to read, it is my private memorandum and not to be communicated. If you will have the goodness to have the carriage at the Mole, I shall have great pleasure in coming to you as soon as possible.

God bless you for comforting me with your letters, I have had nothing else like comfort.

To Lady Hamilton.

Naples, 11th December.

I have not received a line from England since the 1st of October. Lord St. Vincent is in no hurry to oblige me now: in short, I am the envied man, but better that than to be the pitied one. Never mind: it is my present intention to leave this Country in May. . . . Lady

Hamilton's goodness forces me out at noon for an hour. What can I say of hers and Sir William's attention to me? They are, in fact, with the exception of you and my good father, the dearest friends I have in this world. I live as Sir William's son in the house, and my glory is as dear to them as their own; in short, I am under such obligations, as I can never repay but with my eternal gratitude. The improvement made in Josiah by Lady Hamilton, is wonderful; your obligations and mine are infinite on that score; not but Josiah's heart is as good and as humane as ever was covered by a human breast. God bless him—I love him dearly, with all his roughness. Yours, &c.

Nelson.

To Lady Nelson.

EMMA IN HER ELEMENT

Palermo, December 28th.

My Lord,

On the 22nd, I wrote a line to Commodore Duckworth, telling him, that the Royal Family of the Two Sicilies were safely embarked on board the *Vanguard*, and requested him to take the first opportunity of acquainting your Lordship of this event. . . . The danger for the personal safety of their Sicilian Majesties was daily increasing, and new treasons were found out, even to the Minister of War. The whole correspondence relative to this important business was carried on with the greatest address by Lady-Hamilton and the Queen, who being constantly in the habits of correspondence, no one could suspect. It would have been highly imprudent in either Sir William Hamilton or myself to have gone to Court, as we knew that all our movements were watched, and even an idea by the Jacobins of arresting our persons as a hostage (as they foolishly imagined) against the attack of Naples, should the French get possession of it.

Lady Hamilton, from this time to the 21st, every night received the jewels of the Royal Family, &c. &c., and such clothes as might be necessary for the very large party to embark, to the amount, I am confident, of full two millions five hundred thousand pounds sterling. . . . The mob by the 20th were very unruly, and insisted the Royal Family should not leave Naples; however they were pacified by the King and Queen speaking to them.

On the 21st, at half-past 8 P.M. three Barges with myself and Captain Hope, landed at a corner of the Arsenal. I went into the palace and brought out the whole Royal Family, put them into the Boats, and at half-past nine they were all safely on Board the *Vanguard*, when I gave immediate notice to all British Merchants that their persons would be received on board every and any Ship in the Squadron, their effects of value being before embarked in the three English transports who were partly unloaded, and I had directed that all the condemned

provisions should be thrown overboard, in order to make room for their effects. . . .

On the 23rd, at 7 P.M., the *Vanguard*, *Sannite*, and *Archimedes*, with about twenty sail of Vessels left the Bay of Naples; the next day it blew harder than I ever experienced since I have been at sea. Your Lordship will believe that my anxiety was not lessened by the great charge that was with me, but not a word of uneasiness escaped the lips of any of the Royal Family. On the 25th, at 9 A.M., Prince Albert, their Majesties' youngest child, having eat a hearty breakfast, was taken ill, and at 7 P.M. died in the arms of Lady Hamilton; and here it is my duty to tell your Lordship the obligations which the whole Royal Family as well as myself are under on this trying occasion to her Ladyship. They necessarily came on board without a bed, nor could the least preparation be made for their reception. Lady Hamilton provided her own beds, linen, &c., and became *their slave*, for except one man, no person belonging to Royalty assisted the Royal Family, nor did her Ladyship enter a bed the whole time they were on board. . . .

The *Vanguard* anchored (off Palermo) at 2 A.M. of the 26th; at 5, I attended her Majesty and all the Princesses on shore; her Majesty being so much affected by the death of Prince Albert that she could not bear to go on shore in a public manner. At 9 A.M., his Majesty went on shore, and was received with the loudest acclamations and apparent joy. I have the honour to be, &c.

Nelson.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

AN INSULT

Palermo, 31st December.

My dear Lord,

I do feel, for I am a man, that it is impossible for me to serve in these seas, with the Squadron under a junior Officer:—could I have thought it!—and from Earl Spencer! Never, never was I so astonished as your letter made me. As soon as I can get hold of Troubridge, I shall send him to Egypt, to endeavour to destroy the Ships in Alexandria. If it can be done, Troubridge will do it. The Swedish Knight writes Sir William Hamilton, that he shall go to Egypt, and take Captain Hood and his Squadron under his command. The Knight forgets the respect due to his superior Officer: he has no orders from you to take my Ships away from my command; but it is all of a piece. Is it to be borne? Pray grant me your permission to retire, and I hope the *Vanguard* will be allowed to convey me and my friends, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, to England. God bless you, my dear Lord, and believe me your most affectionate friend,

Nelson.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1799

In February Nelson is promoted to be Rear Admiral of the Red. —During the year he is principally occupied with Neapolitan politics. He masters the rebels, and executes their leader, Caraccioli, after a trial by Neapolitan officers. This is the most criticized action of Nelson's life, and opinions concerning his conduct are still divided.—By the end of July the Neapolitan kingdom is free of the French. Nelson is created Duke of Bronté in Sicily.—On 13th November Nelson is placed under the command of Vice Admiral Lord Keith.

TO THE MASTER

Palermo, 8th January.

My Lord,

It was only this moment that I had the valuable approbation of the great, the immortal Earl Howe—an honour the most flattering a Sea-Officer could receive, as it comes from the first and greatest Sea-Officer the world has ever produced. I had the happiness to command a Band of Brothers; therefore, night was to my advantage. Each knew his duty, and I was sure each would feel for a French ship. By attacking the Enemy's van and centre, the wind blowing directly along their Line, I was enabled to throw what force I pleased on a few Ships. This plan my friends readily conceived by the signals, (for which we are principally, if not entirely, indebted to your Lordship,) and we always kept a superior force to the Enemy. At twenty-eight minutes past six, the sun in the horizon, the firing commenced. At five minutes past ten, when *L'Orient* blew up, having burnt seventy minutes, the six Van ships had surrendered. I then pressed further towards the Rear; and had it pleased God that I had not been wounded and stone blind, there cannot be a doubt but that every Ship would have been in our possession. But here let it not be supposed, that any Officer is to blame. No; on my honour, I am satisfied each did his very best. I have never before, my Lord, detailed the Action to any one; but I should have thought it wrong to have kept it from one who is our great Master in Naval tactics and bravery To the Right Honourable Earl Howe, K.G.

"LIBERTY, FREEDOM, AND ENFRANCHISEMENT"

Palermo, January 9th.

. . . You have some Turkish slaves on board. I beg as a friend, as an English Admiral—as a favour to me, as a favour to my Country—that you will give me the Slaves. In doing this, you will oblige your faithful friend,

Nelson.

To the Marquis de Niza.

Bellerophon, Palermo, 2nd February.

... I beg leave to acquaint your Lordship, that I am totally ignorant of the whole of the Dey's complaints, except it be about the thirteen Moors; but that, on the departure of Kelim Effendi, the Turkish Ambassador, from hence, he observed some Moors call to him from the *Principe Real*, (which he was passing in a Boat,) then laying in the Mole, and, in consequence sent to me to procure them their liberty. I immediately made application to the Marquis de Niza for all the Moors and Turks he had on board, and he very handsomely gave them to me, and they were instantly sent to the Ambassador, to the number of twenty-five, and he has taken them along with him to Constantinople.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

LETTER WRITING

Palermo, January 18th.

... If you get six lines, it is as much as you can expect, for I have more writing than two hands could well get through.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

Palermo, 2nd February.

... You will, I am sure, make allowances for a left-handed man; but my inclination to write longer letters than I am able to do, is great. I can get but slowly over the paper.

To Commodore Duckworth.

Palermo, February 5th.

Many thanks for your kind letter. I shall be glad to accept your offers from the arsenal at Minorca, for all my Ships want much repairing. God knows if we shall not all very soon pay you a visit, for if the Vesuvian Republic continues by the permission of the Emperor, the Island must very soon be without a Monarchy. Troubridge is gone to Egypt. We left-handed gentlemen are privileged to write short letters, therefore I shall finish.

To Commissioner Coffin.

AN ISLANDER SYMPATHIZES WITH ISLANDERS

Palermo, January 19th.

... The state of this Country is this—*Hate the French, love the English, discontented with their present Government, as Neapolitan councillors take the lead*, to the entire exclusion of the Sicilians. These people are proud beyond any I have seen; and, in fairness, I think they ought to be consulted on the defence of their own Country. . . .

To the Right Honourable Lord Minto.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND

Palermo, January 24th.

My dear Lord,

I have just received, and with the greatest pain, a postscript of a letter from my gallant friend Troubridge, dated Syracuse, January 14th, viz.—‘I am truly miserable. Do, pray, my Lord, explain to Lord Spencer, that my accident at Aboukir was not intentional, or through fear of my *head*; for I assure you it preys so much on me, that it would be a charitable act to *shoot me*.’ Such a postscript, and from such a man, it makes my heart (bleed) indeed, my Lord. Captain Troubridge’s merit is equal to any Officer in that Fleet. I would say it as an Admiral, to the Board of Admiralty, that Captain Troubridge performed the most important service, and was highly instrumental in making the Victory what it was. Could Ball or Hallowell have been in the Action, but for Troubridge? They will tell you, *No*. We know of no distinction of merit, and yet, unfortunately, it has been found out so many hundred leagues distant—not found out from Public dispatches, but from some private information. The stab has been given by the Board in not promoting the First Lieutenant. Lord St. Vincent, it is true, by the same conveyance, sent a Commission for Captain Harwood. I trust, I believe, that your Lordship’s goodness of heart, and regard to justice, will recommend Captain Troubridge to his Majesty as equal in merit to any one, on the 1st of August; and I am sure you will add as one of the bravest and very best Sea-Officers in his Service. With every sentiment of respect, believe me your most obliged

To Earl Spencer.

Nelson.

NELSON AND LIVERPOOL

Sir,

Vanguard, Palermo, 31st January.

I am this day favoured with your letter, conveying to me the unanimous Resolution of the Common Council of Liverpool, to honour me with their Thanks, and also the Freedom of their Town. I beg you will assure those whom, from this moment, I am to call my Brother-Freemen, that my future exertions shall never be wanting to approve myself worthy of the high honour conferred upon me by the Representative body of the second Sea-Port in the Kingdom; and believe me, with the highest respect, your much obliged and obedient servant,

Nelson.

To Thomas Leyland Esq., Mayor of Liverpool.

THE WISH

Palermo, January 31st.

. . . Acton, I think, will soon give up his situation and retire to England—that happy Country! Long, very long, may it remain so!

To Vice-Admiral Goodall.

SWEET YESTERDAY

My dear Madam,

Palermo, February 1st.

What shall I say to you and good Sir Peter for all your goodness to me: you who have known me from my youth even until now, know that Horatio Nelson is still the same—affectionate in his disposition and grateful to his friends. God knows, my dear friend, I have few indeed! When I go hence, and am no more seen, I shall have very very few to regret me. My health is such that without a great alteration, I will venture to say a very short space of time will send me to that bourne from whence none return; but God's will be done. After the Action I had nearly fell into a decline, but at Naples my invaluable friends Sir William and Lady Hamilton nursed and set me up again. I am worse than ever: my spirits have received such a shock that I think they cannot recover it. You who remember me always laughing and gay, would hardly believe the change; but who can see what I have and be well in health? Kingdoms lost and a Royal Family in distress; but they are pleased to place confidence in me, and whilst I live and my services can be useful to them, I shall never leave this Country, although I know that nothing but the air of England, and peace and quietness, can perfectly restore me. . . .

To Lady Parker.

THE CASE IS IMPORTANT

Sir,

Palermo, February 2nd.

If six thousand salms of corn are not sent directly to Malta, the inhabitants are in that state of want, that the worst consequences for the interests of his Sicilian Majesty may justly be apprehended. All these poor people want is, that the King should give them six months' credit, when they could make their payments in money or cotton. The case is important and demands instant compliance. Your Excellency will excuse this plain truth for being told, perhaps, too abruptly, and believe me, &c.,

Nelson.

The inhabitants have not seven days' bread.

To His Excellency Sir John Acton, Bart.

"SLEEP AFTER TOIL, PORT AFTER STORMIE SEAS"

Palermo, February 13th.

. . . His Holiness the Pope is dead. The French ordered him, although living in Tuscany, to quit that Country, and repair to Sardinia, and when he represented his ill state of health, Salicetti was present when the old man's blisters were taken off, to see he did not sham. However, he is at rest from all his cares and troubles, and in truth he is to be envied. . . .

To Admiral, the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

NOT TO HAVE THE MEANS OF PREVENTION

Palermo, February 13th.

. . . As to myself, I see but gloomy prospects, look which way I will. We have accounts that sixty thousand Russians are arrived at Saltzburg, the German side of the Tyrol; but as the Russians have been marching the whole war, so they will I fear, arrive too late in Italy. At present I see but little prospect of the fall of Malta; several Vessels with provisions are got in. Ball is indefatigable, and has great hopes. In short, my dear Lord, everything makes me sick, to see things go to the Devil, and not to have the means of prevention.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

SLOPS

Vanguard, Palermo, 16th February.

I herewith transmit you a demand for slops for his Majesty's Ship *Goliath*, and beg leave to observe that all the Ships now under my command are equally in want of them, and some of them very much distressed, as slops are not to be purchased here but at an enormous price, and very disadvantageous to the seamen.

To Commissioner Inglefield, Gibraltar.

TIRED OUT

(About the end of February)

. . . Believe me, my only wish is to sink with honour into the grave, and when that shall please God, I shall meet death with a smile. Not that I am insensible to the honours and riches my King and Country have heaped upon me, so much more than any Officer could deserve; yet I am ready to quit this world of trouble, and envy none but those of the estate six feet by two. I am, &c.,

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

Nelson.

THE DISCROWNED

Palermo, March 2nd.

. . . Your Excellency's account of the treatment of his Royal Highness the Grand Duke, of the King of Sardinia, and of the poor old Pope, makes my heart bleed; and I curse, in the bitterness of my grief, all those who might have prevented such cruelties. . . .

To the Honourable William Fredrick Wyndham.

"SOMETHING IS ROTTEN . . ."

Vanguard, Palermo, March 5th.

. . . If you can send us shells for the mortars, they will be very acceptable; for I fancy Naples will require a few very soon. In that

Capital and in the Provinces all the lower orders as yet retain their loyalty; but the Nobles and superior class are infamous.

To Commodore Duckworth.

“PESTERED WITH A POPINJAY”

Palermo, 6th March.

. . . I send you a copy of the Turkish Admiral's letter to me, and also (the, I think I may call it, impertinent) one of Sir Sidney Smith, and the very elegant one of the Emperor of Russia. . . . If Sir Sidney was an object of anger, I would not serve unless he was taken away; but I despise such frippery and nonsense as he is composed of.

Palermo, March 8th.

. . . I am at a loss to guess when Sir Sidney Smith writes to me as Minister or Captain in the Navy; as the latter, they are highly indecent to write to an Officer of my rank. You will agree with me, that the manner of saying the same thing makes it proper or otherwise; but Sir Sidney's dictatorial way of writing is what I never before met with. I shall, my Lord, keep a sufficient force in the Levant for the service required of us, but not a Ship for Captain Smith's parade and nonsense—Commodore Smith—I beg his pardon, for he wears a Broad Pendant—has he any orders for this presumption over the heads of so many good and gallant Officers with me? Whenever Sir Sidney Smith went on board the *Tigre* in state, as he calls it, the *Royal Standard* was hoisted at the mast-head, and twenty-one guns fired. The Turks, however, who love solid sense and not frippery, see into the Knight, and wonder that some of Sir Sidney's superiors were not sent to Constantinople: but I have done with the Knight.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

SPEED IS SERVICE

Vanguard, Palermo, March 6th.

My dear Sir,

I have to request that you will heave down and refit the *Emerald* as expeditiously as possible; for I assure you her services are very much wanted. In doing this public service, you will very much oblige your friend,

Nelson.

To Commissioner Coffin, Port Mahon.

THE REALIST

Vanguard, Palermo, 6th March.

. . . A Ship is in sight from Malta. I shall keep this letter open till her arrival; but I do not expect anything particularly good. The

blockade must continue to the end of the chapter; for neither Maltese nor Italians will fight by themselves.

Ever your Lordship's faithful and obedient,

Nelson.

P.S.—I send your Lordship copies of Captain Ball's letters from Malta. It is not for me to judge the propriety of Captain Ball's plans; but I can assure you he is a man of great judgment and abilities, and ought to have a recompence for all his expense and trouble.

To the Right Honourable Earl Spencer.

A PRESENT FOR A LADY

Palermo, 12th March.

I wish very much for two or three very fine India shawls: the price is no object. As I am entirely unacquainted with any person at Constantinople, I take the liberty of requesting the favour of you to ask some of your friends to do me that kindness. The amount I shall pay, with *many, many* thanks, either in London or any other place, when I know it. In doing this favour you will confer a lasting obligation on,

Nelson.

To John Spencer-Smith, Esq.

NELSON FORBIDS

Vanguard, Palermo, 18th March.

Sir,

Captain Troubridge arrived here last evening, and, as he has delivered to me all the papers he received from you, amongst which I see a form of a passport; and Captain Troubridge tells me it was your intention to send into Alexandria, that all French ships might pass to France—now, as this is in *direct opposition to my opinion* which is, *never to suffer any one individual Frenchman to quit Egypt*—I must therefore *strictly charge and command you*, never to give any French ship or man leave to quit Egypt. And I must also desire that you will oppose by every means in your power, any permission which may be attempted to be given by any foreigner, Admiral, General, or other person; and you will acquaint those persons, that I shall not pay the smallest attention to any such passport after your notification; and you are to put my orders in force, not on any pretence to permit a single Frenchman to leave Egypt. Of course, you will give these orders to all the Ships under your command. As I am very anxious for the return of the *Emma* polacre, I have to request that you will not detain her more than two hours. As I shall hope to have a constant communication with you, through the means of the Turkish or Russian Admirals, all letters for your Squadron I shall direct to be left in the *Vanguard*.

To Captain Sir William Sidney Smith, H.M. Ship *Le Tigre*.

ENFORCING THE BLOCKADE

Palermo, 20th March.

. . . Sir William Sidney Smith has the blockade of Alexandria intrusted to him. I send you copies of my letters to him; for the victory of the Nile would in my opinion be useless, if any Ship or Frenchman is suffered to return to Europe. I hope you will approve of my conduct; for as a Captain to an Admiral, either Sir Sidney Smith or myself must give way. . . . Buonaparte is at Cairo, not more than sixteen thousand strong. He must and will fall sooner or later, if Sir Sidney does not allow him to retreat by sea. . . . At present, I cannot move. Would the Court but let me, I should be better, I believe; for here I am writing from morn to eve: therefore you must excuse this jumble of a letter.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

no!

Culloden, Palermo, 22nd March.

My dear Sir,

The Ambassador of Buonaparte being intercepted by my friend Troubridge, on his way to Constantinople, and amongst other articles of his instructions, is a very important one—viz., an offer to enter on terms for his quitting Egypt with his Army. This offer is what I have long expected the glorious Battle of the Nile would produce; but it was my determination from that moment never, if I could help it, to permit a single Frenchman to quit Egypt.

Captain Sir William Sidney Smith, who has the present command of the Squadron off Alexandria, I have reason to believe, thinks differently from me, and will grant passports for the return of that part of the French army which God Almighty permits to remain. I have, therefore, thought it highly proper to send Captain Sir Sidney Smith the order of which I transmit a copy; for I consider it nothing short of madness to permit that band of thieves to return to Europe. *No*; to Egypt they went with their own consent, and there they shall remain whilst Nelson commands the detached Squadron; for never, never, will he consent to the return of one Ship or Frenchman. . . .

To His Excellency the Honourable William Wyndham.

THE FEELING HEART

Palermo, April 21st.

My dear Davison,

All my friends may scold, and say I never answer their letters: I plead guilty, but I write from morn till night, and sometimes all night. . . . I well know, my dear Davison, the value to be put on your friendship, and I rejoice in having such a friend. I am fancied rich: you may now know the contrary. A mind like mine is not formed to

take the road of wealth. I wish you had sent me your Medal: I long to wear it. You do everything for me: therefore, I have nothing to desire, except that you will remember me kindly to Mrs. Davison, and also to my old friend Pringle, who I love, respect, and honour.—And ever believe me, your obliged and affectionate Nelson.

Poor Maurice seems forgot by both Mr. Pitt and Lord Spencer, or worse than forgot. I feel it all.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

NELSON SPEAKS OUT

Vanguard, Palermo, 28th April.

. . . I was rejoiced to find that you had renounced the treaty you had so imprudently entered into with some emissaries of General Buonaparte—that man of blood, that despoiler of the weak, that enemy of all good Musselmen; for, like Satan, he only flatters that he may the more easily destroy. . . . I had sent your letter to the great King, my Master; I had done the same to the Grand Signior; for I never believed that your Highness would say a word that was not most strictly true: a lie is impossible for a true Musselman to tell—at least, I had always believed so. What, then, must have been my astonishment to have heard from his Britannic Majesty's Consul, Mr. Lucas, that the moment the *Vanguard* sailed, the French Consul and all the French, were liberated. . . . Why will your Highness be thus led astray by evil councillors, who can have no other object in view but your ruin? . . .

It is now my duty to speak out, and not to be misunderstood. That Nelson who has hitherto kept your powerful Enemies from destroying you, can, and will, let them loose upon you, unless the following terms are, in two hours, complied with—viz., that the French Consul at Tripoli, Vice-Consul, and every Frenchman, are delivered on board her Most Faithful Majesty's Ship *Affonço*, to Commodore Campbell, in two hours from Mr. Lucas setting his foot on shore; that hostages are also sent on board, to remain till every Frenchman in the State of Tripoli shall be sent off, which shall not exceed four days. N.B.—There shall be no reservation or trick about the French Consul, &c., at Tripoli. He shall be on board in two hours after the demand being made. . . .

You will also, as a convincing proof of your detestation of the evil counsels which have been given to you by Hamet Reis, your Captain of the Port, either cause him to be delivered to Commodore Campbell, that I may send him to Constantinople, or *dispose* of him in such manner, that he may for ever be incapable of giving your Highness any advice; for his heart is so black, that I am informed he can give you no good. . . .

To His Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

BEGINNINGS OF A TRAGEDY

Palermo, 29th April.

. . . Caracciolo has resigned his situation as Head of the Marine. This man was fool enough to quit his Master when he thought his case desperate; yet, in his heart, I believe he is no Jacobin. The fishermen, a few days ago, told him publicly, "We believe you are loyal, and sent by the King; but much as we love you, if we find you disloyal, you shall be amongst the first to fall."

To the Right Honourable Earl Spencer.

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD"

Palermo, May 8th to 9th.

. . . I changed into the *Foudroyant* yesterday, and although she is a magnificent Ship, yet my cabin is a truly uncomfortable one.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

"POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES"

Palermo, 11th April.

. . . 10th May.—. . . There is nothing which I propose, that is not, as far as orders go, implicitly complied with. But the execution is dreadful, and almost makes me mad. However, as his Sicilian Majesty has now ordered two Generals to be tried for cowardice and treachery, and, if found guilty, that they shall be shot or hanged; should this be effected, I shall have some hopes that I have done good. I ever preach that rewards and punishments are the foundation of all good Government.

To H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

SOMETHING WRONG AT HOME?

Palermo, May 10th.

My dear Fanny,

If I do not write to you so often, nor such long letters as I have formerly done, pray attribute it to the true cause—viz., that in truth my poor hand cannot execute what my head tells me I ought to do. As to writing a line to any one else, they may take it ill or well, as they please. . . . How does our Father? It is very odd, but very true, that I have not received a scrap of a pen for him since he knew of the Battle of the Nile. You must remember me kindly to all our family, and my Father, who I love dearly; and believe me ever your most affectionate,

To Lady Nelson.

Nelson.

THE DIZZY HEIGHT

Vanguard, May 19th, Eight o'clock. Calm.

My dear Lady Hamilton,

Lieutenant Swiney coming on board, enables me to send some blank

passports for Vessels going to Procida with corn, &c., and also one for the *Courier* boat. To tell you how dreary and uncomfortable the *Vanguard* appears, is only telling you what it is to go from the pleasantest society to a solitary cell; or, from the dearest friends to no friends. I am now perfectly the *great man*—not a creature near me. From my heart, I wish myself the little man again! You, and good Sir William, have spoiled me for any place but with you. I love Mrs. Cadogan. You cannot conceive what I feel, when I call you all to my remembrance.

To Lady Hamilton.

“AND BEAUTY DRAWS US——”

(About May 21st).

My dear Lady Hamilton,

Accept my sincere thanks for your kind letter. Nobody writes so well; therefore, pray, say not you write ill; for, if you do, I will say—what your goodness sometimes told me—“You l—e!” I can read, and perfectly understand, every word you write. . . .

P.S.—I am pleased with little Mary; kiss her for me. I thank all the house for their regard. God bless you all!

To Lady Hamilton.

I DISAPPROVE

May 21st, near Ustica; foul wind.

. . . I am not well pleased at the Minorca Squadron not joining me. With them I could and would have fought the French Fleet. They should not have relieved Malta, but I must submit—not *patiently*; for that is not in my disposition. I have sent Cockburn off Maritimo; others to Pantelaria, to get me information. Oh, God! how I regret Duckworth's decision. The Earl cannot, I am sure, leave Gibraltar before the 12th, and then, if the Spanish Fleet comes out of Cadiz, he cannot come to me; therefore why D. should have not made haste to join I cannot conceive. If he shelters himself under *nice* punctilios of order, I do not approve of an Officer's care of himself. No: conscious of my upright intentions, I would risk my life, much less my commission, to serve my Country.

To Lady Hamilton.

A CODICIL

May 25th.

WHEREAS I, Horatio Nelson, K.B., Rear-Admiral in His Majesty's fleet, have belonging to me two gold boxes set with diamonds, one bearing the picture of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias; the other, a nearly round box set with diamonds, said to have been sent me by the mother of the Grand Signor, I do hereby give and

bequeath the last-mentioned nearly round box, &c., &c., &c., to my dear friend, Emma Hamilton, wife of the Right Hon. Sir William Hamilton, which I request she will accept (and never part from) as token of regard and respect for her every eminent virtues (for she, the said Emma Hamilton, possesses them all to such a degree that it would be doing her injustice was any particular one to be mentioned) from her faithful and affectionate friend.

I also request that my friend, the Rt. Hon. Sir William Hamilton, K.B., will accept of fifty guineas to purchase a ring, which I beg he will wear for the sake of his sincere friend.

I declare this as a codicil to my last will and testament, on board his Majesty's ship *Vanguard*, this 25 May, 1799, off Maritimo Isle.

From a document.

THE BORN GIVER

May 26th.

Many, many thanks for your letters; but, as neither of ours can go by post, we must trust to the mercy of a boatman who cares not for our anxiety. I send you the passports for the vessels, only tell me how I can be most useful, and that is enough—the thing is done. There is not a vessel in sight, therefore I can send you nothing new. Pray do not trouble yourself to send me fruit, for, to say the truth, I have no stomach for eating. May God Almighty bless you and all my friends about you, and believe me amongst the most faithful and affectionate of your friends, &c.

I have no boat with me, therefore I cannot send again till one comes.
To Lady Hamilton.

DEFYING THE DEVIL

May 26th.

. . . I am truly sorry you should have cause of complaint on the very serious subject of breaking quarantine, but I hope the first vessel of war which arrives will most severely flog the midshipman who suffered such a thing and the men that did it; indeed, they ought to be shot. It is in such points as these that we get hated by foreigners. I can only say this shameful conduct shall have no protection from me, but, on the contrary, the severest reprobation. I must admire the Queen's Jowl, so flattering to me; but, in truth, she cannot wish me better than *we three* wish her. . . .

Capt. Dixon has alarmed me at not bringing any news of Ball's squadron, all my fears are awake for his safety; as to us, the devil shall not take us.

To Sir W. Hamilton.

"FOR I AM FIXED AS THE NORTHERN STAR"

Vanguard, Palermo, 31st May.

. . . My granting passports has not been to cover Merchants or Vessels of War from any attack of the Bey's cruizers; all my passports have been a solemn assurance, that the Vessel carrying it was, *bonâ fide*, carrying provisions and dispatches, for the support of those who were fighting the enemies of *His Highness*. . . .

I *will* have my passports respected; given only to serve the cause in which His Highness ought to be as much interested as I am. I would, with as much pleasure, grant passports to his Vessels when actually carrying provisions to brave men, fighting against the infamous infidel French. This you will state clearly and forcibly to the Bey, that, as I will do no wrong, I will suffer none.

To Perkin Magra, Esq., His Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Tunis.

Palermo, 5th June.

. . . No one Officer in the service more fully appreciates the value of your brother, as a Sea-officer, on every occasion, which have been very numerous. I do not believe any Officer in Europe stands higher in his profession. Having said this, it may readily be conceived that I could not like to have any *Junior* in some measure placed, if not over my head, at least as taking from my consequence. I did not think that it was necessary for any Sea-officer to be joined in signing a treaty which you had brought to such a happy issue; but if it was, I shall ever think that Sea-officer should have been *Nelson*.

To J. Spencer Smith, Esq.

THE SKIES

June 17th.

. . . I have not been very well, but this day is almost the finest I ever saw.

June 18th.

. . . It is the finest weather, & I wish you and my lady could enjoy a little sea air. If your situation will allow to be at sea for a few days I will come off Palermo for you, and if I am to go away to fight I will promise to land you from some frigate.

To Sir W. Hamilton.

THE SPRIG OF LAUREL

(Most Secret)

June 20th.

My dear Sir William,

I am agitated, but my resolution is fixed. For Heaven's sake suffer not any one to oppose it. I shall not be gone eight days. No harm can come to Sicily. I send my Lady and you Lord St. Vincent's letter.

I am full of grief and anxiety. I must go. It will finish the War. It will give a sprig of laurel to your affectionate friend,

Nelson.

The Ship for Tunis is gone.

To Sir W. Hamilton.

AN OPINION—

Foudroyant, 26th June.

Rear Admiral Lord Nelson arrived with the British fleet the 24th June in the Bay of Naples, and found a treaty entered into with the Rebels, which, in his opinion, cannot be carried into execution, without the approbation of his Sicilian Majesty.

Lord Nelson's Opinion, delivered in writing to Cardinal Ruffo.

—UPON WHICH HE ACTS

Bay of Naples, June 27th.

. . . On the 21st I went on shore for two hours, saw their Majesties and General Acton, who repeated to me what the General had wrote, (but which I had not received,) to request that I would instantly go into the Bay of Naples to endeavour to bring His Sicilian Majesty's affairs in that City to a happy conclusion.

I lost not one moment in complying with the request, and arrived in the Bay of Naples on the 24th, where I saw a Flag of Truce flying on board His Majesty's Ship *Seahorse*, Captain Foote, and also on the Castles of Uovo and Nuovo. Having on the passage received letters informing (me) that an infamous Armistice was entered into with the Rebels in those Castles, to which Captain Foote had put his name, I instantly made the signal to annul the Truce, being determined never to give my approbation to any terms with Rebels, but that of unconditional submission. . . . I sent Captains Troubridge and Ball instantly to the Cardinal Vicar-General, to represent to his Eminence my opinion of the infamous terms entered into with the Rebels, and also two papers which I enclose. His Eminence said he would send no papers, that if I pleased I might break the Armistice, for that he was tired of his situation. Captain Troubridge then asked his Eminence this plain question: 'If Lord Nelson breaks the Armistice, will your Eminence assist him in his attack on the Castles?' His answer was clear, 'I will neither assist him with men or guns.' After much communication, his Eminence desired to come on board to speak with me on his situation. I used every argument in my power to convince him that the Treaty and Armistice was at an end by the arrival of the Fleet; but an Admiral is no match in talking with a Cardinal. I therefore gave him my opinion in writing. . . .

Under this opinion the Rebels came out of the Castles, which was instantly occupied by the Marines of the Squadron. On the 27th Captains Troubridge and Ball, with 1300 men, landed from the Ships, united with 500 Russians and a body of Royalists, half of whose *Officers* are, I have every reason to believe, *Rebels*,—cowards they have already proved themselves. Our batteries are open on St. Elmo, and a few days will, I hope, reduce it. The *Alexander* and another are just going to resume their station off Malta, which I am confident will very soon surrender, now all hopes of relief are cut off. I shall not fail to keep up a constant communication with your Lordship, and have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, your most obedient faithful Servant,

Nelson.

Carracciolo was executed on board H.S. Majesty's Ship *Minerva*, on the 29th June.

To Vice-Admiral Lord Keithe, K.B.

INGENUITY OF A TENDER-HEARTED MARTINET

Foudroyant, Naples Bay, 6th July.

Whereas John Jolly, Private Marine, belonging to his Majesty's Ship *Alexander*, hath this day been tried by a Court-Martial, on charges exhibited against him by Lieutenant Pearce, Second Lieutenant of Marines, for having struck the said Lieutenant Pearce while in the execution of his duty, and threatening to shoot him as soon as he should be released; and the Court finding him guilty of the said crimes, have adjudged the said John Jolly to suffer death, in the manner, and at such time and place, as I might think fit; and, whereas I think it proper, in pursuance of the said sentence, and to mark the heinousness of the crime he hath committed, that the said John Jolly should suffer death accordingly, you are here hereby required and directed to cause all the Marine forces that can properly be spared to be assembled at the most convenient place near your Camp on shore, and carry the said sentence into execution upon the said John Jolly on Monday morning next, the 8th instant, by causing him to be shot to death at the head of the said Marine forces, and in the usual manner;—a copy of which sentence you will receive herewith.

Foudroyant, July 9th.

You will, in obedience to my orders, prepare everything for the execution of the sentence of the Court-Martial held on John Jolly; but when all forms, except the last, are gone through, you will acquaint the prisoner, that, although there has been no circumstance to mitigate the severity of the law, yet that I have reason to hope that the sparing of his life will have as beneficial an effect for the discipline of the Service, as if he had suffered death. You will, therefore, respite the

prisoner from the sentence of death, till his Majesty's pleasure is known. I hope that this extraordinary mark of lenity will have its full effect on the mind of those under your command, and be a beacon to them to avoid the crime of drunkenness, which brings with it even the punishment of death. And here I pledge myself to them that, if any similar circumstance happens in future, that I will most assuredly order the sentence to be immediately carried into execution.

To Captain Troubridge, Commanding all the British and Portuguese Troops landed from the Squadron.

TO GRATIFY A MOTHER

Foudroyant, Naples, July 17th.

I cannot longer resist the pleasure it will give me to write you a line, especially as I can tell you that Sir William is grown very much better since his embarkation. Our dear Lady is also, I can assure you, perfectly well; but has her time so much taken up with excuses from rebels, Jacobins, and fools, that she is every day most heartily tired. Our conversation is, as often as we are liberated from these teasers, of you and our other friends in the house at Palermo: and I hope we shall very soon return to see you. Till then recollect that we are restoring happiness to the kingdom of Naples, and doing good to millions. Remember me kindly to Graffer and the children. Tell them I hope they are much improved in their dancing, and particularly in *French*, as I hear you have taken a new master for them. Believe me we all long to see you, and we will go and dine at the Colli from a dinner of your ordering for us.

To 'Signora Madre,' (Mrs. Cadogan).

DEFIANCE

Foudroyant, Naples, 19th July.

My dear Lord,

You will easily conceive my feelings at the order this day received from Lord Keith; but my mind, your Lordship will know by my letter sent by Lieutenant Parkinson and Mr. Silvester, was fully prepared for this order; and more than ever is my mind made up, that, at this moment, I will not part with a single Ship, as I cannot do that without drawing a hundred and twenty men from each Ship now at the Siege of Capua, where our Army is gone this day. I am fully aware of the act I have committed; but, sensible of my loyal intentions, I am prepared for any fate which may await disobedience. Capua and Gaeta will soon fall; and the moment the scoundrels of French are out of the Kingdom, I shall send eight or nine Ships of the Line to Minorca. I have done what I thought right; others may think differently; but it will be my consolation that I have gained a Kingdom, seated a faithful

Ally of His Majesty firmly on his throne, and restored happiness to millions. Do not think, my dear Lord, that my opinion is formed from the arguments of any one. *No*; be it good, or be it bad, it is all my own. . . .

To Earl Spencer, K.G.

BLACK MARKET

Naples Bay, July 24th.

Whereas I have received information that most gross abuses have been practised in the purchase of fresh beef for the use of the Squadron under my command, to the great detriment of Government, it is my positive direction that in future the Vouchers are strictly examined, and the prices of every article purchased be properly ascertained by the signing Officers, and attested by two respectable merchants on shore before the Vouchers are signed.

Memorandum to the respective Captains.

THE ONLY WAY

Foudroyant, Naples Bay, 4th August.

There is no way of dealing with a Frenchman but to knock him down. To be civil to them is only to be laughed at, when they are enemies. To Captain Louis.

JOSEPH TO JACOB

Palermo, August 15th.

My dear Father,

His Sicilian Majesty having created me a Duke, by the title of Bronté, to which he has attached a Feud of, it is said, about £3000 a year, to be at my disposal, I shall certainly not omit this opportunity of being useful to my family, always reserving a right to the possessor, of leaving one third of the income for the payment of legacies. It shall first go to you, my dear father, and in succession to my elder brother and children male, William the same, Mrs. Bolton's boys, Mrs. Matcham's, and my nearest relations. For your natural life, the estate shall be taxed with £500 a year, but this is not to be drawn into a precedent, that the next heir may expect it. No, my honoured father, receive this small tribute as a mark of gratitude to the best of parents from his most dutiful son.

To the Reverend Edmund Nelson.

Nelson.

A FAREWELL

Palermo, August 19th.

. . . We have great news from Egypt. The Siege of Acre was raised May 21st—Buonaparte leaving all his cannon and sick behind.

The vagabond has got again to Cairo, where I am sure he will terminate his career. Communication is cut off between the Coast and Cairo. Damietta, Rosetta and Aboukir being taken by the Turks. Alexandria is besieged, and will soon fall. *Adieu, Mr. Buonaparte!*

To Commodore Troubridge.

A CHANGE OF OPINION

Palermo, 20th August.

. . . Be assured, my dear Sir Sidney, of my perfect esteem and regard, and do not let any one persuade you to the contrary. But my character is, that I will not suffer the smallest tittle of my command to be taken from me; but with pleasure I give way to my friends, among whom I beg you will allow me to consider you, and that I am, with the truest esteem and affection, your faithful humble servant.

Nelson.

To Captain Sir William Sidney Smith.

BRIEF AND BROTHERLY

Palermo, August 21st.

. . . Kind regards to all our friends at Swaffham, and don't expect a 'turnover the leaf,' for that I cannot ever accomplish; but believe me ever your most affectionate brother.

Nelson.

To the Reverend William Nelson.

HE IS SCRUPULOUSLY FAIR

Palermo, August 25th.

My dear Marquis,

I was most exceedingly sorry to hear that your First Captain, Don Rodrigo de Pinto, was ordered by the Minister of Marine to Lisbon, and as it appeared, on an idea that his conduct had not met with my approbation. If this is the case, I can assure you that I never had the smallest cause of complaint against this gentleman. It is true I have heard that Don Rodrigo did not love the English; but from the account of Captain Retalick, and many other English officers, I am satisfied this is a calumny. I must, therefore, request that your Lordship will do me the favour not to remove Don Rodrigo de Pinto from his situation, until further orders from Lisbon, especially at this moment, when the whole of your Squadron is employed together on a very important service. Believe me, with the truest regard and esteem, my dear Marquis, your obliged and affectionate servant,

Nelson.

To His Excellency the Marquis de Niza.

ALL UNDER THE WEATHER

Palermo, August 28th.

... The air here is very heavy, and cannot be wholesome. We of this house feel it severely. Mrs. Cadogan has been very ill, and still keeps her bed. Lady Hamilton exceedingly unwell, and I am far from good health; and the infamous politics of the Austrian Minister, Thugut, (who ought to be hanged, if half of what is said is true,) does not serve to give me comfort.

To Rear-Admiral Duckworth.

A MISFORTUNE

Palermo, September 4th.

I shall detain the *Minotaur*, and send Troubridge to arrange a proper Naval protection for the security of Minorca, which I have never yet considered in the *smallest* danger, but it has been a misfortune that others have thought differently from me on that point. I send you a letter from General Acton. It will convey to your Lordship an idea of my situation here. It is indeed an uncomfortable one; for plain common sense points out that the King should return to Naples, but nothing can move him. Believe me I shall do my best in all circumstances, but I am almost blind, and truly very unwell.

To the Right Honourable Earl Spencer, K.G.

"WHY, THEN, TAKE NO NOTE OF HIM, BUT LET HIM GO!"

Palermo, September 5th.

My dear Ball,

Mr. Alos is, doubtless, a scoundrel. He has persuaded some here that he had an interview with Vaubois, which I believe is a lie; and as to his conduct with the Maltese, it was probably to show his consequence. I am sure the good Queen never had a thought of any underhand work against us; therefore I would recommend sending him here with a kick in the breech, and let all the matter drop.

To Captain Ball.

HE ALWAYS LIKED THE TURKS

September 6th.

... The Russian Admiral has a polished outside, but the bear is close to the skin. He is jealous of our influence, and thinks whatever is proposed, that we are at the bottom. The Turk, who is by no means a fool—on the contrary, has more natural sense than the other—is our brother; and I am sure there is not a thing that we could desire him to do that he would not instantly comply with.

To Earl Spencer, K.G.

Most Secret.

Palermo, September 7th.

My dear Troubridge,

Having secured the free access of the Straits by the force detached to Gibraltar, and, from your account and Hood's, being perfectly at my ease about Minorca, you have my full permission to either immediately send Louis to Cività Vecchia, with what Vessels you can give him, *Perseus*—or to keep under sail when you think the Russians and Turks are approaching, and go direct to Cività Vecchia, and try what can be done; and if you can get possession, then to land not only your Marines, but such other force as you can spare, and not to move till further orders from me; for, as I have before said, I am perfectly easy about Minorca. . . . As for the Turks, we can do anything with them. They are good people, but perfectly useless.

To Captain Troubridge, H.M. Ship *Culloden*.

Palermo, 10th September.

My dear Sir,

As Sir William Hamilton has told your Excellency the whole of the very unpleasant affair which happened on Sunday last, I shall only say, that no fault attaches itself in the least to *Cadir Bey*; for a man of more conciliating manners does not exist, and he has gained all our hearts in this house, in which he is considered as a brother. Poor fellow! he is full of affliction, fearing that his enemies, if it is possible he can have any, may do him an injury with the Sultan.

To J. Spencer Smith, Esq.

Palermo, 10th September.

Sire,

I trust that your Imperial Majesty will permit the servant of your most faithful Ally to bear his testimony to the good conduct of your Admiral, *Cadir Bey*. I can assure your Majesty that Ships in higher order cannot be than those under his command, and the little disturbance which arose in this place has not been owing to any want of attention from your Majesty's Admiral. *Cadir Bey* is with me every day, and a better man does not live in the world, or a better Officer: he is my brother. And I am, in the truest sense of the words, your Majesty's attached and faithful servant,

Bronté Nelson.

To His Imperial Majesty the Grand Signior.

THE HALF-FIT

Palermo, September 12th.

. . . I approve very much of your first plan of visiting Gibraltar, after looking into Carthagera; but I wish you had fixed to send some of the best Ships immediately back to Minorca. . . . Keep no more

Ships below Minorca than you think the service requires. . . . If a Naval force should be wanted for the Coast of Italy, that England must find it; for the Russian Admiral has told me, his Ships *cannot* keep the sea in the winter; and I see *no desire* to go to sea in the summer. . . . My mind is fixed that I will not keep one Ship in the Mediterranean which is not fit for *any* service. During the winter those half-fit, drain us of all the stores, and render us all useless. . . . I beg you will write to the Admiralty of my intentions to keep no Ships but what are fit for service in the Mediterranean.

To Rear-Admiral Duckworth.

DEFEAT OF A VAIN FOOL

Palermo, September 13th.

. . . You will have heard that a French Fleet ventured itself into the Mediterranean, and how the British Fleet has chased it into the Ocean, where I hope they will meet; and if so, I venture to assure you that the Naval power of France will be totally annihilated. You will have heard of the total defeat of that vain fool Buonaparte by the English and the brave inhabitants of St. Jean D'Acre: you will have heard of a part of my Squadron taking all the French Frigates and Corvettes from Egypt: you will have heard of the glorious successes of Field-Marshal Suwarrow, and that an English Squadron was on the Coast of Tuscany and Genoa to support him; you will have heard that I went into the Bay of Naples, landed the people from my Fleet, took the Castles of St. Elmo, Capua, and Gaeta, and had upwards of 6000 French prisoners at my feet, besides rebels; and that, having placed his Neapolitan Majesty again on his throne, a part of my Royal Master's fleet is gone to carry the King of Sardinia and his family to his Kingdom. . . .

I am now pressing Malta very hard, and it shall soon surrender. Your Highness will not now think I have either been neglectful of your friendship, or been idle.

To His Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

BLOCKADE

Palermo, September 13th.

. . . I approve very much of your directing guns to be landed from the *Alexander*. I would have *every exertion* used, and *every nerve* strained, to finish this tedious blockade.

To His Excellency Rear-Admiral the Marquis de Niza.

MINORCA—OR THE AIRY REBEL

Palermo, September 13th.

My dear Darby,

I am sure Duckworth could not have left any one who will take better care of Minorca than yourself, if you *have* the means; but it was not quite my intention to have stripped Minorca so bare of Ships. . . . I wish you would send me the state of the French frigates, whether they are appropriated for any particular service in Mahon, or whether they are fitting for a voyage to England? for being left completely in the dark, I am obliged to feel my way.

To Captain Darby.

Palermo, September 16th.

My dear Troubridge,

I have now only to say, How are you? Since I wrote last, not the least thing has occurred. . . . They have more troops in Minorca than they know what to do with. . . .

The Court has just got an account of Captain Gore, and you know he carried the news of the Combined fleets sailing, and of their being past Cape St. Vincent. . . . In England it has created a general consternation. Every small Vessel is sent forth to collect our scattered Ships, and to prepare Ireland for this damned event.

To Commodore Troubridge, H.M. Ship *Culloden*.

Palermo, 17th September.

. . . I was sorry Duckworth took so many Ships from Minorca. It was not my intention, as I had sent Ships direct from the Coast of Naples for Gibraltar. I am sure you will agree with me in the necessity of keeping the door of the Mediterranean open. . . .

I need not say how anxious I am to support the good Cause, and to get an honourable peace, but which can only be hoped for by activity and vigour of all the Allies.

To Lieutenant-General Sir James St. Clair Erskine, Mahon.

Palermo, 18th September.

. . . Totally ignorant as I am of the Frigates and Sloops left me by Lord Keith, I cannot fix what shall be in my power to give to Minorca. But take care of it I will, but not a Ship more than is necessary.

To Captain Darby, H.M. Ship *Bellerophon*.

Palermo, September 20th.

. . . I have also received their Lordships' disapprobation of my conduct in having sent a part of the crews of the Squadron against Capua,

and their direction not to employ them in like manner in future. And I also observe, and with great pain, that their Lordships see no cause which could justify my disobeying the orders of my Commanding Officer, Lord Keith, or for leaving Minorca exposed to the risk of being attacked.

I have to request that you will have the goodness to assure their Lordships that I knew when I decided on those important points, that perhaps my life, certainly my commission, was at stake by my decision; but, being firmly of opinion that the honour of my King and Country, the dearest object of my heart (were involved) . . . I determined at all risks to support the honour of my gracious Sovereign and Country, and not to shelter myself under the letter of the law, which I shall never do when put in competition with the Public Service.

To Evan Nepean, Esq., Admiralty.

HIS WANTS AND WISHES

Palermo, September 23rd.

My dear Davison,

I that never yet had any money to think about, should be surprised if I troubled my head about it. In my state, of what consequence is all the wealth of this world? I took for granted the East India Company would pay their noble gift to Lady Nelson, and whether she lays it out in house or land is, I assure you, a matter of perfect indifference. I have given away 2000 *l.* of it to my family, in expectation it had been paid. Ah, my dear friend, if I have a morsel of bread and cheese in comfort, it is all I ask of kind Heaven, until I reach the estate of six feet by two, which I am fast approaching. I had the full tide of honour, but little real comfort. If the war goes on, I shall be knocked off by a ball or killed with *chagrin*. . . .

If the Sword is to be sent me, I shall be glad to wear such an uncommon mark of brotherly regard. I wish I had 20 *l.* worth of new books—some caricatures, &c., sent me. My brother sends me the Magazine and Reviews. . . .

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

HE ADMINISTERS A SNUB

Palermo, October 1st.

Sir,

Although His Majesty's Ships are in duty bound to protect the trade of His Allies when bound the course of the respective Ships, I am afraid it will be impossible for our country to keep Convoys for all the trade of Tuscany, but my endeavours shall not be wanting to afford them all the protection consistent with the utmost stretch of my duty, and therefore

it was needless for your Excellency to lay such a stress to remind me of what, I dare say, you thought the duty of a British Admiral. I am not accustomed to be wanting in the service of our King, of which, I trust, you will bear witness. I am, with great respect, your Excellency's most obedient servant,

Nelson.

To His Excellency the Honourable William F. Wyndham.

(Secret.)

Palermo, October 1st.

. . . I send you an extract of Mr. Wyndham's unhandsome mode of expressing himself towards me.

To Commodore Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart.

ALL IMPORTANT MALTA

Palermo, 3rd October.

As the reduction of the Island of Malta is of the greatest consequence to the interests of the Allied Powers at war with France, and the withdrawing the Squadron of His Most Faithful Majesty under your command, at this time, from the blockade of that Island, will be of the most ruinous consequences to their interests, particularly when an Enemy's fleet of thirteen Sail of the Line are daily expected in those seas, and two Sail of the Line and several other Ships with provisions and stores, for the relief of Malta, are now lading at Toulon; you are hereby required and directed, in consideration of the above circumstances, and notwithstanding the orders you may have received from your Court to return to Lisbon, not on any consideration whatsoever to withdraw one man from that Island.

To His Excellency the Marquis de Niza, Rear-Admiral Commanding the Blockade of Malta.

RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

Palermo, October 3rd.

. . . I must now tell you, to complete the glorious jumble, that except the Russian troops before-mentioned, no one is in Italy. Suwarrow, in consequence of the Arch-Duke's going to the Rhine, is gone into Switzerland; and as a finish to all this, thirteen Sail of the Line, French and Spaniards, were, on the 18th September, laying-to off Cape Ortegal. Whether they are bound this way, time will show; in the meantime I am getting ten Sail of the Line together, and, if they venture into the Mediterranean, I will endeavour to get hold of them. All these events will but rouse us to greater exertions. Not a sail shall be drawn from Malta, and, respecting commands on shore, there can be no difficulty. Ball is Chief

of the Maltese; you will command all the British; and the Russians I hope will soon be on shore, and two Admirals will be afloat. I can only recommend acting as brothers.

To Brigadier-General Graham, Messina.

THE JUST NELSON

Palermo, October 4th.

. . . If you are so much distressed for bread that you must call here, I shall be sorry, but the blame is mine for not keeping you better supplied.

To Commodore Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart.

MINORCAN ECHOES

Foudroyant, at Sea, October 10th.

. . . Should Minorca be threatened by a superior force, and you think it not safe to quit it, you will send some Vessel down to me immediately (with a notice) of such event.

To Commodore Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart., or Senior Officer at Mahon.

THE DELIGHTFUL RUMOUR

Foudroyant, at Sea, October 11th.

. . . As I am on my way to Gibraltar, to look after a Squadron of the Enemy of thirteen Sail of the Line which has been seen towards Cape Finisterre—

To Commodore Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart.

THE STEPSON

Port Mahon, October 14th.

. . . Perhaps you may be able to make something of Captain Nisbet; he has by his conduct almost broke my heart.

To Rear-Admiral Duckworth.

WE THREE

Palermo, October 24th.

My dear Lord,

On my return here two days past from the westward, last from Mahon, (where I had been on information of an Enemy's Squadron having been seen on the Coast of Portugal, now gone into Ferrol, and allowed our outward-bound Convoy to pass unmolested; ten days after they returned to Port.) I received your kind and friendly letter of August 31st, which gave equal pleasure to Sir William, Lady Hamilton, and myself. We are the real *Tria juncta in uno*. . . .

We all have the most affectionate regard for your public and private character, and I should do injustice to my friends, was I to attempt to say my regard exceeded theirs. My conduct, as yours, is to go straight and upright. Such is, thank God, the present plan of Great Britain!—at least, as far as I know; for if I thought otherwise, I am afraid I should not be so faithful a servant to my Country as I know I am at present. As I shall send you my letters to Mr. Nepean and Lord Spencer, they will speak for themselves; therefore, I will only say, believe I am the same Nelson as you knew Captain of the *Agamemnon*; and more than ever your attached and faithful friend,

Nelson.

To the Right Honourable Lord Minto.

THE QUESTION

Palermo, October 26th.

My dear Sir James,

I am in desperation about Malta—we shall lose it, I am afraid, past redemption. I send you copies of Niza's and Ball's letters, also General Acton's, so that you will see I have not been idle. If Ball can hardly keep the inhabitants in hopes of relief by the 500 men landed from our Ships, what must be expected when 400 of them, and four Sail of the Line, will be withdrawn? and if the Islanders are forced again to join the French, we may not find even landing a very easy task, much less to get again our present advantageous position. I therefore entreat for the honour of our King, and for the advantage of the common Cause, that, whether General Fox is arrived or not, at least the garrison of Messina may be ordered to hold post in Malta until a sufficient force can be collected to attack it, which I flatter myself will in time be got together; but while that is effecting, I fear our being obliged to quit the Island; therefore, I am forced to make this representation. I know well enough of what Officers in your situation can do; the delicacy of your feelings on the near approach of General Fox I can readily conceive; but the time you know nothing about; this is a great and important moment, and the only thing to be considered, *is His Majesty's Service to stand still for an instant?* I have no scruple in declaring what I should do, knowing the importance of possessing Malta to England and her Allies, that if even two regiments were ordered from Minorca, yet it must be considered, (for which the Officers certainly must be responsible,) was the call for these troops known at home, would they not order them to proceed where the Service near at hand loudly calls for them? *this is the only thing in my opinion for consideration.* If we lose this opportunity it will be impossible to recall it. If possible, I wish to take all the responsibility.

To Lieutenant-General Sir James St. Clair Erskine, Minorca.

SO HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT MINORCA

Palermo, October 26th.

My dear Troubridge,

My letter to Sir James St. Clair, if this finds you at Mahon will show you what I feel about Malta. I hope the General will give troops to at least hold possession till we can get a force to attack La Valetta in a regular way. I have entreated and ordered Niza not to quit his post, or withdraw a man from the shore till I can get troops to relieve them. If he does, and I fear he will be persuaded by the Commodores, we shall lose all hold on the Island . . . and for this purpose I shall be under the distressing necessity of taking as many Ships as possible from Minorca, which I assure you would hurt me very much.

To Commodore Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart.

CHARACTERISTIC

Palermo, October 29th.

My dear Friend,

Sir William, Lady Hamilton, and myself, all love you like our brother; and I sincerely hope that the Sublime Porte, so far from laying any blame on you, will applaud and reward your great zeal for the service of the Common Cause against the French villains. I shall be proud at all times to bear my testimony of your great worth as an Officer, and of your real goodness of heart as a man, and believe me, Sir, ever your affectionate friend,

Bronté Nelson.

To Admiral Cadir Bey.

EQUALLY CHARACTERISTIC

Palermo, October 30th.

. . . Being now the Commanding Officer of the Mediterranean Fleet, your brother has already experienced, and will continue so to do, every mark of my affectionate regard, both as an Officer and a friend. . . . I gave your brother the disposal of poor dear Miller's vacancy, and have promoted all his young men, as he desired, besides authorizing him to declare that all vacancies in his Squadron should be given to those serving with him. You know me not, if you ever believed me capable of wishing to hurt Sidney's feelings for a moment. I feel too much myself on such occasions, and I cannot want to crop any man's laurels: the world has been over-bountiful to me. . . .

To His Excellency J. Spencer Smith, Esq.

THE LABOURER'S TASK

Palermo, October 31st.

Sire,

As Grand Master of the Order of Malta, I presume to detail to your Majesty what has been done to prevent the French from re-possessioning themselves of the Island, blockading them closely in La Valetta, and what means are now pursuing to force them to surrender.

On the 2nd of September, 1798, the inhabitants of Malta rose against the French robbers, who, having taken all the money in the Island, levied contributions; and Vaubois, as a last act of villany, said, as baptism was of no use, he had sent for all the Church plate. On the 9th, I received a letter from the Deputies of the Island, praying assistance to drive the French from La Valetta. I immediately directed the Marquis de Niza, with four Sail of the Line, to support the Islanders. At this time, the crippled Ships from Egypt were passing near it, and 2000 stand of arms, complete, with all the musket-ball cartridges, were landed from them, and 200 barrels of powder. On the 24th of October, I relieved the Marquis from the station, and took the Island of Gozo—a measure absolutely necessary, in order to form the complete blockade of La Valetta, the garrison of which, at this time, was composed of 7000 French, including the seamen, and some few Maltese; the Inhabitants in the Town, about 30,000; the Maltese in arms, volunteers, never exceeded 3000. I entrusted the blockade to Captain Alexander John Ball, of the *Alexander*, 74, an Officer not only of the greatest merit, but of the most conciliating manners. From that period to this time, it has fell to my lot to arrange for the feeding of 60,000 people, the population of Malta and Gozo, the arming the peasantry, and, the most difficult task, that of keeping up harmony between the Deputies of the Island. Hunger, fatigue, and corruption appeared several times in the Island, and amongst the Deputies. The situation of Italy, in particular this Kingdom, oftentimes reduced me to the greatest difficulties where to find food. Their Sicilian Majesties, at different times, have given more, I believe, than £40,000 in money and corn. The blockade has, in the expense of keeping the Ships destined alone for this service, (cost) full £180,000 sterling. It has pleased God hitherto to bless our endeavours to prevent supplies getting to the French except one Frigate and two small Vessels, with a small portion of salt provisions. . . .

To His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia.

WHERE TO PUT AN AIGRETTE

Palermo, November 1st.

My dear Sir,

I am not certain that I answered your kind congratulatory letter on my elevation to the Peerage—if not, I beg your pardon, and probably

deferred it at the moment, in expectation of receiving the plan of the Arms you sent to Lord Grenville, but which has never reached me. . . . If His Majesty approves of my taking the Title of Bronté, I must have your opinion how I am to sign my name. At present I describe myself "Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronté in Sicily." As the Pelises given to me and Sir Sidney Smith are novel, I must beg you will turn in your mind how I am to wear it when I first go to the King; and, as the Aigrette is directed to be worn, where am I to put it? In my hat, having only one arm, is impossible, as I must have my hand at liberty; therefore, I think, on my outward garment. . . . To Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King of Arms.

THE LOVELY PHRASE

Palermo, November 1st.

I need not tell you, my dear Lord, the Queen's sentiments about you. Not a day passes but she expresses her feelings—not that the King is unmindful of your attention to him, but from the other it flows warm from the heart. . . .

To Earl Spencer, K.G.

BITTERNESS

7th November.

Since my arrival from Minorca, my task here has still continued arduous; for I cannot get the General at Minorca to give me some troops for the service of Malta, and I have not force enough to attack it. One day or other I shall rest from all my labours. I still find it good to serve near home, there a man's fag and services are easily seen; next to that, is writing a famous account of your own actions.

Yours, &c.,

Bronté Nelson.

To Lady Nelson.

GLITTER

Palermo, November 7th.

. . . The Grand Signior has just created me first Knight of the Imperial Order of the Crescent, and sent me a diamond Star.

To His Excellency the Marquis de Niza.

"FRIENDSHIP IS A SHELTERING TREE"

Palermo, November 7th.

. . . I only send this, my dear Ball, to show I do not forget my friends. As to honouring you, that is not in my power; but to render you justice is my duty. . . . Captain Stephenson is just come out to the *Princess Charlotte*—poor Hardy, consequently, turned adrift! . . .

To Captain Ball, Chief of the Island of Malta.

HANGING ON TO NELSON'S COAT-TAILS

Palermo, November 9th.

Sir,

This letter, with all my dispatches, will be delivered to you by Captain Thomas Masterman Hardy, who has been my Captain from the Battle of the Nile till October 13th, when he was superseded by Sir Edward Berry. I beg leave to recommend him to their Lordships in the strongest manner, as one of the best Officers in His Majesty's Service, and to refer to him for the particular state of the Ships under my command, and of my own situation in this Country, certainly a very extraordinary one; for if I move they think the Country in danger, and that they are abandoned. If my Flag is in a Transport, they seem contented. Believe me, Sir, &c.,

Nelson.

To Evan Nepean, Esq., Admiralty.

ON OBEYING ORDERS

Palermo, November 6th.

. . . Much as I approve of strict obedience to orders . . . yet to say that an Officer is never, for any object, to alter his orders, is what I cannot comprehend. The circumstances of this war so often vary, that an Officer has almost every moment to consider—What would my superiors direct, did they know what is passing under my nose? The great object of the war is—*Down, down with the French!* To accomplish this, every nerve, and by both Services, ought to be strained. My heart is, I assure you, almost broke with that and other things. . . . If I am obliged to withdraw from the shore of the Island, what a thorn it will remain to our trade and to our Allies! It will require a constant succession of good Ships, which are very scarce with me, to cruize off it; and if the Enemy get supplies in, we may bid adieu to Malta. This would complete my misery; for I am afraid I take all services too much to heart. . . .

. . . Whatever was done, was done by the English and Portuguese, for the Russians would *fight*, but *not* work. . . .

To the Right Hon. Earl Spencer, K.G.

Palermo, 9th November.

Sir,

I beg leave to present to your Royal Highness, Captain Hardy, late of the *Foudroyant*, an Officer of the most distinguished merit, and therefore highly worthy of your notice. . . .

. . . I cannot comprehend that a moment can be lost in deciding; but, Sir, I find few think as I do—but to obey orders is all perfection! To serve my King, and to destroy the French, I consider as the great order of all, from which little ones spring; and if one of these little ones militate against it, (for, who can tell exactly at a distance?) I go back to obey the great order and object, to *down, down* with the damned French villains. Excuse my warmth; but my blood boils at the name of a Frenchman. I hate them all—Royalists and Republicans.

. . . I find that General Koehler does *not approve* of such irregular proceedings as Naval Officers attacking and defending Fortifications. We have but one idea—to get close alongside. None but a sailor would have placed a battery only a hundred and eighty yards from the Castle of St. Elmo; a soldier must have gone according to art, and the ZZ way; my brave Sir Thomas Troubridge went straight, for we had no time to spare. Your Royal Highness will not believe that I mean to lessen the conduct of the Army; I have the highest respect for them all; but General Koehler should not have wrote such a paragraph in his letter: it conveyed a jealousy, which I dare say is not in his disposition. . . .

To His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

Palermo, November 12th.

I am uneasy at not having yet had answers to my last letter of October 26th by the *Salamine*; therefore I must in duty again state the very great importance of driving the French out of Malta, and endeavour to impress my opinion by such arguments as offer themselves to my mind. I consider the great order of all (implied by the commencement of the war) is to destroy the power of the French: to accomplish this in the quietest and easiest way, is the object of all lesser orders; and if it can be proved that a breach of the lesser order is a more strict compliance with the former, then there can be no doubt of the duty of the breach of the lesser order.

To Major-General Sir James St. Clair Erskine, Bart.

NELSON IN A FURY

Palermo, November 14th.

Gentlemen,

I have received by post your answer to my letter from the Bay of Naples, in which you beg me to accept your acknowledgments for the trouble I had taken in investigating the report made by Mr. Lock, on the subject of the purchase of fresh beef. I must own, that I conceived your letter couched in terms of such coldness, as a little surprised me; but it was not till this moment of the departure of Captain Hardy, that I have heard a report, circulated by Mr. Lock, that you had received a

letter from him on this subject, and that you had thanked him for having saved Government 40 per cent. If it is true, which I cannot believe, that you have wrote Mr. Lock any letters on this subject, I desire to say, and not to be misunderstood, that the conduct of the Board is very reprehensible, and scandalous in its treatment to me, the Commanding Officer of his Majesty's Fleet in the Mediterranean. I hope you will send these expressions to our superiors, the Board of Admiralty; for if it is true, which I cannot believe, it would make it more scandalous not to have sent me copies of these letters. I will never, for any power on earth, retract a syllable of what I have wrote in this letter. I defy any insinuations against my honour. Nelson is as far from doing a scandalous or mean action as the heavens are above the earth. I will now tell you the result of the inquiry of an honest man, a faithful servant of his King and Country, was, (from the papers I sent to your Board,) that the accusation of Mr. Lock was malicious and scandalous; and if any Board or individual apply any softer terms to the papers sent you by me, I desire to apply the same terms to them. . . . I therefore demand that you will direct (subject to my inspection) a strict and impartial inquiry to be made into this saving of 40 per cent. I have only to observe, that Mr. Lock never made any complaint of the price, until I wrote a Note to say that I should not interfere in the purchase—that he that sold the best and cheapest, would, of course, be the seller.

To the Commissioners of the Victualling Board.

NELSON RESCUES THE SLAVES

Port Mahon, October 17th.

. . . For these pirates are getting saucy. They have taken many Vessels with passports signed by me, in which I cannot blame them; for everybody knows, that when I signed any passports at Naples, it was against my inclination, and telling the people that brought them, my opinion of their inutility. If the Dey had respected them, we should have been obliged to him; but as he is not, we can only try if he will liberate the poor devils from slavery.

To Commodore Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart.

Palermo, November 26th.

. . . The number of Vessels taken, having certificates from me, and the English Commander off Malta, that they were actually employed in carrying provisions for those who were fighting against the common Enemy, I own, hurt me. To a mere trader, I never have, nor ever will give a certificate; but as people cannot fight without food, I did hope that those Vessels would have been considered as the Vessels of true friends. But at Algiers, I find other sentiments prevail. If your High-

ness has any Vessels taken by your Cruisers of this description, I trust that you will order their restoration, and, in particular, the poor people carried into slavery. This will be considered as a great act of friendship and esteem shown by you¹ Highness to your most faithful and attached,
To His Highness the Bey of Tunis. Bronté Nelson.

“BETWEEN US TWAIN”

Palermo, November 24th.

My dear Ball,

I love, honour, and respect you, and no persons ever have, nor could they, if they were so disposed, lessen you in my esteem, both as a public Officer and a private man: therefore never let such a thought come into your head, which was never more wanted to be clear from embroils than at this moment. . . . If you are forced to even quit the Island, it cannot lessen your exertion or abilities, and do not let such an event, should it unfortunately happen, depress your spirits for a moment; and believe me, as ever, your obliged and affectionate friend, Bronté Nelson.
To Captain Ball, Chief of the Island of Malta.

BADGERED BY THE BOARD—

Palermo, November 26th.

Sir,

It was with extreme concern that I read your letter of October 11th, being perfectly conscious that want of communicating where and when it is necessary, cannot be laid to my charge. . . . I own I do not feel that if Cutters and Couriers go off the same day, that it is necessary to write by a Convoy. I know the absolute necessity of the Board's being exactly acquainted with everything which passes, and they, I beg, will give me credit for attention to my duty.

As a Junior Flag Officer, of course without those about me, as Secretaries, Interpreters, &c., I have been thrown into a more extensive correspondence than ever, perhaps, fell to the lot of any Admiral, and into a political situation I own out of my sphere. It is a fact which it would not become me to boast of, but on the present occasion, that I have never but three times put my feet on the ground, since December, 1798, and, except to the Court, that till after eight o'clock at night I never relax from business.

I have had hitherto, the Board knows, no one emolument—no one advantage of a Commander-in-Chief.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

Bronté Nelson.

To Evan Nepean, Esq., Admiralty.

—AND SICK OF IT

Palermo, 27th November

. . . Sir William and Lady Hamilton desire their kindest regards, I am nearly blind, but things go so contrary to my mind *out* of our profession, that truly I care not how soon I am off the stage.

To Rear-Admiral Duckworth.

THE CAUSE AND CASH

Palermo, 28th November.

. . . In General Fox's orders to Colonel Graham, he says, 'you will not incur any expense for stores, or any article but provisions.' What can this mean? But I have told Troubridge that the Cause cannot stand still for want of a little money. This would be what we call 'penny-wise and pound foolish.' If nobody will pay it, I shall sell Bronté and the Emperor of Russia's box; for I feel myself above every consideration but that of serving faithfully.

To the Right Honourable Earl Spencer, K.G.

Palermo, December 1st, 8 o'clock in the morning.

. . . I observe what General Fox says, in his orders, about expense. I wonder not a little at it. How can you get stores, without paying for them? and pray will it not be necessary to have many people to work at the batteries? Everything we receive from Sicily must one day be accounted for. Who is to pay? It cannot be expected that the poorest of the three Powers is to pay what is jointly undertaken.

To Brigadier-General Graham.

(about December 1st.)

. . . If we want money, we must find it.

Marginal Note made by Lord Nelson, in the Copy of General Acton's Letter sent to Sir Thomas Troubridge, per Express, to Messina.

THE ONLY WEAPON

Palermo, November 29th.

. . . The Dey of Algiers has been several times very impertinent about giving supplies for Minorca, and is getting from one insolence to another, which if not checked by vigorous measures, will end in a quarrel. My idea is for me to go to him and settle the business, and if I find that he will be insolent, to show him in the moment that he cannot go robbing in the Mediterranean without the consent of Britain. I think the greatest part of his Cruizers would be seized in a month, and then bring him to reason. Terror is the only weapon to wield against

these people. To talk kindly to them is only to encourage them. Demand nothing that is not just, and never recede, and settle the whole in half-an-hour.

To the Right Honourable Earl Spencer, K.G.

NELSON PLAINTIVE

Palermo, December 1st.

My dear Sir,

Pity the sorrows of a blind, and (in constitution) old man; make due allowances for my wants, and then I shall be happy.

To His Excellency Thomas Jackson, Esq., Minister at Turin.

NELSON RAGES

Palermo, 4th December.

Sir,

Your letter to me of yesterday's date is incomprehensible, except the highly improper language in which it is couched. I shall send it to the Board of Admiralty, that they may either support the dignity of the Admiral they have entrusted with the command of the Mediterranean fleet, or remove him. Your never mentioning the extraordinary price paid for fresh beef, for the several days you were soliciting to have the exclusive privilege of supplying the Fleet, and your refusal afterwards to bring forward any proof of fraud, warrants every expression in my letter to the Victualling Board. If you could bring proof of what you asserted, you are in the highest degree, as a public Officer, criminal; and if you could not, your conduct is highly reprehensible. My letters to you are all directed 'On His Majesty's Service,' and I desire yours may be so to me. I am, &c.

Bronté Nelson.

To Charles Lock, Esq., His Majesty's Consul at Naples.

HE CALMS DOWN

Palermo, December 5th.

Gentlemen,

Letters which had passed between Mr. Lock and myself, brought forward yesterday, in the presence of Sir William Hamilton, a meeting between us, and as it turns out that false friends in this Country, and nonsensical ones in England, have been the cause of Mr. Lock's highly improper conduct, and as any inquiry can only end in the ruin of Mr. Lock's character, I consent not to desire the inquiry demanded in my letter of the 14th November, by Captain Hardy. It was justice to the public and a vindication of my own honour, that I sought, and not ruin to a young man setting off in life with a family of children. This lesson

will, I trust, and believe, be of more use to Mr. Lock, than the approbation of ignorant people. . . . If there are those residing in Somerset Place, who merit the full force of some of my words, let them have it. One of my greatest boasts is, that no man can ever say I have told a lie.

To The Commissioners for Victualling His Majesty's Navy.

TOTAL WAR

Palermo, 21st December.

. . . I should be very sorry to see the doctrine established that free Ships make free goods. Last war, the circumstances of our situation forced us to acquiesce; but this war we take Enemy's property, wherever we find it.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Elgin.

"THE SLINGS AND ARROWS"

Palermo, 23rd December.

My dear Lord,

You will see with some sorrow the accident which has befallen the *Culloden*, and now it only remains for you to decide whether the services of Troubridge are to be lost in the Mediterranean: he must evidently have another Ship, or be an established Commodore. . . I am here, in addition to my other employments, a Commissary for our troops at Malta. I get no help from Minorca, and I am obliged to go begging from this Government, who scarcely have it to give. All these things fret me a little. Was I merely to do my duty at sea, it would be nothing; but to want the means of doing all which is naturally expected of me hurts me. I know it was expected that the large Russian Squadron would have been of some use. To this moment, to my knowledge, they have been of none; but all shall end well.

To the Right Honourable Earl Spencer, K.G.

HALF OUT OF THE VELVET GLOVE

Palermo, 29th December.

Sir,

Since my arrival at this place, now twelve months ago, there has been many men belonging to the Ships under my command murdered by some of the crews of the Ships under your Excellency's command; and three nights ago there was an Englishman murdered by two men which are known to belong to your Ships, and which men can be pointed out. I must, therefore insist upon your Excellency's securing those men, that they may be punished for the murder they have committed.

To His Excellency the Marquis Spinola.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1800

In January Nelson receives orders from Keith to join him at Leghorn.—In the middle of February Nelson, acting under the orders of Keith, engages the enemy and captures the Geneieux. In March he is left in command of the squadron blockading La Valetta.—In June he sails in the Foudroyant for Leghorn, bringing with him the Queen of Naples, her children and the Hamiltons.—He strikes his flag the next day, and travels with the Hamiltons and the Queen to Vienna, and then through Germany to England, where he lands at Yarmouth in November. The Hamiltons accompany him, and during the last month of the year the breach between himself and his wife widens. His devotion to Lady Hamilton becomes public, and he and the Hamiltons are cold-shouldered by society.—In December he takes his seat in the House of Lords. He travels about the country with the Hamiltons.

"FRIEND OF MY BOSOM"

Palermo, January 7th.

My dear Troubridge,

I know all your wants, and it is always my sorrow, when I cannot relieve the wants of my friends. The Vessels with corn cannot be got out from hence. . . . Sir William is just come from General Acton, and has the promise that the corn . . . at Girgenti, shall go to Malta, and the corn here be landed for Palermo; and that an express shall be sent this day to Girgenti. I cannot do more than get these orders. . . . I send you a number of letters from England, but I own my surprise to see one directed by Lord Spencer to 'Captain Troubridge'; but I hope the inside will be more pleasant to you, than the outside is to me.

To Commodore Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart.

JOHN BULL'S FATE

Palermo, 7th January.

My dear Sir,

I can assure you it is as grievous to me, as it can be to you, to hear of the distress of the Maltese; but I pray and beg, alas! in vain. Corn is here for Malta, but the Vessels will not go to sea. Sir William and myself are trying to get the corn here exchanged for corn at Girgenti. I have wrote Troubridge about it. Nothing is well done in this Country.

. . . What a state the *Allies* bring us into! But it is in vain to cry out. John Bull was always ill-treated.

To Brigadier-General Graham.

THE SEAMEN HATE THE SEA

Palermo, January 8th, 9 A.M.

. . . Nothing has been neglected on my part to get supplies for Malta, and by the greatest exertions, for this Country is in absolute want. . . . The Kingdom of Naples is full of corn, but, as we know, the Neapolitan seamen will not go to sea in the winter. . . . I send you Acton's letter to Sir William. If such lies can be told under my nose, what must be expected at a distance. We have had five days, from January 1st, of the very finest weather.

I expect Lord Keith here in a few days; but if the *Foudroyant* comes, it will not alter my intention of going to Malta. You must, in the last extremity seize Vessels loaded with corn: the inhabitants cannot starve. If, unfortunately, you are forced to this measure, I am confident it will be exercised with great discretion; but I hope all will yet end well, and that it may be soon, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate friend,

Bronté Nelson.

To Commodore Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart.

HE STANDS UP FOR THE JUNIORS

Leghorn, 23rd January.

My dear Davison,

Notwithstanding Dr. Lawrence's opinion, I do not believe I have any right to exclude the junior Flag-Officers of the Fleet; and, if I have, I desire that no such claim may be made: No, not if it was sixty times the sum, and, poor as I am, (were) I never to see prize-money.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

"HE WENT TO SEA IN A SIEVE, HE DID"

H.M. Ship *Foueroyant*, off Monte Christi, February 1st.

. . . Our friend Troubridge is as full of resources as his *Culloden* is full of accidents; but I am now satisfied, that if his Ship's bottom were entirely out, he would find means to make her swim.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

THE BONDS OF ETIQUETTE

February 3rd.

My dear Lady Hamilton,

Having a Commander in Chief, I cannot come on shore till I have made *my manners* to him. . . .

In the mean time, I send Allen to inquire how you are. Send me word, for I am anxious to hear of you. It has been no fault of mine, that I have been so long absent. I cannot command; and, now, only obey.

To Lady Hamilton.

CHARM

Palermo, February 7th.

My dear Sir Edward,

You shall rally—you shall be well: young men will be young men, and we must make allowances. If you expect to find anything like perfection in this world you will be mistaken: therefore do not think of little nonsenses too much. Such strictness as you show to your duty falls to the lot of few, and no person in this world is more sensible of your worth and goodness in every way than myself. Let all pass over, and come and dine here. As you are ready to execute my orders, take this of coming to this house as a *positive* and *lawful* one. When I see a Ship better ordered than the *Foudroyant*, I will allow you to confine yourself on board. Ever, my dear Sir Edward, believe me your truly sincere friend,

Bronté Nelson.

To Captain Sir Edward Berry, H.M. Ship *Foudroyant*.

GETTING IT STRAIGHT

February 12th.

Could Lord K. suppose that I did not wish to write to your house even if I had not been absent half an hour—he must have been a beast to have thought so—but, as I sent on board the *Queen Charlotte* to say that if the brig was going to Palermo I wanted to write, it was neglectful not to wait for my letter, or to send the Commander to me. I am far from well, and have half promised Jefferson to take an emetic this eveng. May God bless you and my dear Lady, and believe me,

To Sir W. Hamilton.

SLIGHTS

(February)

I just write you a line to say Nelson knows nothing, nor should I have known the Adl was going to send to Palermo if I had not sent to know. I feel all, and notwithstanding my desire to be as humble as the lowest midshipman, perhaps, I cannot submit to be much lower, I am used to have attention paid me from his superiors.

To Sir W. Hamilton.

“WHEN PAIN AND ANGUISH WRING THE BROW——”

Off La Valette, February 20th.

My head aches dreadfully, and I have none here to give me a moment's comfort.

To Lady Hamilton.

LOVE ME—LOVE MY FRIENDS

Foudroyant, Malta, February 26th.

The gracious manner in which your Imperial Majesty has complied

with my request has filled me with the greatest gratitude, and I shall only again presume to say that the Cross of Malta has never yet been worn by two persons who have merited and will adorn it more than Lady Hamilton and Captain Ball. They are equally sensible with me of your Majesty's goodness.

To the Emperor of Russia.

DAME FORTUNE

Foudroyant, off Malta, February 26th.

. . . You, my dear friend, (will) rejoice to hear that it has been my extraordinary good fortune to capture the *Généreux*, 74, bearing the Flag of Rear-Admiral Perrée, and a very large Storeship, with 2000 troops and provisions and stores for the relief of La Valette. I came off Malta with my *Commander-in-Chief*, Lord Keith; we parted company in bad weather the same day. Having information that such a Squadron had sailed from Toulon, Lord K. remained off Malta; but my knowledge of their track (rather my knowledge of this Country from seven years' experience) I went towards the Coast of Barbary, where three days afterwards I fell in with the gentlemen; those Ships which fell in with me after our separation from the *Commander-in-Chief* attached themselves to my fortune. We took them after a long chase, four miles only from Sicily, and a few leagues from Cape Passaro. Perrée was killed by a shot from the *Success* Frigate, Captain Peard. His ship struck when the *Foudroyant* fired only two shots; this, my dear Lord, makes nineteen Sail of the Line and four Admirals I have been present at the capture of, this war. Ought I to trust Dame Fortune any more? her daughter may wish to step in and tear the mother from me. I have in truth serious thoughts of giving up active service—Greenwich Hospital seems a fit retreat for me after being *evidently* thought unfit to command in the Mediterranean. . . .

. . . For some cause, which I do not understand, the pardon and act of oblivion is not yet issued, although I know it has been signed near three months; the heads of a whole Kingdom cannot be cut off, be they ever such rascals.

To the Right Honourable Lord Minto.

BENEFITS FORGOT

Off Malta, February 27th.

. . . I am, my dear brother, as much vexed as any one can be about you; and since the capture of the *Généreux* I have wrote to Lord Spencer a very strong letter, and have sent him my Journal, (to show) that she was taken by me, and my plan—that my quitting Lord Keith was at my own risk, and for which, if I had not succeeded, (I) might have been broke. The way he went the *Généreux* never could have been taken, and I told his Lordship, Spencer, that I had long set

my heart on seeing you a Commissioner of the Navy, but that I had completely failed in all my applications for my friends, and yet I could not but recollect that this War I had been a principal concerned in taking nineteen Sail of the Line and four Admirals. I have told him such truths, that probably by unkind treatment both at home and *abroad*, I shall be forced to strike my Flag. With all this on my mind, you will readily believe I am far from well; but, ever, my dear brother, your affectionate

Bronté Nelson.

To Maurice Nelson, Esq.

THE IMPUDENT DICTATOR

Foudroyant, off Malta, 4th March.

. . . You will have heard that Buonaparte has had the impudence to ask a peace with England; which, of course, has been refused, unless it was a general one for all the world.

To Simon Lucas, Esq., Consul at Tripoli.

APOTHEGMS

March 11th, at Sea, off Malta.

. . . We have been so long in hopes of the speedy fall of Malta, and, consequently, of my Ships, the *William Tell*, and the *Diane* and *Justice* Frigates, that I doubt you will but little more than believe that I think we are nearer obtaining them than a year past, and then Captain Broughton had my promise of the *Justice*. Don't say I am selling the skin before I have killed the bear; but the bear shall be killed.

As to my health, I believe I am almost finished. Many things, (some) of which YOU have felt in your time, contribute towards it. I am now on my route to my friends at Palermo. I shall there rest quiet for two weeks, and then judge by my feelings whether I am *able* to serve well, and with comfort to myself. It is said the Combined fleet is coming this road, confiding it can escape as it did last year; but the pitcher never goes often to the well, but it comes home broke at last. They had better be d—d than come here, for Lord Keith owes them a grudge, which I trust, if that happens, I shall assist him in paying. Our dear friends, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, are as hospitable, as kind, and as good as ever, and you will join with me, they are nonpareils.

Bronté Nelson.

Acton is married to his niece, not fourteen years of age; so you hear it is never too late to do well. He is only sixty-seven.

To Admiral Goodall.

WE OF THE NILE

Palermo, March 20th.

. . . As yet it is too soon to form an opinion whether I ever can be cured of my complaint, which appears to me growing something like

Oakes's. At present, I see but glimmering hopes, and probably my career of service is at an end, unless the French fleet shall come into the Mediterranean, when nothing shall prevent my dying at my post. I hope, my dear friend, that your complaints are better. Pray do not fret at anything. I wish I never had, but my return to Syracuse in 1798, broke my heart, which on any extraordinary anxiety now shows itself, be that feeling *pain* or *pleasure*.

. . . great changes are going on, and none that I see for the better. I have not yet seen General Acton; but I am led to believe that the King's not returning to Naples has been entirely owing to the General. At present, perhaps he has so much frightened him, that the act appears his own. *We of the Nile* are not equal to Lord Keith in his estimation, and ought to think it an honour to serve under such a *clever* man.

Bronté Nelson.

To Commodore Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart.

HE DISAGREES WITH ROSALIND

Palermo, 20th March.

. . . more people, perhaps, die of broken hearts, than we are aware of.

To Vice-Admiral Lord Keith, K.B.

THE TITLE

21st March.

By my Patent of Creation, I find that my Family name of Nelson has been lengthened by the words, 'of the Nile'. Therefore, in future my signature will be,

'Bronté Nelson of the Nile'.

Given on board the *Foudroyant*, at Palermo, 21st March.
Memorandum from Order Book, to the respective Captains, etc.

COMMON SENSE

March 28th.

. . . For you to fret yourself to death, because you believe that all the world are not so honest as yourself, is useless—for you cannot reform it, were you an angel.

To Commodore Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart.

THE RUTHLESS NELSON

Palermo, March 30th.

. . . In my present situation in the King's fleet, I have only to obey; had I been, as before, in the command, I should have gone one short and direct road to avert this great evil—viz., to have sent a letter to the French, and the Grand Vizir, in Egypt, that I would not, on any consideration, permit a single Frenchman to leave Egypt; and I would do it at the risk of even creating a coldness, for the moment, with the

Turks. Of two evils, choose the least; and nothing can be so horrid as permitting that horde of thieves to return to Europe.

If all the wise heads had left them to God Almighty, after the bridge was broke, all would have ended well. For I differ entirely with my Commander-in-Chief, in wishing they were permitted to return to France; and, likewise, with Lord Elgin on the great importance of removing them from Egypt. No; there they should perish, has ever been the firm determination of your Excellency's most obedient and faithful servant,

Bronté Nelson of the Nile.

To Sir W. Hamilton.

Palermo, March 31st.

. . . I have no scruple in declaring that I should have refused to ratify any tacit approbation given by Sir S. Smith to such a treaty, and have positively refused permitting a French ship or French Man from sailing on the seas with security. The landing of these troops in Europe may be its destruction, not only as the most hardy troops in the world, but as bringing to a certainty the plague.

To Lord Elgin.

UNLESS——?

Palermo, April 4th.

My task is done, my health is finished, and, probably, my retreat for ever fixed, unless another French Fleet should be placed for me to look after.

To Evan Nepean, Esq., Admiralty.

“MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS”

Palermo, 5th April.

My dear Blackwood,

Is there a sympathy which ties men together in the bonds of friendship without having a personal knowledge of each other? If so, (and, I believe, it was so to you,) I was your friend and acquaintance before I saw you. Your conduct and character on the late glorious occasion stamps your fame beyond the reach of envy: it was like yourself—it was like the *Penelope*. Thanks; and say every thing kind for me to your brave Officers and men. When I receive any official letter on the subject, I shall notice your and their gallant services in the way they merit. Tell Captain Ormsby I have recommended him to Lord Keith, and hope it will answer his wishes. How fortunate he has been to be with you! It will give him, I am sure, the next step, and not interfere with Captain Long, or any other Master and Commander who might have been present. I shall see you very soon, either here or at Malta. But in every situation I am your sincere and attached friend,

Bronté Nelson of the Nile.

To Captain the Hon. Henry Blackwood, H.M.S. *Penelope*.

THE BETTER TITLE

Palermo, April 6th.

My dear Lord and Friend,

A ten times better title, and to me invaluable—I find *Lords* who are not my friends.

To the Right Honourable Lord Minto.

THE LION ROARS

Palermo, 7th April.

. . . It was my orders, in May 1798, to destroy the French Mediterranean fleet. By the happy capture of the *Généreux* and *William Tell*, (the last on the 30th March), thanks to the Almighty, and the bravery of the Officers and Men under my command, *all, all*, are taken, burnt, or sunk. Of the thirteen Sail of the Line, not one remains; and I trust that very soon the same may be told of their Army, who dared to land on the Territory of the Sublime Porte. Perish all the enemies of his Imperial Majesty the Grand Signior! Having completely obeyed my orders, with great injury to my health, I am going to England for the benefit of it; but should the Enemy (which I do not believe) dare to send another Fleet to menace the Dominions of his Imperial Majesty, I shall hold myself ready, if I am thought fit for such a service, to come forth, and be the instrument of God's vengeance on such miscreant infernal scoundrels.

To His Excellency the Caimakan Pacha.

THE PROUD FATHER

Palermo, 8th April.

My Lord,

I have the happiness to send you a copy of Captain Dixon's letter to Commodore Sir Thomas Troubridge, informing him of the capture of the *William Tell*; the circumstances attending this glorious finish to the whole French Mediterranean Fleet, are such as must ever reflect the highest honour to all concerned in it. The attention of the Commodore in placing Officers and Men to attend the movements of the French Ships, and the exactness with which his orders were executed, are a proof that the same vigour of mind remains, although the body, I am truly sorry to say, is almost worn away. Then came the alacrity of the *Vincejo*, Captain Long, and other Sloops of War; the gallantry and excellent management of Captain Blackwood of the *Penelope* frigate, who, by carrying away the Enemy's main and mizen topmasts, enabled the *Lion* to get up, when Captain Dixon showed the greatest courage and Officer-like conduct in placing his Ship on the Enemy's bow, as she had only 300 men on board, and the Enemy 1220. The conduct of these excellent Officers enabled Sir Edward Berry to place the *Foudroyant* where she ought, and is the fittest Ship in the world to be, close along-

side the *William Tell*—one of the largest and finest two decked Ships in the world—where he showed that matchless intrepidity and able conduct, as a Seaman and Officer, which I have often had the happiness to experience in many trying situations. I thank God I was not present, for it would finish me could I have taken a sprig of these brave men's laurels. they are, and I glory in them, my darling children, served in my school, and all of us caught our professional zeal and fire from the great and good Earl of St. Vincent.

To Vice Admiral Lord Keith, K.B.

Palermo, 8th April.

. . . Not for all the world would I rob any man of a sprig of laurel—much less my children of the *Foudroyant*! I love her as fond father, a darling child, and glory in her deeds.

To the Right Honourable Earl Spencer, K G.

April 8th.

. . . Assure all the *Foudroyants* of my sincere regard and affection for them. *They may depend upon me*, and do you believe that I am, as ever, your truly sincere and affectionate friend,

Bronté Nelson of the Nile.

To Captain Sir Edward Berry, H.M. Ship *Foudroyant*.

16th April.

My dear Sir,

How fortunate I did not permit you to quit the *Penelope*, to be a junior Lieutenant in the *Foudroyant*! You will now get your promotion in the pleasantest of all ways, by the gallant exertions of yourself and those brave friends who surrounded you on that glorious night. What a triumph for you—what a pleasure to me—what happiness to have the Nile Fleet all taken under my orders and regulations! Blackwood's coming to me at Malta, and my keeping him there, were something more than chance.

To Lieutenant Inglis, on board the *Guillaume Tell* at Syracuse.

Malta, 9th May.

My dear Sir,

Mr. Fox having, in the House of Commons, in February, made an accusation against somebody, for what he calls a breach of a treaty with Rebels, which had been entered into with a British Officer; and having used language unbecoming either the wisdom of a Senator, or the politeness of a Gentleman, or an Englishman, who ought ever to suppose that His Majesty's Officers would always act with honour and openness in all their transactions; and as the whole affairs of the Kingdom of Naples were, at the time alluded to, absolutely placed in my hands, it is I who am called upon to explain my conduct and therefore send you my Observations, on the infamous Armistice entered into by the Cardinal; and on his refusal to send in a joint declaration to

the French and Rebels, I sent in my Note, and on which the Rebels came out of the Castles, *as they ought*, and as I hope all those who are false to their King and Country will, *to be hanged*, or otherwise disposed of, as their Sovereign thought proper. The terms granted by Captain Foote of the *Seahorse*, at Casteldel-mare, were all strictly complied with, the Rebels having surrendered before my arrival. There has been nothing promised by a British Officer, that His Sicilian Majesty has not complied with, even in disobedience to his orders to the Cardinal. I am, &c.,

Bronté Nelson of the Nile.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

PRIZE MONEY

My dear Davison,

Malta, May 9th.

When I laid claim to my right of Prize-money, as Commanding Admiral of the Mediterranean Fleet, I had not an idea of Lord St. Vincent attempting to lay in any claim, for I have ever considered him as far from attempting, notwithstanding any law opinion, to take away my undoubted property. I am confident it will be given up, the moment you show his Lordship my manner of thinking respecting the Nile prize-money. . . . No Admiral ever yet received Prize-money, going for the benefit of his health from a Foreign station, and Lord St. Vincent was certainly not eligible to have given me any order till his return to this station; and so think the Board of Admiralty, by their directions to me of August 20th, and many subsequent ones, which would have passed through Lord St. Vincent, had they considered him eligible to give orders; but whether they did or not I could not have obeyed. I trust I shall hear no more of this business, which I blush to think should have been brought forward.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

HOMESICKNESS

My dear Lady Hamilton,

June 16. Seven o'clock.

What a difference—but it was to be—from your house to a boat! Fresh breeze of wind, the ship four or five leagues from the mole; getting on board into truly a hog-stye of a cabin, leaking like a sieve, consequently floating with water. What a change! Not a felucca near us. I saw them come out this morning, but they think there is too much wind and swell. Pray, do not keep the cutter; as I have not a thing, if anything important should arrive, to send you. Only think of Tyson's being left! May God bless you, my dear Lady; and believe me, ever, your truly affectionate and sincere friend,

Nelson.

Lady Hamilton—Put the candlestick on *my* writing-table.

To Lady Hamilton.

ETERNAL DISGRACE

Leghorn, 21st June.

. . . The shameful scandalous terms entered into with Buonaparte, must ever reflect disgrace on the Austrian arms, unless the signer and adviser are *shot*, for nothing can justify a General, at the head of 20,000 brave men for signing such a paper. *I am mad.*

To the Right Honourable Lord Minto, Vienna.

HE COMES HOME BY LAND

Yarmouth, November 6th.

Sir,

I beg you will acquaint their Lordships of my arrival here this day, and that my health being perfectly re-established, it is my wish to serve immediately; and I trust that my necessary journey by land from the Mediterranean will not be considered as a wish to be a moment out of active service. I have the honour to be, &c.,

Bronté Nelson of the Nile.

To Evan Nepean, Esq., Admiralty.

CAPTAIN LOCKER DIES

27th December.

My dear John,

From my heart do I condole with you on the great and irreparable loss we have all sustained in the death of your dear, worthy Father—a man whom to know was to love, and those who only heard of him honoured. The greatest consolation to us, his friends who remain, is, that he has left a character for honour and honesty which none can surpass, and very, very few attain.

To John Locker, Esq.

TO A RELATIVE

(Towards the end of the year).

My dear Suckling,

I deferred answering your truly interesting letter, till I could see a little into my affairs, and, on your account, I am sorry to say, that I find myself in debt to my Agents; however, I can find money's worth to pay them, and I hope to be able soon to advance you 300 *l.* As to getting a place, you must see I can neither do it for my father or brothers; but do you cheer up, and don't be cast down. Sensible men will not value you the less for not being at *this* moment rich; and you may, my dear Suckling, always rely on all the kindness in my power to show you, not only on your own account, but from my real affection to your dear good father, and believe me ever your affectionate,

Nelson.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Suckling.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1801

On 1st January Nelson is promoted to be Vice Admiral of the Blue.—During January he finally separates from Lady Nelson, acquitting her of all blame, and providing generously for her. His family remains friendly with her, and also with Lady Hamilton.—On 17th January he hoists his flag in the San Josef at Plymouth in the Channel Fleet.—At the end of the month his daughter Horatia is born. Elaborate precautions are taken to keep the secret, Nelson and Lady Hamilton writing to and of each other as Mr. and Mrs. Thomson or Thompson.—In February Nelson is placed under the command of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, and in the beginning of March sails with the Fleet for the Baltic as second in command.—On 2nd April he fights the Battle of Copenhagen. "Leave off action? Now damme if I do!" Then, putting the glass to his blind eye he says: "I really do not see the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!" Afterward the victory he owns: "I have fought contrary to orders and shall perhaps be hanged for it. Never mind! Let them!"—In the same month he signs an armistice with Denmark, and early in May is appointed Commander in Chief in the Baltic.—Created Viscount.—In June he resigns the command and returns to England, where he is appointed Commander in Chief of the squadron employed in the Channel to prevent an invasion.—Late in October he joins Sir William and Lady Hamilton at his country house, Merton.

AFTER THE BREACH

Southampton, 13th January.

My dear Fanny,

We are arrived, and heartily tired; and with kindest regards to my father and all the family, believe me your affectionate.

Nelson.

To Lady Nelson.

THE LEEWARDLY SHIP

Plymouth Dock, 17th January.

My dear Lord,

I was with Lord St. Vincent yesterday, when Sir Hyde Parker's letter arrived, announcing his appointment to the North Sea command. This naturally led to a confidential communication as to my views and present situation, and he gave me leave to tell you our conversation. Next to getting a command which I was a candidate for, whenever Lord Keith gave up his, of course my pleasure would have been to serve

under him, but that circumstances had so altered since my arrival, that it was almost certain I should go to the Baltic; and I related our communication on this subject. . . . He mentioned several other Ships, degrees below the *Formidable*, but entreated I would not go in the *Windsor Castle*; that she was such a leewardly Ship, that he knew she would break my heart; for that I should often be forced to anchor on a lee shore, and never could lead a Division in a narrow Sea, like the Baltic. Having related this conversation, I shall leave the subject, as far as relates to myself. It naturally enlarged on the best means of destroying the Danes, &c., &c., and I found him clearly of opinion that 10,000 troops ought to be embarked, to get at the Danish Arsenal. . . .

Having stated this conversation, I have only to add, what you, my dear Lord, are fully satisfied of, that the service of my King and Country is the object nearest my heart; and that a First-Rate, or Sloop of War, is a matter of perfect indifference to your most faithful and obliged

Nelson.

To the Right Honourable Earl Spencer, K.G.

SO BEST!

January 24th.

My dear Davison,

There are nonsensical reports here that you are going to buy a fine house for me. I do not believe Lady Nelson can have desired any such thing, for where am I to get the money? and if I had ever so much, I should not think of a house at this time. The best thing for Lady N., when she is in Town, is good lodgings: next to that, to hire a very small ready-furnished house. . . . I have frequent letters from the Earl, but not one word of the law-suit. *So best.* But we will not lessen our exertions to get justice, and I am sure his Agents are not less active in trying to deprive me of my right. My confidence is still in your kindness and friendship. I shall tell the exact time I shall sail for Torbay when I get my orders, and I hope to meet you there. I have a spare bed, and plenty of room in the *San Josef*; and no one will more rejoice to see you than your obliged and affectionate friend

Nelson and Brontë.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

BEFORE THE BIRTH OF HIS DAUGHTER

January 25th.

If you'll believe me, nothing can give me so much pleasure as your truly kind and friendly letters, and where friendship is of so strong a cast as ours, it is no easy matter to shake it—mine is as fixed as Mount Etna, and as warm in the inside as that mountain. The *Audacious*, Gould, will be paid off to-morrow, and he bears the talking of Miss Knight with good humour. . . . (Let her go to Briton or where she

pleases, I care not; she is a great fool, and, thank God! you are not the least bit like her. I delivered poor Mrs. Thomson's note; her friend is truly thankful for her kindness and your goodness. Who does not admire your benevolent heart. Poor man! he is very anxious, and begs you will, if she is not able, write a line just to comfort him. He appears to me to feel very much her situation; he is so agitated, and will be so for 2 or 3 days, that he says he cannot write, and that I must send his kind love and affectionate regards.) What dreadful weather we have got: a deep snow. I wish I was just setting off for Bronté. I should then be happy.

To Lady Hamilton.

PARTED FROM EMMA

January 26th.

When I consider that this day nine months was your birthday, and that although we had a gale of wind, yet I was happy, and sung *Come Cheer up Fair Emma, &c.* Even the thoughts compared with this day makes me melancholy, my heart somehow is sunk within me. I long to hear you are well (keep up your spirits, all will end well), the dearest of friends must part, and we only part, I trust, to meet again. (I own I wonder that Sir Wm should have a wish for the Prince of Wales to come under your roof; no good can come from it, but every harm. You are too beautiful not to have enemies, and even one visit will stamp you as his *chère amie*, and we know he is dotingly fond of such women as yourself, and is without one (spark?) of honour in those respects, and would leave you to bewail your folly. But, my dear friend, I know you too well not to be convinced you cannot be seduced by any prince in Europe. You are, in my opinion, the pattern of perfection.) . . .

I know nothing of my destination more than I did when in London, but the papers and reports of my being put in a bad ship which, although I can hardly credit, fills me with sorrow, which, joined to my private feelings, makes me this day ready to burst every moment into tears. I will try and write to the Duke to-morrow; this day I could not if millions lay in my way. Mrs. Thomson's friend is this moment come into my room. He desires me to thank you for your goodness to his friend. He appears almost as miserable as myself. He says you have always been kind to his dear Mrs. Thomson, and he hopes you will continue your goodness to her on this trying occasion. I have assured him of your innate worth and affectionate disposition, and believe, as ever, and for ever, your &c.

My best respects to Sir William, Mrs. Denis, &c., &c.

To Lady Hamilton.

US SAILORS

San Josef, Cawsand Bay, January 26th.

. . . If those of the 14th February are to be allowed the honour of

subscribing, I then think we ought to subscribe £500—a less sum would not be proper for such a body. Pray let me know the intended subscription, for we must take care not to say too much, or too little. The language must be plain, as if flowing from the heart of one of us Sailors who have fought with him. Whatever you arrange in this matter, I shall agree to.

To Sir Edward Berry.

COLLINGWOOD'S LEAVE IS CANCELLED

Tuesday (27th January).

My dear Friend,

I truly feel for you, and as much for dear Mrs. Collingwood. How sorry I am! For Heaven's sake do not think I had the gift of foresight; but something told me so it would be. Can't you contrive and stay to-night? it will be a comfort, if only to see your family one hour. Therefore had you not better stay on shore, and wait for her? Ever, my dear Collingwood, believe me, your affectionate and faithful friend,

Nelson and Brontë.

If they would have manned me, and sent me off, it would have been real pleasure to me. How cross are the fates!

To Rear-Admiral Collingwood.

ON SLACKNESS

Plymouth, January 28th.

My dear Lord,

As I should hope our Baltic trip could not last eight *weeks*, for we must either get at some of the Fleets before that time, or we shall be crippled, and not fit to seek new Enemies. If we succeed, and succeed we must, or shew strong reasons why we could not, the other Powers will think seriously of their situation. I find Lord Spencer will not hear of any Troops even for a sudden debarkation to storm a Battery, and as I am only an underling I have only to obey, and do my utmost to fulfil the wishes and expectations of my superiors. . . . As far as relates to Captain Hardy the Ship is ready, the Namur's all paid the advance and the Marines, and every woman out of the Ship; we can do no more, and I hope this post will produce orders to man us and to proceed to Torbay. The Marines, I believe, will want a very serious inspection, they have no strength and half of them cannot look over the poop hammocks; but more of this when we meet. I did not wish to begin a scene here; I should perhaps have been thought impertinent and troublesome, for, except in two or three Captains, I see such slackness that in the Mediterranean I have not been used to; and it requires a man of our friend Collingwood's firmness to keep some of them to their duty. . . . My eyes are from some cause within these two days got

much worse after noon, they are so much used that I can scarcely see any object; but for ever, my dear Lord, believe me your obliged and affectionate Friend.

Nelson and Brontë.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

ON ECONOMY

January 28th.

. . . I paid one shilling and ninepence postage, as your enclosures were above privilege. They should have been put in two covers.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

NELSON IS NEARLY BLIND

January 28th.

What a fool I was, my dear Lady Hamilton, to direct that your cheering letters should be directed for Brixham! I feel, this day, truly miserable, in not having them; and, I fear, they will not come till to-morrow's post. What a blockhead, to believe any person is so active as myself! . . . My eye is very bad. I have had the Physician of the Fleet to examine it. He has directed me not to write, (and yet I am forced this day to write Lord Spencer, St. Vincent, Davison, about my law-suit, Troubridge, Mr. Locker, &c., but you are the only female I write to;) not to eat anything but the most simple food; not to touch wine or porter; to sit in a dark room; to have green shades for my eyes—(will you, my dear friend, make me one or two?—nobody else shall;)—and to bathe them in cold water every hour. I fear, it is the writing has brought on this complaint. My eye is like blood; and the film so extended, that I only see from the corner farthest from my nose. What a fuss about my complaints!

To Lady Hamilton.

BUT NOT QUITE

January 30th.

My dear Lord,

If you believe these damned French Ships are escaped, let me offer myself a willing candidate to follow; the *San Josef* will do, nay, she shall do. Send me once more under your confidential orders, and believe me that I will again try and fulfill them. I dare not say more, only believe that my pride and pleasure would be to get at them.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

THE SHIP'S HUSBAND

San Josef, Torbay, February 2nd.

. . . If you make haste here, I can show you the finest Ship, and as well-ordered as any in Europe. I live entirely on board, and have spare

beds, &c., &c. . . . When I went to the Earl yesterday, you would have thought he would have overwhelmed me with civilities, nothing *equal* to me as an Officer. *I hope he says true*, but I will not spare him an inch in the point of law, and I only hope he will never open the subject. If he does, I am prepared with a broadside, as strong (and backed with justice) as any he can send.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

NELSON TO HIS ONLY LOVE

(February 3rd.)

Your good and dear friend, does not think it proper at present to write with his own hand (but he hopes the time may not be far distant when he may be united for ever to the object of his wishes, his only, *only* love. He swears before heaven that he will marry you as soon as it is possible, which he fervently prays may be soon). He charges me to say how dear you are to him, and that you must, every opportunity, kiss and bless for him his dear little girl, which he wishes to be called Emma, out of gratitude to our dear, good Lady Hamilton; but in either its from Lord N. he says, or Lady H., he leaves to your judgment and choice. I have given Lord N. a hundred pounds this morning, for which he will give Lady Hamilton an order on his agents; and I beg that you will distribute it amongst those who have been useful to you on the late occasion; and your friend, my dear Mrs. Thomson, may be sure of my care of him and his interest, which I consider as dearly as my own, and do you believe me ever, &c.

Lady Hamilton must desire at the back for it to be paid to the person who carries it.

To Lady Hamilton (with Superscription to Mrs. Thomson).

HORATIA

(February 5th.)

Your dear and excellent friend has desired me to say that it is not usual to christen children till they are a month or six weeks old; and as Lord Nelson will probably be in town, as well as myself, before we go to the Baltic, he proposes then, if you approve, to christen the child, and that myself and Lady Hamilton should be two of the sponsors. It can be christened at St. George's, Hanover Square; and, I believe, the parents being at the time out of the kingdom, if it is necessary, it can be stated born at Portsmouth or at sea. Its name will be Horatia, daughter of Johem and Morata Etnorb. If you read the surname backwards, and take the letters of the other names, it will make, very extraordinary, the names of your real and affectionate friends, Lady Hamilton and myself; but, my dear friend, consult Lady Hamilton. Your friend consults me, and I would not lead him wrong for the world; he has not

been very well: I believe he has fretted, but his spirit is too high to own it. But, my dear Madam, both him, you, and your little one, must always believe me your affectionate, &c.

The child, if you like it, can be named by any clergyman without its going to church.

To Lady Hamilton (with Superscription to 'Mrs. Thomson')

THE SECRET

San Josef, February 6th.

It blows a gale of wind, but which only affects me as it may deprive me of my dearest, most honored friend's letters. *Your letters are to me gazettes*, for as yet I have not fixed upon any, nor can they be half so interesting to my feelings, although you know I am not a little fond of a newspaper, and we have almost quarrelled for a first reading, and I trust the time will soon arrive when we shall have those *amicable squabbles again*. . . .

Noon. This moment has brought me your two kind letters. You may rely I shall not open my mouth on poor dear Mrs. Thomson's business to any creature on this earth. You and I should be very unworthy if we did any such thing, as all the secret of those two people rests solely in our bosoms. He desires me to say that he approves very much of the sum of money, and submits it to your *discretion if a small pension* should not be promised if the secret is well kept, but desires that nothing should be given under handwriting. He also desires you will now and then give the nurse an additional guinea. He thinks it might be better to omit xtening the child for the present, and even privately baptising it. The clergyman *would naturally* ask its parents' name which would put poor Mrs. T. in trouble or cause suspicion, but in all these matters he submits himself to your prudence and friendship. He will send you more money as Mrs. T. wants it, only let him know everything. He says, poor fellow, he would have given anything to have seen the child, especially in your charming company. To say the truth, this lad seems to love you not a little; but who does not; I am sure I do. . . .

Saturday noon. Mr. Davison came while I was at dinner yesterday and gave me your letters. He says you are grown thinner, but he thinks you look handsomer than ever. I know he is a very great admirer of yours. He says you told him to tell me not to send you any more advice about seeing compy, for that you are determined not to allow the world to say a word agt you, therefore I will not say a word; I rest confident in your conduct. (I was sure you would not go to Mrs. Walpole's, it is no better than a bawdy house.)

To Lady Hamilton.

ALL THAT IS DEAR TO US

San Josef, February 8th.

My dear Lady,

Mr. Davison demands the privilege of carrying back an answer to your kind letter; and, I am sure, he will be very punctual in the delivery. I am not in very good spirits; and, except that our Country demands all our services and abilities, to bring about an honourable Peace, nothing should prevent my being the bearer of my own letter. But, my dear friend, I know you are so true and loyal an Englishwoman, that you would hate those who would not stand forth in defence of our King, Laws, Religion, and all that is dear to us. It is your sex that make us go forth; and seem to tell us—'None but the brave deserve the fair!' and, if we fall, we still live in the hearts of those females, who are dear to us. It is your sex that rewards us; it is your sex who cherish our memories; and you, my dear, honoured friend, are, believe me, the *first*, the best of your sex. I have been the world around, and in every corner of it, and never yet saw your equal, or even one which could be put in comparison with you. You know how to reward virtue, honour, and courage; and never to ask if it is placed in a Prince, Duke, Lord, or Peasant.

To Lady Hamilton.

LOVE

(no date)

I may not be able to write to you to-morrow, but thou art present ever to my eyes. I see, hear, no one else. Parker sits next me to cut my meat when I want it done. May God send us a happy meeting. I am writing in a room full of interruption, therefore give me credit for my thoughts. You can guess them; they are, I trust, like your own.

To Lady Hamilton.

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR"

February 11th, 3 o'clock.

Well, my dear friend, I only wish you could read my heart, then, I am sure, you would not write, or even think a hard thing of me. Suppose I did say that the West-country women wore black stockings, what is it more than if you was to say what puppies all the present young men are? You cannot help your eyes, and God knows I cannot see much. Only *don't admire*, you may detest as much as you please. I am glad you have found out Mrs. Kelly is so handsome; in that case you will give me credit for never going to make her a visit, but, to say the truth, I think her quite the contrary; red hair, short, very fair, I believe, but her face beplastered with red.

Respecting Kingsmill's friend, I declare solemnly that I know not if is man or woman, and could never bear the smallest idea of taking her

out to the West Indies. It is now 17 years since I have seen her. I have no secrets, and never have had but one, only one, love in my life, and damn me, if I lose her, if ever I will have another. . . .

If you see Mrs. Thomson, say her friend has been a little fretted at her nonsense, but is better, as he is sure it can only proceed from her affection for him, but he desires me to beg of you to tell her never to harbour a doubt of his fidelity, for that will make him doubt her, and to spit in the face of any one who speaks disrespect of him. Give my godchild a kiss and blessing for me.

To Lady Hamilton.

HUMBLE OUR ENEMIES

12th February.

My Flag is on board the *St. George*, but my person, owing to the heavy sea, cannot be conveyed from the *St. Josef*. You may rely, my dear Lord, that all your directions and wishes, if I can guess them, shall be complied with. Now you are on the spot, I trust you will have full scope for giving your opinions, as to the most proper mode of humbling our Enemies. You will never, I think, recommend an ignominious peace: no, let us be conquered, and not submit tamely to the fetters of the French Republic, or a wild Monarch of the North. I am &c.

Nelson and Bronté.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

CONCERNING A BURNT LETTER

Friday night, 9 o'clock (February 14th).

I remember your story of that Mr. Hodges at Naples, how he used to get suppers at this place and the other and pay for them on purpose for your company, but I feel confident you will never admit him to any of your parties. As for the P. of W., I know his character, and my confidence is firm as a rock till you try to irritate me to say hard things, that you may have the pleasure of scolding me; but recollect it must remain 4 days before it can be made up, not, as before, in happy times, 4 minutes. Consider, my dear friend, what you ought to say if I did not fire at your scolding letters, and suppose me, if it is possible for a moment, answering your scolds with a joke. I know I should fire if I thought that of you, that you was indifferent; but firing like the devil, with vexation, anger, and retorting, can only proceed from conscious innocence. I defy the malice of anyone, and my mind is as pure as my actions. . . . (I had a letter from Mr. Davison to tell me he had delivered my letter—can you ever scold me again? Recollect the answer to this letter is to be marked No. 1, therefore turn over a new leaf. Only rest quiet, you know that everything is arraigned in my head for all circumstances. You ought to know that I have a head to plan

and an heart to execute whenever it is right and the time arrives. That person has her separate maintenance. Let us be happy, that is in our power. Do you know how I am amusing myself this evening? Troubridge is gone to bed, and I am alone with all your letters except the cruel one, that is burnt, and I have scratched out all the scolding words, and have read them 40 times over, and if you were to see how much better & prettier they read I am sure you would never write another scolding word to me. You would laugh to see my truly innocent amusement, therefore, again I entreat you never to scold me, for I have NEVER deserved it from you, you know.

To Lady Hamilton.

“DOUBT THOU THE STARS ARE FIRE”

San Josef, February 16th.

My dearest Friend,

Your letters have made me happy, to-day; and never again will I scold, unless you begin. . . .

I send you a few Lines, wrote in the late gale; which, I think, you will not disapprove.

How interesting your letters are! You cannot write too much, or be too particular.

. . . .

Deign to receive, though unadorn'd
By the poetic art,
The rude expressions which bespeak
A Sailor's untaught heart!

A heart *susceptible*, sincere, and true;
A heart, by fate, and nature, torn in two:
One half, to duty and his country due;
The other, *better half*, to love and you! . . .

And waves on waves shall cease to roll,
And tides forget to flow;
Ere thy true Henry's constant love,
Or ebb, or change, shall know.

The weather, thank God, is moderating. . . .
I must conclude with assuring you, that I am, for ever, your attached,
and unalterably yours.

Nelson & Bronté.

I shall begin a letter at night.

To Lady Hamilton.

WE MUST ALL PULL IN THE COLLAR

16th February.

. . . My sole object, and to which all my exertions and abilities tend, is to bring this long war to an honourable termination; to accomplish which, we must all pull in the collar, and, as we have got such a driver who will make the lazy ones pull as much as the willing, I doubt not but we shall get safely, speedily, and honourably to our journey's end. To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

HIS CHILD'S MOTHER

Monday night, 9 o'clock (February 17th).

My dearest friend,

I have read all your letters over and over. My brother has a bluntness and a want of fine feelings which we are not used to; but he means nothing. . . . Our friend Troubridge is to be a Lord of the Admiralty, and I have a sharp eye, and almost think I see it. No, poor fellow, I hope I do him injustice; he cannot surely forget my kindness to him. . . . I admire what you say of my godchild. If it is like its mother it will be very handsome, for I think her one, aye the most beautiful, woman of the age. Now do not be angry at my praising this dear child's mother, for I have heard people say she is very like you. My dear friend, you will, I hope, never receive any more cross letters, but always ought to be wrote by, my dear lady, your obliged, unaltered, attached and faithful, &c.

I would steal white bread sooner than my godchild should want. To Lady Hamilton.

JEALOUSY

San Josef, February 4th.

It blows so very hard that I doubt if it will be possible to get a boat on shore, either to receive or send letters, but if it moderates in time for the post of course mine shall go, and I hope from my heart to hear you are better, and it has made my head ache stooping so much, as I have been making memorandums for my will, and, having regularly signed it, if I was to die this moment I believe it would hold good. If I am not able to send it, as far as relates to you, this day, I will to-morrow. I have been obliged to be more particular than I would, as a wife can have nothing, and it might be taken from you by will or the heirs of your husband. If you disapprove of any part say so and I will alter it, but I think you must approve; I have done my best that you should. I shall now go to work and save a fortune. Say, shall I bequeath the £2000 owing me from Sir William for the same purpose. You must keep this letter till you receive a copy of my memo. What a pretty piece of history letting out the French squadron. I was laughed (at) by some wiseacres in power when I said, if I was a French Admiral

I would come out in spite of all the English fleet, as they kept close into Brest, and I would be outside of them before morning.

Your dear, kind letters of Monday are just come on board in a shore boat, and I shall try and get mine ashore, but it is barely possible. (Sir William should say to the Prince that, situated as you are, it would be highly improper for you to admit H.R.H. That the Prince should wish it I am not surprized at, and that he will attempt every means to get into your house and into any place where you may dine. Sir Wm. should speak out, and if the Prince is a man of honour he will quit the pursuit of you. I know his aim is to have you for his mistress. The thought so agitates me that I cannot write. I had wrote a few lines last night, but I am in tears, I cannot bear it. Tell Mrs. T. her friend is grateful for her goodness,) and with my kindest regards to Mrs. Jenkins and Horatia, and ever believe me your sincere faithful and affectionate, &c.

We drink your health every day. Believe me, your letter cannot be too long or too minute of all particulars. My mind is a little easier having perfect confidence. Make my respects to Sir Wm., the Duke and Lord Wm. Gordon.

(February 8th.)

Mr. Davison will deliver this letter and its enclosure. He is very good and kind to me, and perhaps I can never repay the great and heavy obligation I owe him; but if it pleases God that I should retire into the country, I should not want a carriage, for I can walk, and my affairs would soon arrange themselves. I do not think I ever was so miserable as this moment. I own I sometimes fear that you will not be so true to me as I am to you, yet I cannot, will not believe you can be false. No, I judge you by myself; I hope to be dead before that should happen, but it will not. Forgive me, Emma, oh, forgive your own dear, disinterested Nelson. Tell Davison how sensible I am of his goodness; he knows my attachment to you, and I suspect he admires you himself. I cannot express my feelings. May God send me happiness. I have a letter from Sir William; he speaks of the Regency as certain, and then probably he thinks you will sell better—horrid thought. Only believe me for ever your, &c.

San Josef, February (17th).

I am so agitated that I can write nothing. I knew it would be so, and you can't help it. Why did you not tell Sir William? Your character will be gone. Do not have him *en famille*, the more the better. Do not sit long at table. Good God! he will be next you, and telling you soft things. If he does, tell it out at table, and turn him out of the house. Do not sit long. If you sing a song, I know you cannot

help it, do not let him sit next you, but at dinner he will hob glasses with you. I cannot write to Sir Wm., but he ought to go to the Prince and not suffer your character to be ruined by him. Oh, God, that I was dead! But I do not, my dearest Emma, blame you, nor do I fear your inconstancy. I tremble, and God knows how I write. Can nothing be thought of? I am gone almost mad, but you cannot help it. It will be in all the newspapers with hints. Recollect what the villain said to Mr. Nisbet, *how you hit his fancy*. I am mad, almost dead, but ever for ever yours to the last moment, your, only your, &c.

I could not write another line if I was to be made king. If I was in town, nothing should make me dine with you that damned day, but, my dear Emma, I do not blame you, only remember your poor miserable friend, that you must be singing & appear gay. I shall that day have no one to dinner; it shall be a fast day to me. He will put his foot near you. I pity you from my soul, as I feel confident you wish him in hell. Have plenty of people, and do not (say) a word you can help to him. He wishes, I dare say, to have you alone. Don't let him touch, nor yet sitt next you; if he comes, get up. God strike him blind if he looks at you —this is high treason, and you may get me hanged by revealing it. Oh, God! that I were. I have read your letter, your resolution never to go where the fellow is, but you must have him at home. Oh, God! but you cannot, I suppose, help it, and you cannot turn him out of your own house. He will stay & sup and sitt up till 4 in the morning, & the fewer that stay the better. Oh, God! why do I live? But I do not blame you; it is my misfortune. I feel nobody uses me ill. I am only fit to be second, or third, or 4, or to black shoes. I want no better part than I have. I see your determination to be on your guard, and am as fixed as fate. If you'll believe me, don't scold me; I am more dead than alive, to the last breath yours. If you cannot get rid of this I hope you will tell Sir William never to bring the fellow again.

I send a note for Mrs. T.

Wednesday night. (February 18th.)

'Tis not that I believe you will do anything that injures me that I cannot help saying a few words on that fellow's dining with you, for you do not believe it is out of love for Sir William. No, you know the contrary, that his design is upon you. . . . What shall we say if a poor foolish woman had been so cajoled? I knew that he would visit you, and you could not help coming downstairs when the P. was there, and notwithstanding all your declarations never to meet him, to receive him, *and by his own invitation, en famille*. But his words are so charming that, I am told, no person can withstand them. If I had been worth 10 millions I would have betted every farthing that you would not have gone into the house knowing he was there, and if you did, which I

would not have believed, that you would have sent him a proper message by Sir William and sent him to hell. And, knowing your determined courage when you had got down, I would have laid my head upon the block with the axe uplifted and said strike, if Emma does not say to Sir William before the fellow, "My character cannot, shall not suffer by permitting him to visit." Oh! I wish I had been so placed then and there, then my head, my distracted head must have been off. Hush, hush, my poor heart, keep in my breast, be calm. Emma is true! But no one, not even Emma, could resist the serpent's flattering tongue, & knowing that Emma suits him, that even a stranger would not invite her to meet the fellow, what will they all SAY and think, that Emma is like other women, when I would have killed anybody who had said so, must now *hang* down my head and admit it. Forgive me. I know I am almost distracted, but I have still sense enough left to burn every word of yours. Therefore, if I should be worse, which is likely, I have not a paper. All your pictures are before me. What will Mrs. Denis say, and what will she sing—*Be Calm, be Gentle, the Wind has Changed?* Do you go to the Opera to-night? They tell me he sings well. I have eat nothing but a little rice and drank water; but forgive me, I know my Emma, and don't forget that you had once a Nelson, a friend, a dear friend, but, alas! he has his misfortunes. He has lost the best, his only friend, his only love. Don't forget him, poor fellow! he is honest. Oh! I could thunder and strike dead with my lightning. I dreamt it last night, my Emma. I am calmer; reason, I hope, will resume her place, please God. Tears have relieved me; you never will again receive the villain to rob me. But I will be calm and trust to Providence; but what will all the world say? Do modest women receive him? You nor I think so. May the heavens bless you! I am better. Only tell me you forgive me; don't scold me, indeed, I am not worth it, and am to my last breath yours. and, if not yours, no one's in this world. Ever yours, &c.

You cannot now help the villain's dining with you. Get rid of it as well as you can. Do not let him come downstairs with you or hand you up.

If you do, tell me, & then.

St. George, February 19th.

... Did you sit alone with the villain for a moment? *No, I will not believe it!* Oh, God! oh, God! keep my senses. Do not let the rascal in.

St. George, Thursday night (February 19th).

... How Sir William can associate with a person of a character so diametrically opposite to his own, but I do not choose, as this letter goes through many hands, to enter more at large on this subject. I glory in your conduct and in your inestimable friendship, and good Sir

William, when he reflects, must admire your virtuous & proper conduct. I wish you were my sister, that I might instantly give you half my fortune for your glorious conduct. Be firm! Your cause is that of honour against infamy. May the Heavens bless you, and let no consideration suffer you to alter your virtuous and sensible resolution. Pardon all this from an old and interested friend. . . . Your letters are just come. Heavens bless you! Do not let the villain into your house. Dine out on Sunday. Sir William will find out the Prince does not come to dine with him.

(No date.)

I gave your letter to your friend, who is much pleased with your resolution. He says he feels confident of your conduct, and begs you will follow the admirable conduct of our dear Lady Hamilton, who will send the Prince to the devil. He again begs me to be his bondsman, and that he will marry you the moment your uncle dies or it comes a peace, and he desires his blessing to his child, and you will forgive my desiring you to kiss it for me. Your friend has not been very well, but hopes to be better very soon. Ever believe me, your & his sincere friend.

(With superscription "Mrs. Thompson, to the care of Lady Hamilton.")

St. George, Spithead, February 22nd.

Noon.—On board again; have received your truly comforting letters. In doing what I wish, you win my heart for ever. I am all soul and sensibility; a fine thread will lead me, but with my life I would resist a cable from dragging me.

March 1st, 8 o'clock mornng.

Fearing that it may not be possible to get a boat on shore in the afternoon, as it has the appearance of blowing hard, I send this line to apprise you of it, that no little ruffle might take place in your dear, good, and exalted mind; only, always rely that I will never omit an opportunity of writing; therefore, if at any time vessels should come from the fleet without letters, you may be sure that it is unknown to me, which may happen from my being detached; but I hope not from the same cause at Lord Keith's—not telling me. (I have read over twenty times your dear kind letters, and, although I must naturally be happy that your affection is such as you describe, and so exactly a counterpart of my own feelings, yet) I must beg that my friend will not be sick, or grieve too much for a temporary, but unavoidable, absence of a few weeks, (and if we were both differently circumstanced, that should not be—no, not for an hour). But recollect, all my exertions

are to bring about a peace. (No, I am sure you will not go anywhere but where it is right, and never to suffer that fellow to enter your house.)
To Lady Hamilton.

HE UNLOCKS HIS HEART

St. George, Friday Night, Nine o'clock. (March).

. . . I have read all, all, your kind and affectionate letters: and have read frequently over: and committed them to the flames, much against my inclinations. There was one I rejoiced not to have read at the time. It was where you consented to dine and sing with . . . Thank God, it was not so! I could not have borne it; and, now, less than ever. But, I now know, he never can dine with you; for, you would go out of the house sooner than suffer it: and, as to letting him hear you sing, I only hope he will be struck deaf, and you dumb, sooner than such a thing should happen! But, I know, it never now can. . . .

It was, in truth, a love-begotten child! . . .

Eleven o'clock.

I charge my only friend to keep well, and think of her Nelson's glory.
To Lady Hamilton.

THERE SHALL BE MUSIC

St. George, February 20th.

. . . Before we go to the North, I shall have to request either public or private leave for three days, to settle some very important matters for myself. Whether the service will admit of that absence on my arrival at Portsmouth, or at a more convenient time during my stay, you must, my dear Lord, be the best judge; and believe me ever your obliged and affectionate,

Nelson and Bronté.

If your Lordship do not take your Musicians on shore, I should be very happy to have ten or twelve of them, and will with pleasure pay them the same as you do. There are twenty-six, Grey tells me, on board.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

TILL DEATH

(March).

. . . Keep me alive, in your and Sir William's remembrance. My last thoughts will be with you both, for you love and esteem me. I judge your hearts by my own. May the Great God of Heaven protect and bless you and him! is the fervent prayer of your and Sir William's unalterable friend, till death,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Lady Hamilton.

ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN

March 1st, 9 o'clock.

Now, my own dear wife, for such you are in my eyes and in the face of heaven, I can give full scope to my feelings, for I daresay Oliver will faithfully deliver this letter. You know, my dearest Emma, that there is nothing in this world that I would not do for us to live together, and to have our dear little child with us. (I firmly believe that this campaign will give us peace, and then we will set off for Bronté. In twelve hours we shall be across the water and freed from all the nonsense of his friends, or rather pretended ones. . . . I love, I never did love any one else. I never had a dear pledge of love till you gave me one, and you, thank my God, never gave one to any body else. I think before March is out you will either see us back, or so victorious that we shall insure a glorious issue to our toils. Think what my Emma will feel at seeing return safe, perhaps with a little more fame, her own dear loving Nelson. Never, if I can help it, will I dine out of my ship, or go on shore, except duty calls me. Let Sir Hyde have any glory he can catch—I envy him not. You, my beloved Emma, and my country, are the two dearest objects of my fond heart—a *heart susceptible and true*. Only place confidence in me and you never shall be disappointed. I burn all your dear letters, because it is right for your sake, and I wish you would burn all mine—they can do no good, and will do us both harm if any seizure of them, or the dropping even one of them, would fill the mouths of the world sooner than we intend.

To Lady Hamilton.

NELSON ON NERVES

1st March.

. . . Time, my dear Lord, is our best Ally, and I hope we shall not give her up, as all our Allies have given us up. Our friend here is a little nervous about dark nights and fields of ice, but we must brace up; these are not times for nervous systems. I want Peace, which is only to be had through, I trust, our still invincible Navy.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

"THE FRIENDS THOU HAST——"

St. George, March 4th.

Do try and persuade Sir Willm to come with you & make me a visit, the change of air will do you good and I will try and make it pleasant to you both. We will have none but sailors near us. Tyler's ship has been foolishly ashore all night, but she is afloat again. Do, pray, for charity's sake, come and see your old and attached friend.

P.S.—Just getting under sail, shall be at Yarmouth, I hope, to-morrow night.

To Lady Hamilton.

THE LAST LETTER TO FANNY

St. George, March 4th.

Josiah is to have another ship, and to go abroad, if the *Thalia*, cannot soon be got ready. I have done *all* for him, and he may again, as he has often done before, wish me to break my neck, and be abetted in it by his friends, who are likewise my enemies; but I have done my duty as an honest, generous man, and I neither want or wish for any body to care what becomes of me, whether I return, or am left in the Baltic. Living, I have done all in my power for you, and if dead, you will find I have done the same; therefore my only wish is, to be left to myself: and wishing you every happiness, believe that I am, your affectionate, &c.

To Lady Nelson.

GOOD NIGHT, MY OWN

St. George, at Sea, March 6th.

Half past eight.—Just anchored in the sea, thick as mud. (I am really miserable; I look at all your pictures, at your dear hair, I am ready to cry, my heart is so full. Then I think you may see that fellow. I should never forgive it. It would go near to kill me; but I never will believe it till I know it for certain.)

10 o'clock, March 6th, at night.

... I worship—nay, adore you, and if you was single and I found you under a hedge, I would instantly marry you. Sir Wm. has a treasure and does he want to throw it away?

(March 9th.)

... Good night, I am more dead than alive, but all your's till death—no, the thought of Horatia cheers me up. We will yet be happy. My God! my God! look down and bless us; we will pray to thee for help & comfort, and to make our situation more happy. Good night, my own. To Lady Hamilton.

THE DOMINION OF THE SEAS

St. George, Yarmouth, March 9th.

My dear Berry,

Last night I received your letter directed to Lothian's hotel. Why won't you come here for a day, and look at us? As to the plan for pointing a gun truer than we do at present, if the person comes I shall of course look at it, and be happy, if necessary to use it; but, I hope, we shall be able as usual to get so close to our enemies that our shot cannot miss their object, and that we shall again give our Northern

Enemies that hail-storm of bullets which is so emphatically described in the Naval Chronicle, and which gives our dear Country the Dominion of the Seas. We have it, and all the Devils in Hell cannot take it from us, if our Wooden walls have fair play. With my best respects to Doctor Forster and all my friends at Norwich, believe me ever, my dear Berry, your faithful and affectionate,

Nelson and Brontë.

To Captain Sir Edward Berry.

OPPOSING FORCES

St. George, March 10th.

. . . I suppose I shall lose my cause against Lord St. Vincent, I have only *justice, honour and the custom of the service* on my side; he has *partiality, power, money, and rascality* on his, but we are good friends, and I have the highest opinion of his naval ability. You know, my dear Emma, that I would not detract from the merit of my greatest enemies. No, I am above that. You will have Mrs. Nelson with you. She will be company, and the little woman's tongue never lays still—she is a cheerful companion. You cannot write me too much or too particularly (tell me everything, even your thoughts and feelings).

To Lady Hamilton.

NELSON DISAPPROVES

Latitude 57°N., 16th March.

. . . I have not yet seen my Commander-in-Chief, and have had no official communication whatever. All I have gathered of our first plans, I disapprove most exceedingly; honour may arise from them, good cannot. I hear we are likely to anchor outside Cronenburg Castle, instead of Copenhagen, which would give weight to our negotiation: a Danish Minister would think twice before he would put his name to war with England, when the next moment he would probably see his Master's Fleet in flames, and his Capital in ruins; but 'out of sight out of mind,' is an old saying. The Dane should see our Flag waving every moment he lifted up his head.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

NELSON WILL BE THERE

St. George, off the Scaw, March 19th.

. . . I hope to be in England before the trial, and I will be in London; for much argument may be brought forward to meet the injustice of the claim and the ruin of the spirit of pecuniary reward held out to all ranks for the successful execution of their orders, and for the exertion of the *mind* of a Commander-in-Chief. But when I can turn my mind to the dirty consideration of money, I will write some hints for the law gentlemen.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

NELSON SUPPOSES—

24th March.

My dear Sir Hyde,

The conversation we had yesterday has naturally, from its importance, been the subject of my thoughts, and the more I have reflected, the more I am confirmed in opinion, that not a moment should be lost in attacking the Enemy: they will every day and hour be stronger; we never shall be so good a match for them as at this moment. The only consideration in my mind is, how to get at them with the least risk to our Ships. By Mr. Vansittart's account, the Danes have taken every means in their power to prevent our getting to attack Copenhagen by the Passage of the Sound. Cronenburg has been strengthened, the Crown Islands fortified, on the outermost of which are twenty guns pointing mostly downwards, and only eight hundred yards from very formidable batteries placed under the Citadel, supported by five Sail of the Line, seven Floating batteries of fifty guns each, besides Small-craft, Gun-boats, &c., &c; and that the Revel Squadron of twelve or fourteen Sail of the Line are soon expected, as also five Sail of Swedes. . . . By Mr. Vansittart's account, their state of preparation exceeds what he conceives our Government thought possible, and that the Danish Government is hostile to us in the greatest possible degree. Therefore here you are, with almost the safety, certainly with the honour of England more intrusted to you, than ever yet fell to the lot of any British Officer. On your decision depends, whether our Country shall be degraded in the eyes of Europe, or whether she shall rear her head higher than ever: again do I repeat, never did our Country depend so much on the success on any Fleet as on this. How best to honour our Country and abate the pride of her Enemies, by defeating their schemes, must be the subject of your deepest consideration as Commander-in-Chief; and if what I have to offer can be the least useful in forming your decision, you are most heartily welcome.

I shall begin with supposing you are determined to enter by the Passage of the Sound, as there are those who think, if you leave that Passage open, that the Danish Fleet may sail from Copenhagen, and join the Dutch or French. . . . You are now about Cronenburg: if the wind be fair, and you determine to attack the Ships and Crown Islands, you must expect the natural issue of such a battle—ships crippled, and perhaps one or two lost; for the wind which carries you in, will most probably not bring out a crippled Ship. This mode I call taking the bull by the horns. It, however, will not prevent the Revel Ships or Swedes, from joining the Danes; and to prevent this from taking effect, is, in my humble opinion, a measure absolutely necessary—and still to attack Copenhagen. . . . Supposing us through the Belt with the wind first westerly, would it not be possible to either go with the Fleet, or detach ten Ships of three and two decks, with one Bomb and

two Fire-Ships, to Revel, to destroy the Russian Squadron at that place? I do not see the great risk of such a detachment, and with the remainder to attempt the business at Copenhagen. The measure may be thought bold, but I am of opinion the boldest measures are the safest; and our Country demands a most vigorous exertion of her force, directed with judgement.

To Admiral Sir Hyde Parker.

STRIKE QUICK, AND HOME!

(March.)

My dear Sir,

Troubridge tells me you will have the goodness to give or lend me a set of Charts of the Baltic. I only now long to be gone; time is precious, and every hour makes more resistance; strike quick, and home, and may we soon return victorious, is the fervent wish and shall be the hearty exertion of your faithful and obliged

Nelson and Bronté.

To Sir Evan Nepean, Bart., Admiralty.

WHAT SAY THEY?

28th March.

My dear Bertie,

I thank you for your truly kind note, and am very sorry that anything should have caused you a moment's uneasiness. Fremantle and Stewart are perfect good friends. I will talk to your Pilot; but I do not much mind what they say. Our Ships will ride anywhere, and the wind which makes a sea will send us to our destination. Last night the Governor of Cronenburg had *no* orders to fire on us; but the Devil trust them—I will not. Wishing you, with myself, every success, in all our undertakings, believe me ever, my dear Bertie, your faithful and affectionate friend,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Captain Thomas Bertie, H.M. Ship *Ardent*.

STANDING NO NONSENSE

St. George, 3 a.m. (3rd April).

My dear Sir Hyde,

One of the Ships which struck during yesterday's Battle, was by some oversight not taken possession of. I directed Lord Henry Paulet, late last night, to do so. His Boats, I find, were fired at, and not allowed to come alongside, saying they had not surrendered, as their Pendant was still flying. This is a most disgraceful subterfuge, as this Ship had ceased firing, on hauling down her Colours. I think you had better demand her in a peremptory manner; and I recommend your sending Otway for that purpose. In much haste, sincerely yours,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, Bart., Commander-in-Chief.

AN INTERVIEW

St. George, Copenhagen Roads, April 4th.

My dear Sir,

It was by your own desire that I trouble you with a letter, after having tried the contest afloat with Denmark. I shall not trouble you with a history of battles. Suffice it to say, as far as we could, we have, by the blessing of God been completely victorious. . . . I own I do not build much hopes on the success of negotiation as it appears clearly to me that Denmark would at this moment renounce all her alliances to be friends with us, if fear was not the preponderating consideration. Sir Hyde Parker thought that probably some good might arise, if I went on shore to converse with his Royal Highness; I therefore went yesterday noon, dined in the Palace, and, after dinner, had a conversation of two hours alone with the prince, (that is, no Minister was present,) only his Ad'utant-General, Lindholm, was in the room.

His Royal Highness began the conversation by saying how happy he was to see me, and thanked me for my humanity to the wounded Danes. I then said it was to me, and would be the greatest affliction to every man in England, from the King to the lowest person, to think that Denmark had fired on the British Flag, and became leagued with her Enemies. His Royal Highness stopped me by saying, that Admiral Parker had declared war against Denmark. This I denied, and requested his Royal Highness to send for the papers, and he would find the direct contrary, and that it was the furthest from the thoughts of the British Admiral. I then asked if his Royal Highness would permit me to speak my mind freely on the present situation of Denmark, to which he having acquiesced, I stated to him the sensation which was caused in England by such an unnatural alliance with, at the present moment, the furious enemy of England. His answer was, that when he made the alliance, it was for the protection of their trade, and that Denmark would never be the enemy of England. . . . He then said, 'Pray answer me a question; for what is the British Fleet come into the Baltic?' My answer—'To crush a most formidable and unprovoked Coalition against Great Britain.' He then went on to say that his Uncle had been deceived; that it was a misunderstanding, and that nothing should ever make him take a part against Great Britain; for that it could not be his interest to see us crushed, nor, he trusted, ours to see him: to which I acquiesced. . . .

He said repeatedly, 'I have offered to-day, and do offer my mediation between Great Britain and Russia.' My answer was, 'A mediator must be at peace with both parties. You must settle your matter with Great Britain. At present you are leagued with our Enemies, and are considered naturally as part of the effective force to fight us.' Talking much on this subject, his Royal Highness said, 'What must I do to make myself equal?' Answer—'Sign an Alliance with Great Britain, and join

your Fleet to ours.' His Royal Highness—'Then Russia will go to war with us; and my desire, as a commercial Nation, is to be at peace with all the world.' . . . He then said, 'I am sure my intentions are very much misunderstood'; to which I replied, that Sir Hyde Parker had authorised me to say that, upon certain conditions his Royal Highness might have an opportunity of explaining his sentiments at the Court of London—'I am not authorized to say on what conditions exactly.' Question—'But what do you think?' Answer—'First, a free entry of the British Fleet into Copenhagen, and the free use of everything we may want from it.' Before I could get on, he replied quick, 'That you shall have with pleasure.' . . . His Royal Highness then desired me to repeat what I had said, which having done, he thanked me for my open conversation; and I having made an apology if I had said anything which he might think too strong, his Royal Highness very handsomely did the same, and we parted; he saying that he hoped we would cease from hostilities to-morrow, as on such an important occasion he must call a Council. My reception was such as I have always found it—far beyond my deserts.

To the Right Honourable Henry Addington.

ON ALARM AND DESPONDENCY

St. George, Copenhagen Roads, 8th April.

Sir,

Most assuredly you did perfectly right in reporting to me (if your assistance was of no use) the *Bellona* and *Russel* being aground, in order that I might direct the necessary measures for getting them afloat. But as the transaction had slipped my memory until reminded of it by you, I must now say, that I think, at such a moment, the delivery of anything like a desponding opinion, unasked, was highly reprehensible, and deserved much more censure than Captain Foley (I suppose was the person you allude to) gave you.

To Lieutenant . . . *Warrior*.

TOTAL VICTORY

St. George, Copenhagen Roads, April 9th.

My dear Sir Brooke,

I am well; the Battle was, I must allow, hard fought, but our success was complete. Of the eighteen Vessels of all descriptions, seventeen are sunk, burnt, and taken. I ought to be ashamed, after such a neglect of your kind letter, of writing so short a one, but time is not mine: therefore, forgive me! I but wish to finish Paul, and then retire for ever. Believe me, your most obliged.

Nelson and Bronté.

To Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart.

THE NEW JOB

St. George, April 9th.

My dear Sir,

A negotiator is certainly out of my line, but being thrown into it, I have endeavoured to acquit myself as well as I was able, and in such a manner as I hope will not entirely merit your disapprobation. If it unfortunately does, I have only to request that I may now be permitted to retire, which my state of health, and inconvenience from the loss of my limb has long rendered necessary. I trust you will take into consideration all the circumstances which have presented themselves to my view. 1st. We had beat the Danes. 2nd. We wish to make them feel that we are their real friends, therefore have spared their Town, which we can always set on fire; and I do not think, if we burnt Copenhagen it would have the effect of attaching them to us; on the contrary, they would hate us. . . .

I have the pleasure to tell you that Count Bernstoff was too ill to make me a visit yesterday. I had sent him a message to leave off his Ministerial duplicity, and to recollect he had now British Admirals to deal with, who came with their hearts in their hands. I hate the fellow.

Colonel Stewart, a very fine gallant man, will give you every information.

To the Right Honourable Henry Addington.

INJUSTICE

April 15th.

My dear Friend,

For once I am left behind, and without guns, and as the wind is come contrary, I do not expect we shall ever pass the Grounds; for from what I hear, I think we shall have peace in the North; and be ordered home, which God grant. You can gather from Nepean, or Troubridge, or the Earl, whether my leave is coming out; for here *I neither can or will stay*. My health is ruined by fretting, and I will not kill myself to do the work of any Commander-in-Chief. I send home the Lawyer's opinion. Justice is all I want. My Commanders-in-Chief run away with all the money I fight for: so let them. I am content with the honour: there they cannot get a scrap. But damn me if I suffer any man to swindle me out of my property, whilst he is at his ease in England. May God bless you!

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

MORE INJUSTICE

St. George, April 22nd.

. . . The *Zealand 74*, as large and full as fine a Ship as the *Sans-pareil*, because she was a little cut with shot, was by the rascals of carpenters condemned,—the Carpenter of the *London* at the head of them.

They had the impudence to report her an old Ship, when she was only seven years from the stocks. The *Infordestein*, of 64 guns, never was at sea, and was desired to be sunk, which she soon was, as no person stopped her shot-holes. In short, the wanton waste which had been made of our Prizes, which, God knows, we fought hard to get, has been hard upon the captors. Admirals, &c., may be rewarded, but if you destroy the Prizes, what have poor Lieutenants, Warrant-Officers, and the Inferior Officers and men to look to? Nothing! What their gracious King gives them, a Commander-in-Chief may take from them. I by no means wish to prevent Commanders-in-Chief from destroying all Prizes; but in certain cases, I think, the Country is bound in honour to make it up to the brave fellows who have fought for her; and if ever a case called for consideration of the Country, surely this is the most prominent. I shall talk more on this, and many other subjects.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

HE CONFUTES A LIAR

St. George, at Sea, 22nd April.

My dear Sir,

Commodore Fischer having, in a Public letter, given an account to the world of the Battle of the 2nd, and called upon his Royal Highness as a witness to the truth of it, I therefore think it right to address myself to you, for the information of His Royal Highness, as, I assure you, had this Officer confined himself to his own veracity, I should have treated his Official letter with the contempt it deserved, and allowed the world to appreciate the merits of the two contending Officers. . . . In his letter he states that, after he quitted the *Dannebrog*, she long contested the battle. If so, more shame for him to quit so many brave fellows. *Here* was no manœuvring: *it was* downright fighting, and it was his duty to have shown an example of firmness becoming the high trust reposed in him. He went in such a hurry, if he went before she struck, which but for his own declaration I can hardly believe, that he forgot to take his Broad Pendant with him; for both Pendant and Ensign were struck together, and it is from this circumstance that I claimed the Commodore as a prisoner of war. He then went, as he said, on board the *Holstein*, the brave captain of which did not want him, where he did not hoist his Pendant. From this Ship he went on shore, either before or after she struck, or he would have been again a prisoner. As to his nonsense about Victory, his Royal Highness will not much credit him. I sunk, burnt, captured, or drove into the harbour the whole Line of Defence to the southward of the Crown Islands. . . .

He states, that the Ship in which I had the honour to hoist my Flag fired latterly only single guns. It is true for steady and cool were my brave fellows, and did not wish to throw away a single shot. He seems

to exult that I sent on shore a Flag of Truce. Men of his description, if they ever are victorious, know not the feeling of humanity. You know, and his Royal Highness knows, that the guns fired from the shore could only fire through the Danish Ships, which had surrendered, and that if I fired at the shore it could only be in the same manner. God forbid I should destroy a non-resisting Dane! When they became prisoners, I became their protector. Humanity alone could have been my object, but Mr. Fischer's carcass was safe, and he regarded not the sacred call of humanity. His Royal Highness thought as I did. It has brought about an Armistice, which I pray the Almighty may bring about a happy reconciliation between the two kingdoms.

To General-Adjutant Lindholm.

THE END OF A CHAPTER

St. George, April 23rd.

My dear Davison,

You will, at a proper time, and before my arrival in England, signify to Lady N. that I expect, and for which I have made such a very liberal allowance to her, to be left to myself, and without any inquiries from her; for sooner than live the unhappy life I did when last I came to England, I would stay abroad for ever. My mind is fixed as fate: therefore you will send my determination in any way you may judge proper; and believe me ever your obliged and faithful friend,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

NELSON ON NELSON

2 o'clock. (May 5th.)

. . . I am like the rock of Gibraltar.

To Lady Hamilton.

HUMANITY

(May 8th.)

. . . As both my friends and enemies seem not to know why I sent on shore a Flag of Truce—the former, many of them, thought it was a *ruse de guerre*, and not quite justifiable; the latter, I believe, attributed it to a desire to have no more fighting, and few, very few, to the cause that I felt, and which I trust in God I shall retain to the last moment, *humanity*. I know it must to the world be proved, and therefore I will suppose you all the world to me. First, no Ship was on shore near the Crown batteries, or anywhere else, within reach of any shore, when my Flag of Truce went on shore. The Crown batteries, and the batteries on Armak and in the Dockyard, were firing at us, on half their shot necessarily striking the Ships who had surrendered, and our fire did the same, and worse, for the surrendered Ships had

four of them got close together, and it was a massacre. This caused my Note. It was a sight which no real man could have enjoyed. I felt when the Danes became my prisoners, I became their protector; and if that had not been a sufficient reason, the moment of a complete victory was surely the proper time to make an opening with the Nation we had been fighting with.

. . . Besides, to say the truth, I look upon the Northern League to be like a tree, of which Paul was the trunk, and Sweden and Denmark the branches. If I can get at the trunk and hew it down, the branches fall of course; but I may lop the branches, and yet not be able to fell the tree, and my power must be weaker when its greatest strength is required. To the Right Honourable Henry Addington.

THE DISPUTED PRIZE MONEY

St. George, off Otkensholm Light-house,

My dear Davison,

Gulf of Finland, May 12th.

. . . If justice is fled from our Island, it is useless to torment either myself or you on a business which must long ago be decided, (I mean before you read this letter). If it is given against me, I have only to lament that the hand of power has robbed me; for I cannot doubt but if I could have appeared before a Jury, and told truth, that the Earl's cause would not have held water. But never mind, I hope another Admiral is on his way to supersede me; for why am I to be kept here to die a natural death? I did not bargain for that when I came to the Baltic. It is now sixteen days that I have not been able to get out of my cabin. . . .

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

DEPENDANTS

St. George, Bay of Rostock, (May 26th).

. . . I am sure you will comfort poor blind Mrs. Nelson. Whatever you do I will confirm; and there is an old black servant, James Price, as good a man as ever lived, he shall be taken care of, and have a corner in my house as long as he lives. My uncle left him £20 a-year. . . . To Lady Hamilton.

PROFITEERS

St. George, Rostock Bay, 26th May.

. . . I have reason to believe, that a combination has been entered into against us, to make us pay nearly double the market-price for both beef and bread; but offers are to come off this morning, and I am fixed not to give more than five pence a pound for beef, and thirty shillings a hundred weight for bread, unless by order from the Admiralty. I suspect the combination has reached Dantzic. What a set of villains, if it is so!

St. George, Bay of Rostock, May 29th.

This morning, the *Ganges*, *London*, and *Hyæna*, sail for Dantzic; for I find that supplies of bread, flour, cheese, and beef, can be procured for very near half the price which they can be purchased for at Rostock, for a most wicked combination is entered into against us; but I shall match them by buying scarcely anything.

To Rear-Admiral Totty.

“DOST KNOW THIS WATERFLY?”

St. George, June 1st, 8 a.m.

My dearest, best, amiable friend,—I have been annoyed to death for an hour this day. The Duke of Mecklenburgh, with his whole Court, men, women, and children, to the amount of 100, I am told, came on board at 2 o'clock, but I got rid of them before three. He is a respectable, venerable man, made 10,000 apologies for the liberty he had taken in bringing so many persons, for he knew that I had forbid it; to which I could only reply that *he commanded*; and having given him two salutes of the whole fleet of 21 guns each, he went off quite happy.

To Lady Hamilton.

HE DEALS WITH DEFIANCE

St. George, June 2nd.

Sir,

I have just heard that the Governor of the Island of Bornholm has prevented vegetables and other articles from being sold to the crews of his Majesty's Ships, in direct defiance of the Armistice between the Commander-in-Chief of the British Fleet and the Court of Denmark. I therefore send you an authenticated copy of the fourth Article of the Treaty, which, if the report is true, I desire that you will send on shore to the Governor, and demand his compliance therewith. . . . And you will prevent, until he complies with the Treaty, all Vessels from leaving the Island.

To Rear-Admiral Totty.

THE FLEET IS KIND TO HIM

St. George, Kioge Bay, June 4th.

. . . As I know you have always been kind to me, I know you will be sorry to hear that I have been even at *Death's* door, apparently in a consumption. I am now rallied a little, but the disorder is in itself so flattering that I know not whether I am really better, and no one will tell me, but all in the Fleet are so truly kind to me, that I should be a wretch not to *cheer up*. Foley has put me under a regimen of milk, at four in the morning; Murray has given me lozenges, and all have proved their desire to keep my mind easy, for I

hear of no complaints, or other wishes than to have me with them.
To Alexander John Ball, Esq., Commissioner of His Majesty's Navy,
Gibraltar.

WISHFUL THINKING

St. George, Kioge Bay, June 9th.

. . . Buonaparte's power exists by war, and as France must in time be tired of it, I think his life will be cut short.

To Hercules Ross, Esq.

HE DISCOVERS THAT HE IS LOVED

St. George, Kioge Bay, June 11th.

My dear Davison,

Why have I been kept here, when, for anything which could be known, I ought long since to have been dead? unless, indeed, the Admiralty thought I had as many lives as a cat; or was it a matter of indifference to them whether I lived or died? But that great and good Being, who has so often taken care of me, has still protected me, and I am recovered, contrary, I am sure, to the expectation of myself, and every one in this Fleet; and, within these last four days, am got stronger and better than I almost ever felt myself—no thanks to one of them. All my friends in the Fleet have been more than kind to me. If I had not been so ill, I should, perhaps, not have believed how much I (am) respected, I may almost say beloved, in the Fleet. Even Admiral Totty, an entire stranger to me, writes me—'Your Lordship talks of going to England. I hope in God you will not stir from the Baltic until everything is settled, and you take us all with you.' I know, my dear Friend, that it will give you pleasure that I can do my duty as well as any of the very strict gentlemen, and still have the affection of the whole body. But enough of myself.

I am sure you have done everything which is proper and kind for poor Mrs. Nelson: be liberal, and let her want for no comfort. I never wanted to make money of any one. The dead cannot do any more kindness than to repose a confidence in the living. Never shall poor Maurice, can he know what is going on, be sorry for his goodness to me.
To Alexander Davison, Esq.

A BRITISH ADMIRAL'S LANGUAGE

12th June.

I feel truly thankful, my dear Lord, for your complying with my request; and your very kind way of relieving me, and seeing the Fleet resigned into such good hands, really has set me up. I shall give my friend Charles Pole every information in my power.

June 14th. Kioge Bay. I hope the reply of the Admiralty to my letter of this day, will be clear and explicit, whether the Commander-

in-Chief is at liberty to hold the language becoming a British Admiral? which very probably, if I am here, will break the Armistice, and set Copenhagen in a blaze. I see everything which is dirty and mean going on, and the Prince Royal at the head of it; but your astonishment will cease, when I assure (you) that a French Republican Officer, in his uniform, feathers, &c., is always with his Royal Highness. The measure is so indelicate towards England, that you will not be surprised, if everything which is sacred amongst Nations of Honour should be broken. The Armistice, except their Ships being absolutely hauled out, has been totally disregarded. Ships have been masted, guns taken on board, Floating batteries prepared; and except hauling out and completing their rigging, everything has been done in defiance of the Treaty.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

THE IDLE ADMIRAL

St. George, 15th June.

. . . The wind is fair for Admiral Pole: he must be here to-day.

Secret.—They are not Sir Hyde Parker's real friends who wish for an inquiry. His friends in the Fleet wish everything of this Fleet to be forgot, for we all respect and love Sir Hyde; but the dearer his friends, the more uneasy they have been at his *idleness*, for that is the truth—no criminality. I believe Sir H. P. to be as good a subject as his Majesty has.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

NELSON'S THANKS

St. George, Kioge Bay, 18th June.

Lord Nelson has been obliged, from the late very bad state of his health, to apply to the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty for leave to return to England, which their Lordships have been pleased to comply with. But Lord Nelson cannot allow himself to leave the Fleet, without expressing to the Admirals, Captains, Officers, and Men, how sensibly he has felt, and does feel, all their kindness to him, and also how nobly and honourably they have supported him in the hour of Battle, and the readiness which they have shown to maintain the honour of their King and Country on many occasions which have been offered. . . .

Lord Nelson cannot but observe, with the highest satisfaction which can fill the breast of a British Admiral, that (with the exception of the glaring misconduct of the Officers of the *Tigress* and the *Cracker* Gun-brigs, and the charges alleged against the Lieutenant of the *Terror Bomb*.) out of 18,000 of which the Fleet is composed, not a complaint has been made of any Officer or Man in it; and he cannot but

remark, that the extraordinary health of this Fleet, under the blessing of Almighty God, is to be attributed to the great regularity, exact discipline, and cheerful obedience of every individual in the Fleet.

The Vice-Admiral assures them, that he will not fail to represent to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty their highly praiseworthy conduct; and if it pleases God that the Vice-Admiral recover his health, he will feel proud, on some future day, to go with them in pursuit of further glory, and to assist in making the name of our King and Country beloved and respected by all the world.

Memorandum from Letter-Book.

UNITED WE STAND

25th July.

. . . Whenever the Enemy's Flotilla can be seen, our Divisions are to unite, but not intermix, and to be ready to execute such orders as may be deemed necessary, or as the indispensable circumstances may require. For this purpose, men of such confidence in each other should be looked for, that (as far as human foresight can go,) no little jealousy may creep into any man's mind, but to be all animated with the same desire of preventing the descent of the Enemy on our Coasts. Stationary Floating Batteries are not, from any apparent advantage, to be moved, for the tide may prevent their resuming the very important stations assigned them: they are on no account to be supposed neglected, even should the Enemy surround them, for they may rely on support, and reflect that perhaps their gallant conduct may prevent the mischievous designs of the Enemy. Whatever plans may be adopted, the moment the Enemy touch our Coast, be it where it may, they are to be attacked by every man afloat and on shore: this must be perfectly understood. *Never fear the event.*

Memorandum on the defence of the Thames.

SMALLPOX AND OTHER PESTS

Deal—(Shall be on board the *Medusa* before this letter, go
from the Downs.) July 31.

My dearest Emma,

Did not you get my letter from Sheerness on Thursday morning, telling you I was just setting off for Deal; as I have no letter from you yesterday, only those of Wednesday, which went to Sheerness? It has been my damned blunder, and not your's; for which I am deservedly punished, by missing one of your dear letters. They are my comfort, joy, and delight. . . .

You need not fear all the women in this world; for all others, except your-self, are pests to me. I know but one; for, who can be like my Emma? I am confident, you will do nothing which can hurt my feelings; and I will die by torture, sooner than do anything which could offend you . . .

Yesterday, the subject turned on the cow-pox. A gentleman declared, that his child was inoculated with the cow-pox; and afterwards remained in a house where a child had the small-pox the natural way, and did *not* catch it. Therefore, here was a full trial with the cow-pox. The child is only feverish for two days; and only a slight inflammation of the arm takes place, instead of being all over *scabs*. But do you what you please!

To Lady Hamilton.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

Medusa, off Boulogne, August 4th.

My dear Sir,

I think I may venture to assure you that the French Army will not embark at Boulogne for the invasion of England, they are suffering this morning from allowing a collection of Craft to be assembled in their Port Five Vessels of different descriptions are sunk on the outside of the Pier by our shells; they were all fitted with heavy guns, and full of men. What damage has taken place inside the Pier, cannot be ascertained, but, judging from the outside, we may suppose it considerable. Ever, my dear Sir, your most obliged, Nelson and Bionté.

To the Right Honourable Henry Addington.

WILL THEY INVADE?

Medusa, off Boulogne, 4th August.

. . . We are tormenting the vagabonds here; this morning, five of their armed Flats and a Brig are sunk, and lying on their beam-ends. I do not believe that the French Army will embark from Boulogne.

To Sir Edward Berry.

HE PRAISES

5th August.

Lord Nelson has reason to be very much satisfied with the Captains of the Bombs, for their placing of the Vessels yesterday. It was impossible that they could have been better situated; and the Artillery Officers have shown great skill in entirely disabling ten of the Armed Vessels out of twenty-four opposed to them, and many others, Lord Nelson believes are much damaged.

To the Squadron.

FIFTH COLUMN

6th August.

. . . The information respecting the number of troops assembled at Boulogne cannot be true; it is evidently a lie, most likely fabricated by some scoundrel emigrant in London.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

THE SEA-FENCIBLES

Medusa, 6th August.

Sir,

As there can be no doubt of the intention of the French to attempt the Invasion of our Country, and as I trust, and am confident, that if our Seafaring men do their duty, that either the Enemy will give over the folly of the measure, or, if they persist in it, that not one Frenchman will be allowed to set his foot on British soil; it is, therefore, necessary that all good men should come forward on this momentous occasion to oppose the Enemy, and, more particularly, the Sea-Fencibles, who have voluntarily enrolled themselves to defend their Country afloat, which is the true place where Britain ought to be defended, that the horrors of war may not reach the peaceful abodes of our families. . . .

I am authorized to assure the Fencibles, and other Sea-faring men who may come forward on this occasion, that they shall not be sent off the Coast of the Kingdom, shall be kept as near their own homes as the nature of the service will admit, and that the moment the alarm of the threatened Invasion is over, that every man shall be returned to their own homes. . . . Our Country looks to its Sea defence, and let it not be disappointed.

To Captains Shield, Hamilton, Schombergh, and Edge.

HE REPRESENTS THE PIER-MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Margate Roads, 7th August.

. . . The Sea-Fencibles of Margate, for instance consist of 118 men, their occupation is pier-men belonging to the Margate hoys, and some few who assist Ships up and down the River. These men say, 'our employment will not allow us to go from our homes beyond a day or two, and for actual service;' but they profess their readiness to fly on board, or on any other duty ordered, when the Enemy are announced as actually coming on the sea. . . . I pronounce that no embarkation can take place at Boulogne; whenever it comes forth, it will be from Flanders, and what a forlorn undertaking! consider cross tides, &c. &c., As for rowing, that is impossible. It is perfectly right to be prepared against a mad Government; but with the active force your Lordship has given me, I may pronounce it almost impracticable. I am, etc.

Nelson and Bronté.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER——"

Medusa, at Sea, August 8th.

My dear Sir,

I felt such pleasure in being remembered by an old Burnham friend, that it is impossible to describe what thoughts rushed into my mind. The remembrance of you from my very childhood, of

your many acts of civilities and kindnesses to me and to my dear father, will always make it pleasant to me to attend to any recommendation of yours.

To the Reverend Henry Crowe.

THEN AS NOW

King George Cutter, off Harwich, 9th August.

. . . The men, I believe, will come forth, when the whole Country prepares for fighting; and all other business stands still; but they are no more willing to give up their occupations than their superiors. . . .

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

ARGUS

Sheerness, August 11th.

. . . Oh! how I hate to be stared at.

To Lady Hamilton.

BR'ER REYNARD

Sheerness, 11th August.

My dear Lord,

I came here last night, and found not one of the River Barges. . . . Our active force is perfect, and possesses so much zeal, that I only wish to catch that Buonaparte on the water, either with the *Amazon* or *Medusa*; but himself he will never trust. He would say, *Allez vous en*, and not *Allons, mes amis!*

To Admiral The Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

INVASION AND MR. BUONAPARTE

Medusa, off Margate, August 12th.

. . . In my command I can tell you with truth, that I find much zeal and good humour; and should Mr. Buonaparte put himself in our way, I believe he will wish himself *even in Corsica*. I only hope, if he means to come, that it will be before the 14th of September, for my stamina is but ill-suited for equinoctial gales and cold weather.

To the Right Honourable Henry Addington.

Medusa, Downs, August 13th.

. . . *Before* Mr. Buonaparte arrives, I cannot, with our preparations, careless as the French Government is of its soldiers, believe them capable of ordering, or the soldiers passive enough to obey such a mad order, as to put to sea. I am very much fagged, and from my soul wish it was all over, and I quiet in my nest again.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

Downs, August 13th.

... Where, my dear Lord, is our Invasion to come from? The *time* is gone; owing to the precautions of Government, it cannot happen at this moment, and I hope that we shall always be as much on the alert as our Enemies. . . . To crush the Enemy at home was the favourite plan of Lord Chatham, and I am sure you think it the wisest measure to carry the war from our own doors. I purpose, if to be done, to take all the Gun-Vessels outside the Pier of Boulogne.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

PECULIAR MERITS

Medusa, Downs, August 13th.

... It is my duty also, to state the peculiar merits of the *Desirée* beyond all other Frigates. She was fixed to a station of the greatest importance, and with such judgement by Captain Inman, that he lost not a man, but cut the *Provestein*, a Ship carrying 36- and 24-pounders, to pieces. The *Desirée* grounded, exposed to a battery of three or five guns, which would have tore her to pieces but for the gallantry and skill of Lieutenant Charlton of the *Hasty* Gun-brig, who dismounted the guns in the battery. The *Desirée* was also got afloat, contrary to the opinion of many Officers, certainly by the meritorious exertions of the Officers and Men, who did not go to bed for two days and nights.

To Evan Nepean Esq., Admiralty.

THE WINDS AND WAVES FORBID

Medusa, at Sea, August 14th.

The fever which I had seems fallen in my head, which is much swelled, and my poor teeth pain me very much. I fear my letter will not be in time for the post to-day, and to-morrow likewise, the winds and tides fall out so cross that the vessels cannot get over the same day, therefore, do not expect one; you know I will write and send over if it is possible, but we cannot command the winds & the waves. Do not be uneasy about me, as I told you yesterday there is at this moment no service for a Vice-Admiral; but, my dear Emma, your good heart fancies danger for your friend, and a more true-hearted one does not exist than your faithful, &c.

I am obliged to send off the cutter, and have not a moment.

The cheese arrived safe and excellent. Send to some good wine-merchant for three dozen of the best champagne, and order to the Downs by waggon, directed on board the *Amazon*, or I shall have nothing to give you, and that would be shameful in me who receive all good things from you.

To Lady Hamilton.

SEA-SICKNESS

17th to 19th August.

August 19th.—I believe Calais could be bombarded, but do you think it is an object? I should not like the Bombs to go without me. Heavy sea, sick to death—this sea-sickness I shall never get over. To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

ALTERNATIVES

Medusa, Downs, August 18th.

... The moment the Enemy have the audacity to cast off the chains which fix their Vessels to the ground, that moment Lord Nelson is well persuaded they will be conducted by his brave followers to a British Port, or sent to the bottom.

To The Squadron.

TO HIS LADY

Deal, August 18th.

I have this morning been attending the funeral of two young Mids., a Mr. Gore, cousin of Captain Gore, and a Mr. Bristow. One nineteen, the other seventeen years of age. Last night, I was all the evening in the Hospital, seeing that all was done for the comfort of the poor fellows. . . .

You ask me what Troubridge wrote me? There was not a syllable about you in it. It was about my not coming to London; at the importance of which, I laughed: and, then he said, he should never venture another opinion. On which, I said—"Then I shall never give you one." This day, he has wrote a kind letter, and all is over. . . .

You ask me, my dear Friend, if I am going on more Expeditions? And, even if I was to forfeit your friendship, which is dearer to me than all the world, I can tell you nothing. For, I go out; (if) I see the Enemy and can get at them, it is my duty: and you would naturally hate me, if I kept back one moment. I long to pay them, for their tricks t'other day, the debt of a drubbing, which, surely, I'll pay: but *when, where, or how*, it is impossible, your own good sense must tell you, for me or mortal man to say. I shall act not in a rash or hasty manner; that you may rely, and on which I give you my word of honour.

To Lady Hamilton.

ELDER-BROTHERLY

At Sea, 24th August.

... I never heard of more firmness than was shown by the good and gallant Captain Somerville. I felt much in sending an Officer who has a wife and eight children, all dependent on his life. Although he has not reported himself injured, yet I fear he has suffered in his head, by the bow-gun of a Brig that was fired over him.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

FANS

Medusa, Downs, August 31st.

. . . I entreat you, my dear friend, to work hard for me, and get the house and furniture; and I will be so happy to lend it to you and Sir William! . . .

Forgive me! you know if anything sticks in my throat, it must out. . . .

The devils, here, wanted to plague my soul out, yesterday, just after dinner; but I would have seen them damned, before they should have come in. . . . I sent word, I was so busy that no persons could be admitted, as my time was employed in the King's service. Then they sent their names, which I cared not for: and sent Captain Gore, to say it was impossible; and that, if they wanted to see a ship, they had better go to the *Overyssel* (a sixty-four in the Downs.) They said, no; they wanted to see me. However, I was stout, and will not be shown about like a *beast!* and away they went. . . .

I am so dreadfully sea-sick, that I cannot hold up my head!

To Lady Hamilton.

NELSON'S OPINION

Amazon, Downs, September 2nd.

. . . The threat of Invasion is still kept up, and the French are trying to make their grand collection of Boats at Boulogne; but I find it difficult to believe that they can ever get half-way over. . . .

To Captain Sir Edward Berry.

THE TRY-ON

Amazon, Downs, September 12th.

. . . I pray God we may have Peace, when it can be had with honour; but I fear that the scoundrel Buonaparte wants to humble us, as he has done the rest of Europe—to degrade us in our own eyes, by making us give up all our conquests, as proof of our sincerity for making a Peace, and then he will condescend to treat with us. He be d—d, and there I leave him; and do you believe me ever, my dear Ross, your old and affectionate friend,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Hercules Ross Esq.

ONE OF NELSON'S 'CHILDREN'

20th September.

I am full of grief for the fate of poor Parker; our only consolation is that everything has been done which was possible: the breath is not yet gone; but, I dare say, he cannot last until night. Dr. Baird's kindness and ability will make a lasting impression on me.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

Amazon, September 20th.

My dear Doctor,

Your kind letter has given me hopes of my dear Parker; he is my child, for I found him in distress. I am prepared for the worst, although I still hope. Pray tell me as often as you can. Would I could be useful, I would come on shore and nurse him; I rely on your abilities, and if his life is to be spared, that you, under the blessing of God, are fully equal to be the instrument. Say everything which is kind for me to Mrs. Parker, and if my Parker remembers me, say, 'God bless him'; and do you believe me, your most obliged and thankful friend,

Nelson and Bronté.

I have been in real misery. Hawkins will come off, night or day.

To Dr. Baird.

Amazon, September 21st.

My dear Davison,

Dear Parker has rallied again: he has taken new milk and jellies: these is a gleam of hope, and I own I embrace it with avidity. I know you take an interest in his fate, therefore I send you this happy news; and ever believe me, your obliged and affectionate

Nelson and Bronté.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

$\frac{1}{2}$ past 11, September 22nd.

My dear Sir,

Although dear Parker has had but a bad night, yet with your nursing I have great hopes; and, let what will happen, great consolation from your abilities and affectionate disposition; and believe me ever your obliged,

Nelson and Bronté.

Make my respects to Mr. Parker; and to our Parker say everything which is kind from me when it is proper. I am miserably sea-sick.

To: Dr. Baird.

Amazon, September 27th.

My dear Davison,

My dear Parker left this world for a better at 9 o'clock this morning. It was, they tell me, a happy release; but I cannot bring myself to say I am glad he is gone; it would be a lie, for I am grieved almost to death. May God bless you and yours. Amen.

Nelson and Bronté.

To Alexander Davison Esq.

(about 27th September.)

* . . . I fear his loss has made a wound in my heart which time will scarcely heal. But God is good, and we must all die.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

Amazon, September 28th.

We are going this noon to pay our last sad duties to dear good Parker. I wish it was over for all our sakes, then we must endeavour to cheer up, and although we cannot forget our Parker, yet we shall have the comfortable reflection how we loved him, and how deserving he was of our love.

Amazon, 29th September.

. . . Our dear Parker's circumstances are a little out of order, but I have undertaken to settle them if the creditors will give me time, for the poor father is worse than nothing. I have given him money to buy mourning and to pay his passage home again. I trust in God that he will never let me want, for I find no man who starts up to assist me. I can with a quiet conscience when all is gone live upon bread and cheese. Never mind, so long as I have your friendship warm from the heart. I have got some of dear Parker's hair, which I value more than if he had left me a bulse of diamonds. I have sent it in the little box, keep some of it for poor Nelson.

Noon. Blows strong. I have just received your kind letters, they indeed comfort me, and I hope we shall live to see many, many happy years, and ever your, &c.,

To Lady Hamilton.

SHAKESPEARE REVISED

Amazon, September 23.

. . . The people at the watering-places have been very free in their conversations, and I believe the Mayor of Deal either put a vagabond in prison, or sent him out of town, for arraigning my conduct in being careless of poor Seamen's lives; but I trouble not my head on these matters; my conscience tells me that I do my best. You will easily believe that I should have liked to have tried the business at Goree, but the objections to it were innumerable. You would have had Dickson and all of us, *the Service*. If success attended it, it would be said, 'Aye, the Admiralty gave from partiality this to their favourite,' (for I do flatter myself I am a favourite.) If it miscarried, then it would be said,—'That vain man, Nelson, thought he could do what no one else could, and his friends at the Admiralty had folly enough to believe his impossible schemes.'

I feel myself, my dear Lord, as anxious to get a Medal, or a step in the Peerage as if I never had got either,—for 'if it be a sin to covet glory, I am the most offending soul alive'—I could lose only a few Boats. If I succeeded and burnt the Dutch Fleet, probably Medals and an Earldom. I must have had every desire to try the matter, regardless of the feelings of others; but I should not have been your Nelson that wants not to take honours or rewards from any man; and if ever I feel great, it

is, my dear Lord, in never having, in thought, word, or deed, robbed any man of his fair fame.

That Wardrooms will piate, I believe, none of us can doubt, and it has its bad effects. The Boat service I believe is got very unpopular. G—flogged some of his chaps severely for some very improper expressions. They belonged to the *Unité*, who was, I fancy, in very bad order. I assure you, my dear Lord, that I do not believe any Admiral could be better supported than I am by all the Captains under me. Ever believe me, my dear Lord, your obliged, attached, and affectionate,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

“VALOUR AND INNOCENCE”

(About 27th September.)

The scene, my Lord, with our dear Parker is closed for ever; and I am sure your good heart will participate in our grief, both as a public and private loss; not a creature living was ever more deserving of our affections. Every action of his life, from Sir John Orde to the moment of his death, showed innocence, joined to a firm mind in keeping the road of honour, however it might appear incompatible with his interest. . . . All will agree, none fell more nobly than dear Parker; and none ever resigned their life into the hands of their Creator with more resignation to the Divine Will than our Parker. I trust much to your friendship to recommend his father's case to the kind consideration of the King. I fear his loss has made a wound in my heart which time will scarcely heal. But God is good, and we must all die. I am, &c.,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Admiral The Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

THE SILLIES

Amazon, September (about the 29th)

. . . I send Nepean another Pilot's letter. I have experienced in the Sound the misery of having the honour of our Country intrusted to Pilots, who have no other thought than to keep the Ship clear of danger, and their own silly heads clear of shot.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

ABSENT

(end of September)

. . . I came on board, but no Emma. No, no, my heart will break. I am in silent distraction. The four pictures of Lady Hn are hung up, but alas! I have lost the original. But we part only to meet very soon again; it must be, it shall be. (Turn over)

My dearest wife, how can I bear our separation?

To Lady Hamilton.

HE KNOWS WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES

Amazon, September 26. Eight o'clock.

. . . To be sure, we shall employ the trades-people of our village in preference to any others, in what we want for common use, and give them every encouragement to be kind and attentive to us.

To Lady Hamilton.

Amazon, Dungeness, October 2nd.

. . . You are right, my dear Emma, to pay your debts—to be in debt is to be in misery, and poor tradespeople cannot afford to lay out of their money. I beg you will not go too much on the water, for the boat may upset, or you may catch an autumnal cold which cannot be shook off all the winter. Wrap yourself up warm when you go out of the house, and for God's sake wear more clothes when winter approaches, or you will have the rheumatism. I hope you are this moment fixed—damn the lawyers.

To Lady Hamilton.

"FRUSTRATE THEIR KNAVISH TRICKS"

Amazon, Dungeness, 4th October.

Notwithstanding the Preliminaries of Peace are signed, you are to be very vigilant in watching the Enemy, and, on no account to suffer them to put into the Channel, as hostilities have not yet ceased.

To Captain Owen, H.M. Ship *Nemesis*, and the Commanders of the Several Squadions under Lord Nelson.

THE INSATIABLES

Amazon, October 9th.

. . . I see you did not know of the Peace when you wrote; England called loudly for it, and now I see it is to be abused; but Englishmen never are satisfied, full nor fasting.

To Alexander Davison Esq.

THE PARTIZAN

Amazon, ten o'clock, October 12.

I daresay I did wrong, never to write him; but, as he treated Sir William unkindly, I never could bring myself to it. . . .

I'll be damned, if Mrs. Billington can sing so well as you. She may have stage trick, but you have pure nature.

To Lady Hamilton.

A COLD IN THE HEAD

Amazon, October 15.

. . . The Admiralty will not give me leave, till the 22nd; and, then, only ten days. What a set of beasts!

My cold is now got into my head; and I have such dreadful pain in my teeth that I cannot hold up my head; but none of them cares a damn for me or my suffering; therefore, you see, I cannot discharge my steward. . . .

I am sorry to hear, that you have been ill; and my cold is so dreadfully bad, that I cannot hold up my head; and am so damned stupid that you must, my dear friend, forgive my letter.

To Lady Hamilton.

POOR HOSTESS

Amazon, October 16th.

. . . She pressed me very much to dine with them at three o'clock; but, I told her I would not dine with the angel Gabriel, to be dragged through a night surf!

To Lady Hamilton.

BIG WIGS

Amazon, October 16th.

. . . I would send you the letter to which it is an answer, but it would be overweight. It is all compliments; and the man says it is all truth.

I have a letter from Reverend Doctor—he is as big as if he was a Bishop; and one from the Bedel of the university, to say how well he preached. I hope you ordered something good for him, for those big wigs love eating and drinking.

To Lady Hamilton.

ADMIRALTY DEFICIENCIES

Amazon, October 17th.

. . . The cold has settled in my bowels. I wish the Admiralty had my complaint: but, they have no bowels; at least for me.

To Lady Hamilton.

THE LAST STRAW

Amazon, October 19th.

. . . What, have your picture, and not hang it up? *No*; I will submit, in the farm, to every order but *that*.

To Lady Hamilton.

THE WARNING

Amazon, Downs, 19th October.

Notwithstanding your very improper conduct to your Captain, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have been pleased to show their lenity to you, by cancelling their order for the Court-Martial, which I trust will prove a sufficient warning to you to behave, in future, with becoming respect to your superiors, and be a lesson to you not to listen to *bad* advice, for in the event of your erring again, you will inevitably meet with punishment.

To Lieutenant. . . H.M. Sloop. . .

ON THE WAYS OF THE WORLD

My dearest Friend,

Amazon, October 20th.

How could you think, for a moment, that I would be a time-server to any Minister on earth! And, if you had studied my letter a little closer, you would have seen that my intention was, to shew them that I could be as useful in the cabinet as in the field. . . .

What, leave my dearest friends, to dine with a minister? Damn me, if I do, beyond what you yourself shall judge to be necessary! . . .

If I give up all intercourse—you know enough of Courts, that they will do nothing: make yourself of consequence to them, and they will do what you wish, in reason; and, out of reason, I never should ask them.

To Lady Hamilton.

PENALTIES OF FAME

Amazon, October 20th.

. . . How I should laugh, to see you, my dear friend, rowing in a boat; the beautiful Emma rowing a one-armed Admiral in a boat! It will certainly be caricatured. . . .

It is not long ago, a person from Yorkshire desired me to lend him three hundred pounds, as he was going to set up a school!

Are these people mad; or, do they take me for quite a fool?

To Lady Hamilton.

WARM-HEART TO TENDER-HEART

Amazon, October 21st.

I expect, that all animals will increase where you are, for I never expect that you will suffer any to be killed. . . .

I am literally starving with cold; but my heart is warm.

To Lady Hamilton.

NO MEDALS FOR COPENHAGEN

My dear Lord,

Merton, November 22nd.

I was this morning thunder-struck by the reading your Lordship's Letter, telling me that you had never given encouragement to the expectation of receiving Medals for Action of April 2nd. Had I so understood you, I never should, the same day, have told Mr. Addington how happy you had made me, by the assurance that the King would give us Medals; and I have never failed assuring the Captains, that I have seen and communicated with, that they might depend on receiving them. I own I considered the words your Lordship used as conveying that assurance. It was an apology for their not being given before, which, I understood you, they would have been, but for the difficulty

of fixing who was to have them; and, I trust you will recollect that my reply was, that 'certainly they could not be given to any but those who fought'; and we entered into the difficulties of fixing whether they should be confined to the Ships of the Line, or extended to the Frigates, engaged. I could not, my dear Lord, have any interest in misunderstanding you. . . .

The conduct of the City of London is to me incomprehensible; for Lord Keith, who has not been engaged, has been Thanked, &c., and Sir Hyde Parker for not fighting might, for what matters to me, have been Thanked, too; but surely, my dear Lord, those who fought ought not to have been neglected for any conduct of *others*.

I am truly made ill by your letter. If any person had told me what you wrote, I would have staked my head against the assertion. With every kind wish, believe me, my dear Lord, your most affectionate,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

HE LOOKS AFTER AN OLD AGAMEMNON

Merton, November 26th.

My dear Lord,

I have been much distressed at finding that Mr. Thomas Fellowes, who served with me as Purser during the whole time I commanded the *Agamemnon*, has not only lost his appointment of Purser to his Majesty's Ship *Superb*, owing to an arrest for a debt, but is involved, with a wife and family, in the most abject misery, without the slightest means of support for them, or for himself. The inquiries I have made of his Agents, and my own opportunity of observation, while he was under my command, leave not a shadow of doubt upon my mind but that the pecuniary embarrassments which are the source of this distress, are not the result of any extravagance or misconduct in the discharge of his duty; and indeed, speaking from my own knowledge, I can safely say that Mr. Fellowes is a man of strictly honest principles, and I believe his distresses to be chiefly owing to the want of integrity, or the negligence, of those who were intrusted with his concerns in the Ship, at those periods when he was absent on duty. . . .

A vacancy, I understand, is likely to occur very shortly in the Clerk of the Cheques' Office, at Chatham, by the resignation of Mr. Francis Smith, one of the Clerks. I shall feel sensibly obliged by your Lordship's appointing Mr. Fellowes to it; and I will pledge myself that his abilities will be found equal to the situation. . . . I shall only add, my dear Lord, that I feel much interested for Mr. Fellowes, and that I am ever your affectionate,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1802

For the first three months of the year Nelson is on leave, and for the rest of the year on half-pay.—In April his father dies.—In the summer he travels in Wales, returning to Merton in September, and occasionally visiting London.—He visits the Forest of Dean, and reports at length on the deplorable condition of the timber, and makes practical suggestions for the better cultivation of oak trees needed “for the building of ships of the Line”.—He seconds the address in the House of Lords on the 23rd November in the first parliament after the Union.

NELSON ON “ADMIRALTY PEOPLE”

Merton, January 6th.

. . . but I see so little of any of the Admiralty people, and they tell me nothing, that I am as ignorant of any arrangements as you can possibly conceive. I cannot get my *discharge*. I asked yesterday: my answer was, ‘No person of any rank is to be discharged.’ It is very cold, even here, and I have been laid up with swelled face.

My dear Sutton,

Merton, June 18th.

I am so totally ignorant of what is going on at the Admiralty, that I cannot say why *Amazon* is kept in the Downs, or why, if you choose it, you should not be superseded; but I suppose no Captain would wish to take your Ship merely to pay her off. Lady Hamilton and myself cannot thank you enough about C. Connor, and Captain Shepard will take him when his Ship is nearly ready for sea, or the *Amazon* removed from her present station. I shall accept your kind offer of fitting Charles out. Mr. Banti must return home when you are removed. His family are going to Italy. I need not say how happy we shall be to receive you at Merton, for I am ever your much obliged,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Captain Sutton, H.M. Ship *Amazon*.

HE HELPS HIS SISTER

My dear Sister,

Merton, June 11th.

Here is £100, which I shall pay you on the 11th June, for three years, towards the education of your children; by that time, other things may turn up, and this is a trifle in case you may (want) any little thing going through London. All I desire is, that you would not say or write me a syllable on the subject, for I am sorry I cannot do more, being truly your most affectionate brother,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Mrs. Bolton.

EXPLAINING A SITUATION TO THE CITY OF LONDON AND OTHERS

Merton, June 21st.

My Lord,

A few days past, I saw in the Newspapers that a Motion had been made in a Court of Common Council, to thank me for my conduct in taking the command of a Force destined to prevent any designs our Enemies might have of approaching the City of London, but which Motion stands over for some future Court. I have therefore to entreat that your Lordship will use your influence that no such Motion may be brought forward.

There is not, my Lord, one individual in the world who appreciates the honour of having their conduct approved by the City of London, higher than myself. I was desirous to take the Command in question in a very indifferent state of health, as I was flattered with the opinion that it would keep quiet the minds of all in London, and the Coast between Beechy-head and Orfordness. This would have been a sufficient reason for me to have laid down my life, much less to suffer a little from ill-health; and, my Lord, His Majesty's Government gave me such a powerful Force, that the gallant Officers and Men I had the honour to command, almost regretted that the Enemy did not make the attempt of Invasion. Therefore, you see, my Lord, I have no merit—I only did my duty with alacrity, which I shall always be ready to do when directed.

But, my Lord, if any other reason was wanting to prevent the City of London from thanking me for only showing an alacrity in stepping forth in time of danger, it is this—not four months before I was appointed to this Command, I had the happiness of witnessing, under all its circumstances, the most hard-fought Battle, and the most complete Victory (as far as my reading goes) that ever was fought and obtained by the Navy of this Country. This Battle, my Lord, had not the honour of being approved in the way which the City of London has usually marked their approbation: therefore, I entreat that you will use your influence that no Vote of approbation may ever be given to me for any services since the 2nd of April, 1801; for I should feel much mortified when I reflected on the noble support I that day received, at any honour which could separate me from them, for I am bold to say, that they deserve every honour and favour which a grateful Country can bestow.

I entreat your Lordship's indulgence for thus expressing my feelings, and again request that the intended Motion of Thanks may be withdrawn. I trust your Lordship will give (me) full credit for the high estimation in which I hold the City of London, and with what respect I am your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

Nelson and Bronté.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor.

Boxhill, July 9th, 7 p.m.

(A very pretty place, and we are all very happy).

My dear Davison,

If the Victory of the 2nd *was real*, the Admirals, Officers, and Men who fought and obtained the Victory, are from custom entitled to the Thanks of the City of London. Custom has never gone back to the first *causers* of Victories, but simply to the *Victors*. Lord St. Vincent had no thanks given him for the Victory of the Nile, and Sir Hyde Parker, except being nearer the scene of action, had no more to do with that of Copenhagen than Lord St. Vincent. . . . The City of London has never yet failed noticing Sea Victories, and I trust, as the first commercial City in the world, never will. I remember, a few years back, on my noticing to a *Lord Mayor*, that if the City continued its generosity, we should ruin them by their gifts, his Lordship put his hand on my shoulder and said—*aye, the Lord Mayor of London said*—‘Do you find Victories, and we will find rewards.’ I have since that time found *two complete victories*. I have kept my word, and shall I have the power of saying that the City of London, which exists by Victories at Sea, has not kept its promise—a promise made by a Lord Mayor in his robes, and almost in the Royal presence?

To Alexander Davison Esq.

PRIVATE

Merton, 8th September.

My dear Sir John,

I can assure you that I should dine with you in your private capacity with the greatest pleasure; but it is impossible, as I am sure you are sensible of, that Lord Nelson can receive any mark of distinction from the Chief Magistrate of the City of London, the conduct of the brave Captains, Officers, and Men, who so bravely fought, died, and conquered in the Battle of Copenhagen not having had the honour of the approbation of the City of London, in their Corporate capacity. Whatever my demerits might have been on that glorious day, I am bold to say, that British valour never shone more conspicuously, or more successfully, than on the 2nd of April, 1801. Whenever, my dear Sir John, you cease to be Chief Magistrate of the City of London, name your day, and I will dine with you with satisfaction; but never till the City of London think justly of the merits of my brave Companions of the 2nd of April, can I, their Commander, receive any attention from the City of London. Believe me, my dear Sir John, your much obliged,

Nelson and Bronté.

To the Right Honourable Sir John Eamer.

Merton, 8th November.

Lord Nelson returns his most respectful compliments to the Lord Mayor Elect, and the Sheriffs, and is most exceedingly sorry that it is not in his power to do himself the honour and pleasure of dining with them at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's day, for the following reasons:

Lord Nelson having waited with the greatest patience until every individual who had rendered the smallest service to the Country had been marked by the City of London, wrote a letter to the Lord Mayor, (Sir John Eamer,) stating his sorrow that those under his command, who fought the most bloody Battle, and obtained the most complete Victory of any Naval Battle in this, or, Lord Nelson believes, in any War, had not had the honour to receive from the great City of London the same mark of approbation as had been bestowed on others; but Lord Nelson being advised of the impropriety of pointing out what the City of London ought to have done, wrote another letter to the Lord Mayor, desiring to withdraw his letter.

But Lord Nelson's sentiments being precisely the same, and feeling for the situation of those brave Captains, Officers, and Men, who so bravely fought, profusely bled, and obtained such a glorious, complete, and most important Victory for their King and Country, cannot do himself the honour and happiness of meeting his Fellow-Citizens on the 9th of November.

Lord Nelson flatters himself that the Lord Mayor Elect, and the Sheriffs, will approve of his feelings on this occasion, and consider that if Lord Nelson could forget the services of those who have fought under his command, that he would ill deserve to be so supported as he always has been.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor Elect, and Sheriffs of London.

THOUGHTFUL

Merton, June 24th.

. . . Upon recollection of what you told me of the Post-Office, I have thought it best to send you an express, which I shall pay for, and you have only to give the man a receipt, and, if you like it, half-a-crown.

To the Rev. Mr. Comyn

BREACHES IN THE WOODEN WALLS

(about August)

The Forest of Dean contains about 23,000 acres of the finest land in the Kingdom, which, I am informed, if in a high state of cultivation of oak, would produce about 9200 loads of timber, fit for building Ships of the Line, every year—that is, the Forest would grow in full vigour 920,000 oak trees. The state of the Forest at this moment is deplorable;

for, if my information is true, there is not 3,500 load of timber in the whole Forest fit for building, and none coming forward. It is useless, I admit, to state the causes of such a want of timber where so much could be produced, except that, by knowing the faults, we may be better enabled to amend ourselves.

First, the generality of trees, for these last fifty years, have been allowed to stand too long. They are passed by instead of removed, and thus occupy a space which ought to have been re-planted with young trees.

Secondly, that where good timber is felled, nothing is planted, and nothing can grow *self sown*; for the deer (of which now only a few remain) bark all the young trees. Vast droves of hogs are allowed to go into the woods in the autumn; and if any fortunate acorn escapes their search, and takes root, the *flocks* of sheep are allowed to go into the Forest, and they bite off the tender shoot. These are sufficient reasons why timber does not grow in the Forest of Dean.

If the Forest of Dean is to be preserved as a useful Forest for the Country, strong measures must be pursued. First, the *Guardian*, of this support of our Navy, must be an intelligent honest man, who will give up his time to his employment: therefore, he must live in the Forest, have a house, a small farm, and an adequate salary. I omitted to mention that the expense of a Surveyor of Woods, as far as relates to this Forest, to be done away: *Verderer*, as at present, also. The Guardian to have proper *Verderers* under him who understand the planting, thinning, and management of timber trees. These places should be so comfortable, that the fear of being turned out should be a great object of terror, and, of course, an inducement for them to exert themselves in their different stations. . . .

Number of trees that such land as the Forest of Dean may contain at different periods from their being first set:—

Trees distant from each other. Feet.	Years after being set. Number.	Number of Trees in an acre.	Number of Trees to be thinned.
6	10	1,200	—
10	20	430	770
15	40	190	240
20	60	100	90
25	80	60	40
30	100	45	15

In forty years, these Forests will produce a great value of timber fit for many uses in the Navy—indeed all, except for Ships of the Line.

From Memorandum respecting the Forest of Dean.

THE DIM HORIZON

Merton, 20th September.

. . . You are right about the Country; for London seems absolutely deserted, and so hot and stinking that it is truly detestable. . . .

Poor Dods is gone, and our house not finished. I have not heard who is to carry on his business. You who have built so fine a house to make his fortune in. What a change. *How short sighted we are!*

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

HE MERELY WON BATTLES

Merton, October 11th.

Your Steward has called upon me for my influence to get him a place. Alas, I have not the smallest interest to get any place, however small!

To Captain Sutton.

A LITERARY ALLUSION

Merton, 20th October.

. . . It is true, I have seen Mr. Addington and Lord St. Vincent several times; but our conversations are like Swift's and Lord Oxford's. Yet it was not difficult to discover, that *We* felt our importance in the scale of Europe degraded, if Buonaparte was allowed to act as he has lately done; and that it was necessary for us to speak a dignified language; but when, where, or to whom all this was to be done I know no more than your ploughman. By the meeting of Parliament many things must come forth.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

MALTA ONCE MORE

My dear Sir,

Merton, December 4th.

I send you my thoughts respecting Malta, made as they flow, from my pen, but with the less diffidence, as I feel that you do not consider my thoughts (on paper) as impertinent intrusions on your time, but as the well meaning of your sincere and attached, Nelson and Bronté.

To the Right Honourable Henry Addington.

THE ENCLOSURE

Merton, December 4th.

It must never belong to France—England does not want it. If Russia will not guarantee Malta, then a new negotiation must be set on foot, and we must hold fast until it is settled. . . .

If neither of these plans can be accomplished, we have no choice but to keep Malta.

Notes on Malta.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1803

In April of this year Sir William Hamilton dies in the arms of Nelson and Lady Hamilton. He leaves his wife an income and furniture. To Nelson he leaves her portrait in the following terms: "as a very small token of the great regard I have for his Lordship, the most virtuous, loyal and truly brave character I ever met with. God bless him, and shame fall on those who do not say Amen."—After Sir William's death Lady Hamilton continues to live at Merton and keep the house for Nelson, who, in May, is appointed Commander in Chief in the Mediterranean.

THE FEATHER

Merton, January 26th.

My dear Lord,

Captain (Major) Weir, who you have given the retirement of the Marines to, was with me this morning, and truly thankful for your kind reception of him when he arrived in England. We all know him to be a worthy, good man, and a most excellent Officer. He was, for the benefit of the King's Service, and at the request of Colonel Graham, appointed to the rank of Major. His whole conduct in raising a Maltese Corps, and his merits at Porto Ferraio, are fully known to you. What he wishes, as a *feather* in his cap, is, to have his Brevet rank, given by me, confirmed by the Admiralty, that he may be called Major in future. As this will not be any expense to the State, but a high gratification to a most deserving Officer, I hope that your Lordship will find no difficulty in complying with his wishes.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

THAT MRS. WILLIAMS!

23 Piccadilly, February 10th.

By your letter, I believe that you wish to be correct in your History, and therefore wish to be informed of a transaction relative to Naples. I cannot enter at large into the subject to which you allude. I shall briefly say, that neither Cardinal Ruffo or Captain Foote, or any other person, had any power to enter into any Treaty with the Rebels—that even the Paper which they signed was not *acted* upon, as I very happily arrived at Naples, and prevented such an infamous transaction from taking place; therefore, when the Rebels surrendered, they came out of the Castles as they ought, without any honours of War, and trusting to the judgement of their Sovereign. *I put aside, and sent them notice of it, the infamous Treaty, and the rebels surrendered, as I have before said.*

If you attend to that Mrs. Williams' book, I can assure you that nearly all relative to Naples is either destitute of foundation, or falsely represented.

To Alexander Stephens Esq.

OPENING LINES OF A PLAN FOR
MANNING THE NAVY

February.

At a time when, I have been repeatedly told, the Seamen, notwithstanding their good pay, and abundance of the very best provisions manifest a reluctance to enter into the Naval Service, it becomes, in my humble opinion, a duty for people conversant with the manners and disposition of Seamen, to turn their thoughts on the mode of inducing the Seamen to be fond, and even desirous of serving in the Navy, in preference to the Merchant Service. Their pay and provisions cannot possibly be improved from what they are at present; but, I think, a plan could be brought forward to Register the Certificates given to Seamen. . . . The greatest good would result, from such a regulation to the Seamen, who are by hundreds in distress in London, for want of Certificates authenticating their persons. . . . and the benefit to the Seamen producing good characters, &c. never been concerned in mutinies, or deserted, &c. would much benefit them in getting good berths in the Merchant Service. . . .

I shall therefore propose, that every Seaman who has served faithfully, five years in War, and by his Certificates never been concerned in mutinies, nor deserted, shall receive every New Year's Day, or on the King's birth-day, the sum of two guineas; and if he serves eight years, shall have four guineas, exclusive of any pension for wounds. It may appear, at first sight, for the State to pay, an enormous sum; but when it is considered that the average life of a Seaman is, from *old* age finished, at forty-five years, he cannot many years enjoy the annuity. . . . Much, very much, can be said, and is necessary to be considered on this subject; but the more I think of it, the easier it appears to me to be put in practice. Prize-money to be as regularly paid in London, Portsmouth, Plymouth, &c. as Seamen's wages: this is so easy and simple, that a very few days would, in my opinion, complete such a plan.

But the great thing necessary to guard against is desertion; for notwithstanding all I have proposed, to induce Seamen to serve faithfully, yet a sum of money, and liquor, held out to a Seaman, are too much for him: he allows himself to be seduced and hid, he first becomes fearful of apprehension, and then wishes and exerts himself to get out of the Country in the Merchant's employ. . . . I am sensible that no plan for these very important purposes can be matured by any one head, much less by mine; but as the ideas flow from a pure source,

and a sincere desire to benefit our King and Country. I submit them, with deference, to much wiser and abler men than

Nelson and Brontë.

COMING EVENTS

Piccadilly, March 26th.

My dear Sir Edward,

I have only a moment to answer your questions—War or Peace? Every person has a different opinion. I fear perhaps the former, as I hope so much the latter. If War, I go to the Mediterranean in Hardy's Frigate: the *Victory* is to be my Ship.

To Captain Sir Edward Berry.

THE TRIANGLE IS BROKEN

Wrote last Sunday, and forgot.

Merton, March 30th, 1803.

. . . Dear Sir William is *very, very* bad: he can't, in my opinion, get over it, and I think it will happen very soon. You will imagine Lady Hamilton's and my feelings on the occasion.

To Mrs. Bolton.

April 2nd.

. . . We are on the eve of losing dear Sir William. I much doubt his holding twenty-four hours longer—our dear Lady is dreadfully afflicted.

To Captain Murray.

Wednesday, 11 o'clock. (6th April).

My dear Davison,

Our dear Sir William died at ten minutes past ten, this morning, in Lady Hamilton's and my arms, without a sigh or a struggle. Poor Lady Hamilton is, as you may expect, desolate. I hope she will be left properly, but I doubt.

To Alexander Davison Esq.

6th April.

. . . My dear friend, Sir William Hamilton, died this morning: the world never lost a more upright and accomplished gentleman.

To His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

THE CHRISTIAN NAME

April 13th.

My dear Murray,

I think you will get into a scrape with the Earl was I to talk to him about your quitting your Ship at this moment, but I will speak to

Troubridge. It was first intended that you should be Captain of the *Victory*—then it was thought better you should go out with me, and you thought it better to take *Spartiate* till I was certain of going. You are fixed as fate my First Captain, and it is only on that score that I can speak to the Earl soon, if nothing is decided soon as to Peace or War, to beg that you may not be sent out of the way, and then, if you authorize me, I will mention to him that if the *Spartiate* is wanted to go to sea, that you submit to him whether it would not be better to give her up—there are scores wanting her. I congratulate you on the birth of a son; if one of his names is not *Baltic*, I shall be very angry with you indeed—he can be called nothing else. Lady Hamilton is very low, but desires her kind regards and good wishes, and believe me ever, yours most truly,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Captain Murray.

THE ANSWER

April 17th.

. . . I was told the difficulties were insurmountable, or nearly so. My answer was, 'as the thing is necessary to be done, the more difficulties, the more necessary to try to remove them.'

To His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

HE URGES REFORM

19 Piccadilly, May 2nd.

My dear Sir,

You was so kind as to put in your pocket my crude ideas on the situation of our Navy respecting the Seamen. The importance of the subject every one must admit, and woful experience tells us that something must be done on the occasion.

I am sensible that my abilities are unequal to the task; but I should do injustice to my own feelings, and, I think, betray the confidence which has so often been reposed in me, was I not to bring them forward. One good effect must result from it, that in proving them bad, better will be brought forward. The mainspring of all my plan is, that of Certificates fully descriptive of the persons: the very greatest good must result from it. Names cannot be changed, as the gratuity will be looked forward to, therefore desertion will be less frequent, and easier detected. Pay, Prize-money, &c. &c., could rarely be paid to wrong persons; the Seaman would have his money without the very great difficulty he meets with at present, and many executions would be avoided by the almost impossibility of the fraud of personification being committed, (two, alas! suffered last week for this crime.) If, my dear Sir William, you think, as I do, that something should be attempted at this time to make our Seamen, at the din of War, fly to our Navy,

instead of flying from it, I am sure it could not be brought forward by any one so ably as yourself.

To the Right Honourable Sir William Scott.

THOSE PILOTS

London, May 12th.

The d—d Pilots have run the *Raisable* aground: take great care of scant winds in sands.

To Captain Sutton, H.M. Ship *Victory*.

NELSON IN A HURRY

June 3rd.

Having buffeted with a foul wind and nasty sea, we are now entering the Straits, and I hope to anchor at Gibraltar before dark. As they knew nothing of the War being absolutely begun here, I am much hurried, being very anxious to join the Fleet as soon as possible; this must apologise for the shortness of my letter. Buonaparte's brother Jerome passed from Martinique a few days ago in a Ship of the Line. I am, &c.,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Admiral His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

HE REPAIRS A BREACH

Faro of Messina, June 19th.

Sir,

This morning I met the *Cyclops*, Captain Fyffe, and your Excellency will believe what displeasure it gave me to find, that when his Ship was in the Bay of Naples at anchor, that he should commit such a breach of Neutrality as sending his Boats to capture any Vessel coming into the Port: however, I am glad that Captain Fyffe immediately restored one, and when the other arrives at Malta, I have ordered her to be released; for as I would not suffer the French to break the Neutrality of any Power with impunity, so I will never suffer such an improper thing to be done by any of His Majesty's Ships under my command.

To His Excellency Sir John Acton, Bart.

"I ONLY SPEAK RIGHT ON"

June 26th, 7 a.m.

My dear Sir,

Calms have prevented my sending off the *Phoebe* to you yesterday, and I have to request that your Excellency will make all due allowances for the language which I may have used, and for not having put my opinion more concise than it appears at present; but as it flowed from

the unlettered pen of a Seaman, you must receive it, my whole opinion resting in these few words—*that we must not risk Sicily too far in trying to save Naples; therefore, General Acton, yourself, and myself, must keep a good look-out.*

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq.

THE CURE FOR GRUMBLERS

Amphion, June 28th, Between Sardinia and Naples.

. . . on the 20th I passed the Faro of Messina. The lower class of Boat-people came on board with fruit, &c.—their expressions were strong, and ought to be received with caution, yet with their hearts in their hands, you may gather sentiments to form a pretty accurate opinion. 'Vive il Rè! Viva Inglesé! When will the English come back to Messina?' . . . The blockade of Genoa ought to be declared instantly; if not, it will be what it always has been, the granary of the South of France, and the North part of Italy. . . .

July 9th.—I joined our Fleet yesterday. With the casual absence of one or two Ships, we shall be always seven Sail of the Line; and as the French have at least seven—I believe nine—nearly ready, we are in hopes that Buonaparte may be angry, and order them out, which, I have no doubt, will put our Ships in high feather; for I never knew any wants after a Victory, although we are always full of them before.

To the Right Honourable Henry Addington.

"STRAIT IS THE WAY"

June 29th.

. . . I wish General Acton to tell us secretly—'Secure Sicily for us.' The more he scolds us jointly with the French, the better. It is a nice point for him; for if he abuses us too much, the French will kindly offer him assistance.

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq.

NEWS FROM NAPLES

(5th July.)

My dearest Emma,

Although I have wrote letters from various places, merely to say, 'Here I am,' and 'There I am,' yet, as I have no doubt but that they would all be read, it was impossible for me to say more than 'Here I am, and well.' . . .

When I wrote to the Queen, I said—'I left Lady Hamilton, the eighteenth of May; and so attached to your Majesty, that I am sure she would lay down her life to preserve yours. Your Majesty never had a more sincere, attached, and real friend, than your dear Emma. You will be sorry to hear that good Sir William did not leave her in such

comfortable circumstances as his fortune would have allowed. He has given it amongst his relations. But she will do honour to his memory although every one else of his friends call loudly against him on that account' . . .

I trust, my dear Emma, she has wrote you. If she can forget Emma, I hope God will forget her! But, you think, that she never will or can. Now is her time to show it. . . . I have cautioned General Acton, not to risk the Royal Family too long; but Naples will be conquered; sooner or later, as it may suit Buonaparte's convenience. The Morea, and Egypt, are likewise in his eye. An Army of full seventy thousand men are assembling in Italy. . . .

We passed Monte Christo, Bastia, and Cape Corse, yesterday; and are now moving, slowly, direct for Toulon. What force they have, I know not; indeed, I am totally ignorant: some say nine Sail of the Line, some seven, some five. If the former, they will come out; for we have only the same number, including Sixty-fours, and very shortly manned. However, I hope they will come out, and let us settle the matter. You know I hate being kept in suspense. . . .

July 8th.

. . . You will readily believe how rejoiced I shall be to get one of your dear, excellent letters, that I may know everything which has passed since my absence. I sincerely hope that Mr. Booth has settled all your accounts. Never mind, my dear Emma, a few hundred pounds, which is all the rigid gripe of the law, not justice, can wrest from you. I thank God that you cannot want; (although that is no good reason for its being taken from you;) whilst I have sixpence, you shall not want for fivepence of it! But you have bought your experience that there is no friendship in money concerns, and your good sense will make you profit of it. I hope the Minister has done something for you. But never mind, we can live upon bread and cheese. Independence is a blessing. . . .

Vincenzo has had none paid. He is very poor; keeps a shop. His son wanted, I find, to come in the frigate to me. I cannot afford to maintain him; therefore I shall give no encouragement. . . .

Sabatello lives with Mr. Elliot.

Nicolo, and Mary Antonio, have left Mr. Gibbs, for some cause; Gaetano says, he believes for *amore*.

Francesca has two children living, and another coming. She lives the best amongst them, like *gallant homme*.

Pasqual lives with the Duke Montelione; and Joseph, with the old Russian.

Your house is a hotel; the upper parts are kept for the Marquis, the owner. . . .

Doctor Nudi inquired kindly after us; and all the women at Santa Lucia expected, when they saw Gaetano, that you was arrived.

Bread never was so dear; everything else in plenty. The wages not being raised, Gaetano says, the poor of England are a million times better off. So much for Gaetano's news.

To Lady Hamilton.

THE ASQUITH TOUCH

Amphion, off Toulon, July 12th.

. . . The French in Toulon are busy fitting out: they have, at least seven—I believe nine—Sail of the Line, five Frigates, six or seven Corvettes, ready, or nearly so, for sea. We wish them out, that we may make a beginning. What diabolical plans they are after in Italy, time must show us; but I think that Egypt is their great object. To keep their hands in, they may take Naples, try for Sicily and Sardinia—certainly, the Morea, Seven Isles, and Egypt. *Live and See*. . .

To the Right Honourable George Rose.

ONIONS AND LEMONS

Amphion, July 12th.

. . . I certainly hate to have anything to do with the management of money; but if the Admiralty will sanction my drawing for a sum of money, and will give orders that the *simple* receipt of the Captain for so much Public money, shall be a clear and sufficient discharge for me, in that case, I will take this task upon me. I know some people are preparing for fleecing us, and, without we have money to go to market, so they must. . .

Many of the Ships have much scurvy in them, but onions and lemons I hope will eradicate that complaint, and a sight of the French Squadron twenty leagues at sea will cure all our complaints, which, that it may very soon do, is the sincere wish of, my dear Lord, your most faithful,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

WHO SO BASE AS BE A SLAVE?

Amphion, July 27th.

. . . As for Peace, we cannot have one but on degrading and dishonourable terms—sooner than which, we had better spend the last shilling in resisting, like men.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

QUERY?

27th July.

Europe seems so degraded, that I declare I would rather die with my sword in my hand resisting, than hold any Territory by means of a

degenerate guarantee. Can a Kingdom be said to be free, which pays contributions at the order of a Foreign Power?

To the Right Honourable Henry Addington.

THE TWO PICTURES

Victory, off Toulon, August 1st.

. . . Mr. Haslewood promised to see this matter kept right for me. Hardy is now busy, hanging up your and Horatia's picture; and I trust soon to see the other two safe arrived from the Exhibition. I want no others to ornament my cabin. I can contemplate them, and find new beauties every day, and I do not want any body else.

To Lady Hamilton.

THE PINCH OF POVERTY

Victory, off Toulon, August 1.

. . . I shall certainly live as frugal as my station will admit. I have known the pinch, and shall endeavour never to know it again.

To Lady Hamilton.

HANDS OFF

Victory, off Toulon, August 10th.

. . . News, I absolutely am ignorant of: except, that a schooner, belonging to me, put her nose into Toulon, and four frigates popped out, and have taken her, and a transport loaded with water for the Fleet. However, I hope to have an opportunity, very soon, of paying them the debt, with interest.

To Lady Hamilton.

SICILIFYING A CONSCIENCE

Victory, off Toulon, 11th August.

. . . The King of Naples' gift of Bronté to me, if it is not now settled to my advantage, and to be permanent, has cost me a fortune, and a great deal of favour which I might have enjoyed, and (much) jealousy which I should have avoided. I repine not on those accounts. I did my duty, to the Sicilifying my own conscience, and I am easy.

To Abraham Gibbs, Esq.

THE FRIENDLY ALIEN

August 12th.

My dear General,

Captain Vankempen (who, I believe, was settled at Bastia when you was there) was a Captain in the French Navy, and left Toulon with us, as Captain of the *Pearl* Frigate, and carried her to England under the White colours. He is on half-pay from us, five shillings a-day. He has a wife and family. . . . Can you assist this gentleman? He is not

a French, but Dutchman by birth. . . . He speaks four languages. His wife is born a gentlewoman, and he has a family. Whatever you can do, if you knew the family, I am sure you would. It will be a real act of charity to a worthy family, and you will also truly oblige, my dear General, your most faithful and obliged,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Major-General Villettes, Malta.

TO HIS PRISONERS

Victory, August 13th, 1803.

Gentlemen,

I have sent to offer the French Admiral in Toulon an exchange of Prisoners. After keeping the Boat waiting three hours, a message came down that the French Admiral would receive no letter or message, and ordered the Boat to return: therefore, you must blame the cruelty of your own Admiral for keeping you Prisoners. At the same time, I shall be happy to do all in my power to render your captivity as easy as possible—always remembering, *Do as you would be done by*. I am, Gentlemen, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

Nelson and Bronté.

To the French Officers, Prisoners of War, at Malta.

“NAUGHT SHALL MAKE US RUE
IF——”

My dear Davison,

Victory, off Toulon, 24th August.

How can I find words to thank you for all your goodness to me and dear Lady Hamilton! Why, you will be ruined in postage. I can only say, that I never shall forget it. . . . I was glad to hear, and hope it will prove true, that your damned electioneering business will be got quit of. It has cost me many bitter pangs; and without those feelings for our friends, there can be no friendship. I hope my dear Davison, that Old England will be taken care of. If we are true to ourselves, we need not mind Buonaparte.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

WISE SAW AND MODERN INSTANCE

Victory, off Toulon, August 25th.

. . . for, being satisfied of the intention of the French invading Sardinia, I have directed the Frigates to pursue them, even should they chase into Sardinia, and to take or destroy them, and also the Corsican Troops; for if I wait till the Island is taken I should feel deserving of reprobation. Of course, they will say that we have broken the Neutrality, if we attack them in the Ports of Sardinia before their conquest, and if we do not I shall be laughed at for a fool. *Prevention is better than cure*.

To the Right Honourable Henry Addington.

TO A FATHER

Victory, off Toulon, August 25th.

Sir,

Your son I was sorry, to find, had been in very great distress for his chest, but Captain Sutton has been so good as to order some clothes for him at Gibraltar; and as our numbers are so great in the *Victory*, he has taken him with him in the *Amphion*. There is, I assure you, only one choice about him,—that he is one of the very best lads ever met with: everybody seemed to love him.

To Benjamin Baynton, Esq.

HIS HAPPINESS

August 26th.

. . . All your letters, *my dear letters*, are so entertaining! and which paint so clearly what you are after, that they give me either the greatest pleasure or pain. It is the next best thing, to being with you. . . .

Advise him not to make *enemies*, by shewing he knows more than some of us. Envy knows no bounds to its persecution. . . . If you like you can send the Doctor a hogshead of that which is coming. Davison will pay all the duties. Send it entirely free, even to the *carriage*. You know, doing the thing well, is twice doing it; for sometimes carriage is more thought of than the prime cost.

To Lady Hamilton.

WILLIAM

August 26th. Wrote several days past.

. . . I have just asked William, who behaves very well, whether he chooses to remit any of his wages to his father? It does not appear he *does* at present.

To Lady Hamilton.

THE VICHY SPIRIT

27th August.

According to the reports of Vessels spoken from Marseilles and Genoa, the War is very unpopular, and I hope it will end in the destruction of that man of tyranny. Buonaparte; but I detest Europe for being so mean-spirited as to submit to the mandates of this Corsican—I blush for their meanness.

To His Excellency Mr. Drummond, Constantinople.

THE MONSTER

Victory, off Toulon, September 8th.

. . . I had a letter lately from Lady Hamilton, wherein she says Sabatello Sabitino denies having Julia's money. He had near seventy pounds in money and valuables belonging to her, and now he refuses to

pay her. Now, I know that Julia said in my presence, that Sabitino had taken her money, &c., and if he does not return it, I desire to withdraw my character of him, and so does Lady Hamilton; for he may serve others in the same manner; therefore, in behalf of a poor, injured woman, who he knows he has otherwise *injured*, I beg you will speak to him, and if he does not instantly pay the money to you to be sent home, Lady Hamilton desires not to be considered as recommending him, and I do the same; for I cannot bear such a monster of ingratitude. . . .

I never experienced anything like the health of this Fleet. We have literally not a real sick man in it.

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq.

A BRITISH ADMIRAL CLAIMS HIS RIGHTS

13th September.

. . . You will acquaint his Excellency, that I claim for every British Ship, or Squadron, the right of lying as long as I please in the Ports of Spain, whilst it is allowed to other Powers; that I claim the rights of hospitality and civility, and every other right which the harmony subsisting between our Sovereigns entitles us to. You will acquaint his Excellency, that I can mean no disrespect personally to himself; but that it is a British Admiral returning an answer to a Spanish Captain-General, through the same channel which conveyed the message.

To J. B. Gibert, Esq., British Consul at Barcelona.

NELSON BLUSHES

Victory, off Toulon, 13th September.

When British Seamen and Marines so far degrade themselves in time of War, as to desert from the Service of their own Country, and enter into that of Spain; when they leave one shilling per day, and plenty of the very best provisions, with every comfort that can be thought of for them—for twopence a-day, black bread, horse-beans, and stinking oil for their food;—when British Seamen or Marines turn Spanish Soldiers, I blush for them: they forfeit in their own opinion, I am sure, that character of love of their own Country, which Foreigners are taught to admire. A Briton to put himself under the lash of a Frenchman or Spaniard must be more degrading to any man of spirit than any punishment I could inflict on their bodies. I shall leave the punishment to their own feelings, which, if they have any, and are still Englishmen, must be very great. But, as they thought proper to abandon, voluntarily, their wives, fathers, mothers, and every endearing tie, and, also, all prospect of returning to their native Country, I shall make them remain out of that Country, which they do not wish to see, and allow others, who love their Country, and are attached to their families, to return in their stead. And, as they have also thought proper to resign all their pay, I shall take care that it is not returned to them, nor their

'R.' taken off; but it shall be noted against their names, 'Deserted to the Spaniards,' or 'Entered as a Spanish Soldier,' as the case was.

Nelson and Bronté.

The above Memorandum respecting the desertion of British Seamen or Marines is to be read to the respective Companies of His Majesty's Ships and Vessels under my command, and copies thereof, to be stuck up in the most public places of the ships, in order that the magnitude of the crime may be properly impressed on their minds.

Nelson and Bronté.

Memorandum to the Respective Captains and Commanders of His Majesty's Ships and Vessels on the Mediterranean Station.

SOUND MEN—CRAZY SHIPS!

Victory, off Toulon, October 4th.

. . . Everything relative to yourself makes me truly comfortable. The King, I hope, will make you a Baronet, or a Peer, in the stead of a simple Knight. You know my answer to such dirty dogs as wanted to pull you down—they be d—d. You are, my dear Friend, too wise a man at this time of day to run any risk of being a poor man. Recollect the epitaph, '*I was well*, but would be better.' But whatever you do, will have my sincere good wishes, and you know enough of the world not to be careful. I am truly sensible of your good wishes for my prosperity. I believe I attend more to the French Fleet than making captures; but what I have, I can say as old Haddock said, 'it never cost a Sailor a tear, nor the Nation a farthing.' This thought is far better than Prize-money;—not that I despise money—quite the contrary, I wish I had one hundred thousand pounds this moment, and I will do everything consistent with my good name to obtain it. We are healthy beyond example, and in great good humour with ourselves; and so sharp-set, that I would not be a French Admiral in the way of any of our Ships for something. I believe we are in the right fighting trim, let them come as soon as they please. I never saw a Fleet altogether so well Officered and manned. Would to God the Ships were half so good, but they are what we call *crazy*. . . .

I send a little parcel for Lady Hamilton, directed under cover to you. Pray, forward it to Merton, where I hope my dearest Lady Hamilton is well, comfortable, and happy. I hope next summer to be able to build the room, and I must write to Linton about the field, which I wish to have to make the new entrance, &c., &c., provided she stays to manage the improvements. I will admit no display of taste at Merton, but hers. She bought it, and I hope will continue to improve and beautify it to the day, at least, of my death.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

THE GREEN SEAS

Victory, off Toulon, October 5th.

... I am—don't laugh—dreadfully sea-sick this day, and as it blows a Levanter, I must not keep the *Monmouth*, who joined from Naples last night. Mr. Layman your Lordship knows very well: I have put him into the *Weazle*. I am always, my dear Lord, most faithfully yours,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

MAKING A HOME

October 6th.

... I only beg, my dear Emma, that you will not give credit to any reports which will reach England of the battle—trust to providence that it will be propitious to your most sanguine wishes, and I hope that Captain Murray will be the bearer of a letter from me to you. Never fear, our cause is just and honourable. From Davison's letter of August 15th, I expect a ship of war every moment; it is now three months I see by the papers that Bolton has got the *Childers*. Had he been here he would have been Post. The Admiralty will send him out of course, and if I know how, I must try and put 5000*l*. in his pocket. Don't you laugh, how I talk of thousands when I do not know how, or rather have not tried, to put many in my own pocket, but they will come. I wish you would have the plan made for the new entrance at the corner. Mr. Linton should give up that field this winter, and in the spring it should be planted very thick to the eastward, and a moderate thickness to the north. The plan for filling up the water on the south and east sides of the house, but care must be taken that the house is not made damp for want of drains. A covered passage from *Downings* must be made beyond the present trees, and rails, and chains, in a line with it to keep carriages from the house. An opening can be left with a post, that foot passengers may go to the kitchen. This may be done even before you begin the room; it will amuse you, and be of no great expence.

To Lady Hamilton.

ON NEWSMAKERS

8th October.

... I will write to Mr. Drake the moment the Battle is over; caution him not to believe reports; the French have taken, I suppose, an *invisible* English Frigate in the Adriatic, or the Levant, or off the Coast of Genoa; but unfortunately for their news-makers, I have lost none.

I am, &c.,

Nelson and Bronté.

To His Excellency Mr. Jackson, Minister at Turin.

IMPUDENCE

Victory, off Toulon, October 8th.

. . . The impudence of Buonaparte I am not surprised at. The Crowned Heads of Europe have to thank themselves. Our Country will ever resist.

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq.

CIVILITIES

Victory, October 8th.

. . . Never was health equal to this Squadron. It has been within ten days of five months at sea, and we have not a man confined to his bed: therefore, if these fellows wait till we are forced into Port, they must wait some time.

May I presume to request of your Excellency to present my humble duty to the King and Queen, and assure them of my eternal attachment to their Royal Persons, and to all their Family, and any other civil speeches you may be so good as to say for me. To be a Courtier is your trade, and I know myself to be a cobbler at that work.

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq.

THE WITNESS

Apparently about October.

How little, my dear Foley, do we know who is to go first: gracious God, I am sure, to all appearance he was more likely to see us pass away, than we him! My dear Foley, I only desire that you will always charge yourself in reminding me of your nephew: in whatever station I may be, I should be most ungrateful, if I could for a moment forget your public support of me in the day of Battle, or your private friendship, which I esteemed most highly; therefore, as far as relates to you, your nephew, and myself let this letter stand against me. . . .

To Captain Foley.

ON BACKBITERS

Victory, off Toulon, October 14th.

. . . I assure you that I feel very much obliged by your kind hint, but I do not believe one word of your information: malicious liars are always travelling about doing evil. If he comes out here, I shall be heartily glad to see him. I *well* know his reasons for coming out: and even—, was he an ill-disposed man, could that hurt me? Can my mind be turned against my King by any beings on the earth? Besides, what is there to find out here? Only what he know, and every man in England and the Fleet knows—that I will fight the French fleet, the moment I can get at them. I have no plans to divulge; and if I had, I should not put it in any man's power to give information. In finis, I believe the gentleman to be as loyal and attached to the King and Country, as you or I are; if he is not, why do not Ministry take him up?

My dear —, some d—d backbiting rascals are, in our turns, pulling us to pieces; you, I, him, and others. I shall close by my old expression —*they be damned!*

To ?

NELSON IN AGITATION

Off Toulon, 15th October.

I am absolutely, Sir, beginning this letter in a fever of the mind. It is thick as butter-milk, and blowing a Levanter: and the *Narcissus* has just spoke me to say, 'She boarded a Vessel, and they understood that the men had seen, a few days before, twelve Sail of Ships of War off Minorca. It was in the dusk, and he did not know which way they were steering.' This is the whole story, and a lame one. On the 8th, the French Fleet, as counted by Captain Boyle, was eight Sail of the Line, four Frigates, and some Corvettes. On the 9th, it blew a tremendous storm at N.W. which lasted till the 12th, since which time, although *Seahorse* and *Renown* are endeavouring to reconnoitre, it is so thick that I do not think they can either see into Toulon, or find me if they do. Your Royal Highness will readily imagine my feelings, although I cannot bring my mind to believe they are actually out; but to miss them—God forbid! They are my superior in numbers, but in everything else, I believe, I have the happiness of commanding the finest Squadron in the world—*Victory*, *Kent*, *Superb*, *Triumph*, *Belleisle*, and *Renown*. Admiral Campbell is gone to Sardinia, and I have been anxiously expecting him these ten days. If I should miss these fellows, my heart will break: I am actually only now recovering the shock of missing them in 1798, when they were going to Egypt. If I miss them, I will give up the cudgels to some more fortunate Commander: God knows I only serve to fight those scoundrels; and if I cannot do that, I should be better on shore.

To His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

AYE!

Victory, off Toulon, October 18th.

... I am glad to find, my dear Emma, that you mean to take Horatia home. *Aye!* she is like her mother; will have her own way, or kick up a devil of a dust. But, you will cure her: I am afraid I should spoil her; for, I am sure, I would shoot any one who would hurt her. . . .

You know, my dear Emma, that I am never well when it blows hard. Therefore, imagine what a cruize off Toulon is; even in summer time, we have a hard gale every week, and two days heavy swell. It would kill you; and myself, to see you. Much less possible, to have Charlotte, Horatia, etc., on board ship!

And I, that have given orders to carry no women to sea in the *Victory*, to be the first to break them!

To Lady Hamilton.

THE FAMILIAR STORY

19th October.

. . . Without entering into the merits of the case, of which I can know nothing but from the reports sent me of Ships detained or captured, whereof I send you a copy, your Excellency may rely there was great cause of suspicion that the Vessels or cargoes, or both, were belonging to Enemies, and were merely covered with Neutral papers. . . . I shall only lastly observe, that one hundred and seventy French Vessels were in the Black Sea at the commencement of hostilities, and that by a *magic touch of Merchants*, they became in a moment *Russians, Imperials, Ionians, Ragusans*, and not one French Vessel remained!—Bravo! But allow me to assure your Excellency, that I ever am, with the highest respect, your most obedient and faithful, humble servant.

Nelson and Bronté.

To His Excellency Count Woronzow.

“YOU CANNOT FEED CAPONS SO”

Victory, off Toulon, October 19th.

. . . I have sent to Sicily for the Arms of Bronté, and the Herald's College there has sent for my English Arms, in order that they may be enrolled amongst those of the Sicilian Nobility; therefore, you will be so good as to send me out the same sort of thing which I sent to Germany. I very much doubt that I ever paid for that, and several other things which you have done for me; therefore, I desire (for in a man's trade there are no compliments) that you will send me out your regular bill, for I suppose you cannot live upon air; and if you are never paid, how is the pot to boil? When I take the French Fleet, which I hope to do before Christmas, I suppose there will be more alterations.

To George Naylor, Esq.

THEY RUE'D IT !

(Apparently about 20th October.)

. . . As probably this letter will be read before it gets to you, I can only tell the reader, that a British Fleet never was in higher order, health, and good humour, than the one I have the happiness to command; and if the French do not rue the day when we get alongside of them, it will not be the fault of the Captains, Officers, or Men, but must be (that) of your Excellency's most obedient servant,

Nelson and Bronté.

To His Excellency John Hookham Frere.

PLEASANTRIES

October.

Here I am, waiting the pleasure of these fellows at Toulon, and we only long to get fairly alongside of them. I dare say, there would be

some spare *bats*, by the time we had done. You are a pleasant fellow at all times; and, as Commodore Johnstone said of General Meadows, 'I have no doubt but your company would be delightful on the day of Battle to your friends, but damned bad for your enemies.'

To Rear-Admiral MacNamara Russell.

THE FATHER TO HIS CHILD

Victory, off Toulon, October 21st.

My dear Child,

Receive this first letter from your most affectionate Father. If I live, it will be my pride to see you virtuously brought up; but if it pleases God to call me, I trust to Himself. in that case, I have left Lady H. your guardian. I therefore charge you, my Child, on the value of a Father's blessing, to be obedient and attentive to all her kind admonitions and instructions. At this moment I have left you, in a Codicil dated the 6th of September, the sum of four thousand pounds sterling, the interest of which is to be paid to your guardian for your maintenance and education. I shall only say, my dear Child, may God Almighty bless you and make you an ornament to your sex, which I am sure you will be if you attend to all Lady H.'s kind instructions; and be assured that I am, my dear Horatia, your most affectionate Father,

Nelson and Brontë.

To Miss Horatia Nelson Thompson.

THE CODICIL TO NELSON'S WILL

"I give and bequeath to Miss Horatia Nelson Thomson (who was baptized on the 13th day of May last, in the Parish of St. Mary-le-bone, in the County of Middlesex, by Benjamin Lawrence, Curate, and John Willcock, Assistant-Clerk, and whom I acknowledge as my adopted daughter) the sum of £4000 sterling money of Great Britain, to be paid at the expiration of six months after my decease, or sooner, if possible; and I leave my dearest friend Emma Lady Hamilton, sole guardian of the said Horatia Nelson Thomson, until she shall have arrived at the age of eighteen years; and the interest of the said £4000 to be paid to Lady Hamilton for her education and maintenance. This request of guardianship I earnestly make to Lady Hamilton, knowing that she will educate my adopted child in the paths of religion and virtue, and give her those accomplishments which so much adorn herself, and I hope make her a fit wife for my dear nephew, Horatio Nelson, who I wish to marry her, if he should prove worthy, in Lady Hamilton's estimation, of such a treasure as I am sure she will be."

SHADOW OF A GRIM GENTLEMAN

Victory, off Toulon, October 23rd.

. . . I am watching and praying for the sailing of the Enemy's

Fleet, and, with the Ships with me, I have no fear but we shall give a very good account of them. I sincerely condole on your loss; but some of us are always called before the others, and we know not whose turn may be next. We none of us can escape the grim gentleman.

To William Williams, Esq.

ONLY TWO WANTS

Victory, Madalena Islands, November 1st.

My dear Sir,

The Fleet being very much in want of water, I have taken the opportunity of the moonlight nights to come here, in order to obtain it, and some refreshments for our crews, who have now been upwards of five months at sea. But our health and good humour is perfection, and we only want the French Fleet out.

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq.

THE LITTLE MASTER

Victory, Madalena Islands, 5th November.

. . . Our Master-Ropemaker is a child of thirteen years of age, and the best Ropemaker in the Fleet.

To Nathaniel Taylor, Esq., Naval Storekeeper, Malta.

THE BAD CUSTOM

Victory, Madalena Islands, November 7th.

. . . We are more likely to go to War with Spain for her complaisance to the French; but the French can gain nothing, but be great losers, by forcing Spain to go to War with us; therefore, I never expect that the Spaniards will begin, unless Buonaparte is absolutely *mad*, as many say he is. What! he begins to find excuses! I thought he would invade England in the face of the Sun! Now he wants a three-days' fog, that never yet happened! and if it did, how is his Craft to be kept together? He will soon find more excuses or there will be an end of Buonaparte, and may the Devil take him!

Our two last reconnoiterings: Toulon has eight Sail of the Line, apparently ready for sea, five or six Frigates, and as many Corvettes—they count twenty-two Sail of Ships of War; a Seventy-four is repairing; whether they intend waiting for her I can't tell, but I expect them every hour to put to sea, and with Troops, but their destination?—is it *Ireland* or the *Levant*? That is what I want to know. However, out they will come, and, I trust, we shall meet them. The event, with God's blessing on our exertions, we ought not to doubt; I really believe that we are the 'strong pull and pull together' . . . Lord St. Vincent's words are, 'We can send you neither Ships or Men, and with the

resources of your mind, you will do without them very well.' Bravo, my Lord! . . . I admire your Malta Gazettes; it is the custom, and a very bad one, for the English, never to tell their own story, and you have put it well together.

To Sir Alexander John Ball, Bart.

DESERTERS' DOOM

Victory, Madalena Island, 7th November.

Memorandum.

Lord Nelson is very sorry to find that notwithstanding his forgiveness of the men who deserted in Spain, it has failed to have its proper effect, and that there are still men who so far forget their duty to their King and Country, as to desert the Service, at a time when every man in England is in arms to defend it against the French. Therefore Lord Nelson desires that it may be perfectly understood, that if any man be so infamous as to desert from the Service in future, he will not only be brought to a Court-Martial, but that if the sentence should be *Death*, it will be most assuredly carried into execution.

To the Respective Captains and Commanders of His Majesty's Ships and Vessels on the Mediterranean Station.

TO A VERY YOUNG MAN

November.

I have just received your letter, and I am truly sorry that any difference should arise between your Captain, who has the reputation of being one of the bright Officers of the Service, and yourself, a very young man, and a very young Officer, who must naturally have much to learn; therefore the chance is that you are perfectly wrong in the disagreement. However, as your present situation must be very disagreeable, I will certainly take an early opportunity of removing you, provided your conduct to your present Captain be such, that another may not refuse to receive you.

To Lieutenant —.

NELSON EXCUSES HIMSELF FOR BEING, AS USUAL, MERCIFUL

Victory, at Sea, 10th December.

Whereas, Robert Dwyer, a Private Marine belonging to His Majesty's Ship *Belleisle* was, by the sentence of a Court-Martial held on him the 4th ultimo, to receive 500 lashes for disobedience of orders and insolence to his Superior Officer, crimes of the most serious nature, and for which the delinquent no doubt looked forward to the awful sentence of death being pronounced upon him, instead of the corporal punishment above-mentioned: and, although the said Robert Dwyer has received only part of his punishment, yet 'it being the first offence of a public nature which has been brought to trial since my taking upon me the command

of His Majesty's Fleet in the Mediterranean, and the respective Captains having particularly mentioned to me the very orderly conduct and good behaviour of their Ships' Companies, I am, therefore, induced from these circumstances to remit the remainder of the said Robert Dwyer's punishment; but I must desire it to be perfectly understood, and to warn the respective Ships' Companies against the commission of crimes of a similar or any other nature, as well as against the shameful disgraceful crime of Desertion, as the sentence of the Court-Martial for either of these offences, be it death or otherwise, will most certainly be inflicted without mitigation.

To the Respective Captains and Commanders of H.M. Ships and Vessels on the Mediterranean Station.

WHY SHOULDN'T THEY HAVE WHAT THEY LIKE

Victory, Gulf of Palma, 13th December.

As rice and sugar are but poor substitutes for butter and cheese, and, in general, not much liked by the Ships' Companies, I am to desire you will (if the price does not exceed that of rice and sugar) purchase cocoa and sugar, in lieu of butter and cheese, for the Fleet under my command. . . . To James Cutforth, Esq., Agent Victualler, Gibraltar.

CHEERING UP A BROTHER

My dear Brother,

Victory, December 14th.

. . . Next Christmas, please God, I shall be at Merton; for, by that time, with all the anxiety attendant on such a Command as this, I shall be done up. The mind and body both wear out, and my eye is every month visibly getting worse, and, I much fear, it will end in total blindness. The moment the Battle is over, if I am victorious, I shall ask for my retreat—if, unfortunately, the contrary, I hope never to live to see it. In that case, you will get an early Seat in the House of Lords. . . . The putting the stone over poor Maurice was well done, and I approve very much. I do not know that you owe me anything respecting Hilborough; but if you do, I fully acquit you of the debt, and so let it be considered. . . .

I have wrote to Horace at Eton, as I suppose his holidays will be over before this letter gets to Canterbury.

To the Reverend Dr. William Nelson.

NAG, TAG AND BOBTAIL

Off Corsica, 21st December.

Were I, my dear Troubridge, to begin describing *all* the complaints and wants of this Fleet, it would be exactly the same, I dare say, as you receive from all other Stations; but as it can be attended with no good effect, I shall save myself the trouble of writing, and you of reading

them. . . . We are not stoutly, or in any manner, well-manned in the *Victory*, but she is in very excellent order, thanks to Hardy; and I think, woe be to the Frenchman she gets alongside of.

To Captain Sir Thomas Troubridge, Admiralty.

MALTA ORANGES

(About 21st December.)

I have to thank you very much for a number of baskets of very fine Malta oranges; and in the proper season, if you have people that pack them in paper, I wish they should pack some for me, and send the account; for I insist, as the only terms on which I shall take them, that, at least, you, my good friend, are put to no expense.

To Sir Alexander John Ball, Bart., Malta.

ONION TROUBLE

Victory, Madalena Islands, December 30th.

Having observed in some recent vouchers, that onions have been purchased when in Port, when the Purser could, and ought to purchase, vegetables to put into the Ships' Companies' soup, and that onions so purchased by Government for recruiting the health of the Ships' Companies, have been used for the benefit of the purser, by putting those vegetables, which the Purser should be obliged to purchase when to be procured: it is therefore my positive directions that the Pursers are obliged to purchase vegetables for the Ship's soup, when it is possible to procure them, and that the Government onions are not used for the soup, if the Purser has the power of obtaining onions, or other vegetables, as he is bound to do. And it is my further directions, that whenever fresh provisions can be procured on reasonable terms, that it is purchased; but that onions for the account of Government are not purchased without my orders.

Ships absent for any length of time from me, are at liberty to purchase the gratuitous onions of Government for the recruiting the health of the Ships' Companies, who may have been long ted upon salt provisions.

Nelson and Bronté.

Memorandum, from the Order-Book of H.M. Ship *Triumph*.

Victory, Madalena Islands, 30th December.

Sir,

I have this moment received a set of vouchers for five live bullocks, 300 pounds of onions, and six bags of hay, procured for the Company of his Majesty's Ship *Amazon*, under your command; and I must desire to acquaint you that the onions ought not to have been purchased without my particular orders for so doing; and I see no reason for the purchase of hay for bullocks which have been killed so immediately.

To Captain William Parker, H.M. Ship *Amazon*.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1804

Through the spring of 1804 he continues to guard the Mediterranean and to wait for the French Fleet.—In April he is promoted to be a Vice-Admiral of the White, Commanding-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. He fights for his officers, who, he considers, have been slighted by the City of London. He is still in desperate need of frigates.

GOD AND OURSELVES

About the beginning of January.

. . . I trust, my dear Fremantle, in God and in English valour. We are enough in England, if true to ourselves. He may by chance injure us, but can never conquer a determined people. It would be well if the generality of Englishmen would remember that they who know the whole machine, can better keep it going than we who only see a very small part. Although I am naturally anxious for the issue of the attempt, yet I cannot doubt of the final event—it will be the ruin of that infamous Buonaparte, and give us an honourable Peace.

To Captain Fremantle.

ON SARDINIA

11th January.

. . . I have written to Lord Hobart on the importance of Sardinia, it is worth a hundred Maltas in position, and has the finest Man of War harbour in Europe.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

AND A LITTLE ACCOUNT WITH THE DEY

Victory, at Sea, January 11th.

. . . The Turk calls to me might and main, so does Naples, Sardinia, (and Malta for to guard Egypt,) but my course is steady, and I hope some day, very soon, to fulfil the warmest wishes of my Country and expectations of my friends, amongst whom, in the first rate quality, I rate you, my old and sincere friend—and I only hope you may be able, at some debate, to say, as your partiality has said before, 'Nelson has done more than he has done before;' I can assure you it shall be a stimulus to my exertion on the day of Battle. I have seven, the French ten, Spaniards sixteen at Cadiz, and going there easily from Carthagen. I am now on my way to settle a little account with the Dey of Algiers; we had better be at open War than insulted as we have been.

To the Right Honourable Lord Minto.

THE WAYS OF ARCHITECTS

Victory, under Majorca, January 13th.

. . . What pleasure people can have in telling lies! But, I care not what they say; I defy them all . . .

All I request, if you fix to have it done, (is) that Mr. Davison's architect, who drew the plan, may have the inspection; and, he must take care that it does not exceed the estimate.

If it is done by contract, you must not *alter*; or a bill is run up, much worse than if we had never contracted. Therefore, I must either buy the materials, and employ respectable workmen, under the architect; or, contract.

I rather believe, it would be better for me to buy the materials, and put out the building to a workman; but, you must get some good advice. To Lady Hamilton.

ARE COLONELS ALLOWED TO RIDE?

Victory, January 13th.

. . . All my object and wish is to meet the Enemy's Fleet, and then I hope to get a little rest; for I am really fagged—always tossed about, and always sea-sick.

I wish you could get rid of the gout. You will never be able to run after Buonaparte. Are Colonels allowed to ride? But as sure as he would have come, had we not been prepared, so sure he will not come, now we are. If he does, his destruction will give us an honourable Peace.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

NELSON'S DISCIPLINE

(About January).

We would all do everything in our power, to oblige so gallant and good an Officer as our friend Warren; but what would he do, if he were here? exactly what I have done, and am still willing to do. The young man must write such a letter of contrition as would be an acknowledgment of his great fault, and with a sincere promise, if his Captain will intercede to prevent the impending Court-Martial, never to so misbehave again. On his Captain's enclosing me such a letter, with a request to cancel the order for the Trial, I might be induced to do it; but the letters and reprimand will be given in the Public Order-Book of the Fleet, and read to all the Officers. The young man has pushed himself forward to notice, and he must take the consequence. We must recollect, my dear Admiral, it was upon the Quarter-deck, in the face of the Ship's Company, that he treated his Captain with contempt; and I am in duty bound to support the authority and consequence of every Officer under my command. A poor ignorant Seaman is for ever punished for contempt to *his* superior.

To Admiral. . .

HORATIA'S FIRST WATCH

Victory, January 20th.

I send a very neat watch for our god-child, and you will see it is by a good maker, that is, I suppose it will *tick* for a year instead of a month or two. You will impress her that it is only to be worn when she behaves well and is obedient.

To Lady Hamilton.

WHERE ARE THE EYES OF THE FLEET?

Victory, Madalena, January 30th.

My dear Sir,

The non-appearance of the *Gibraltar* tells me what the answer of Buonaparte has been. Nothing but insolence could be expected from him. My movements are regulated as my intelligence and fancy lead me to suppose the French Fleet will (come) out. . . .

I have no vessel to send to Naples, I am kept in great distress for Frigates and smaller Vessels at this critical moment. I want ten more than I have, in order to watch that the French should not escape me. To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq.

30th January.

I am distressed for Frigates, which are the eyes of a Fleet; for the terrible winter we have had has obliged me to send three into Port to be refitted: however, I trust we shall fall in with the Enemy, and do the business. Your Excellency knows, that with all the care and attention possible, it has happened that Fleets have passed each other; therefore I need not apprise you, how necessary it is to keep a good look-out for them. I am, &c.,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Sir John Acton, Bart.

THE EVE

Victory, February 11th.

My dear Ball,

Many, many thanks for your kind letters, oranges, &c., &c. . . . The loss of the *Raven* is very great, and the Admiralty seem determined not to increase my force. I, at this moment, want ten Frigates or Sloops, when I believe neither the *Ferrol* or Toulon Squadron could escape me; the *Diana* is ordered home from Gibraltar—it is shameful: Lord St. Vincent was not treated so. The moment I can possibly part with a Vessel, you shall have another in the room of the *Raven*. We are, my dear friend, on the eve of great events; the sooner they come the better; 12,000 men are ready for embarkation at Toulon, and 16,000 at Nice, and as they have not Transports, they must naturally

expect more Ships of War; the Admiralty tells me nothing, they know nothing; but my private letters say, that the Brest Squadron as well as *Ferrol*, is bound here—if so, we shall have work enough upon our hands.

To Sir Alexander John Ball, Bart.

A COMMON DISTURBER

11th February.

. . . Buonaparte's tongue is that of a serpent oiled. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to frustrate the designs of this common disturber of the human race.

To the Grand Vizir.

THE GREAT THING

Victory, 11th March.

. . . The great thing in all Military Service is health; and you will agree with me, that it is easier for an Officer to keep men healthy, than for a Physician to cure them. Situated as this Fleet has been, without a friendly Port, where we could get all the things so necessary for us, yet I have, by changing the cruising ground, not allowed the sameness of prospect to satiate the mind—sometimes by looking at Toulon, Ville Franche, Barcelona, and Rosas; then running round Minorca, Majorca, Sardinia, and Corsica; and two or three times anchoring for a few days, and sending a Ship to the last place for *onions*, which I find the best thing that can be given to Seamen; having always good mutton for the sick, cattle when we can get them, and plenty of fresh water. In the winter it is the best plan to give half the allowance of grog, instead of all wine. . . .

. . . We seem forgotten by the great folks at home. Our men's minds, however, are always kept up with the daily hopes of meeting the Enemy. . . . My sight is getting very bad; but I must not be sick until after the French Fleet is taken. Then, I shall soon hope to take you by the hand, and have further recourse to your skill for my eye.

I am always glad to hear good accounts of our dear Lady Hamilton. That she is beloved wherever she is known, does not surprise me: the contrary would, very much. I am sure she feels most sincerely all your kindness.

To Doctor Moseley, Chelsea Hospital.

THE LITTLE THING

Victory, March 14th, off Toulon.

. . . I would not have you lay out more than is necessary, at Merton. The rooms, and the new entrance, will take a good deal of money. The entrance by the corner I would have certainly done; a common

white gate will do for the present; and one of the cottages, which is in the barn, can be put up, as a temporary lodge. The road can be made to a temporary bridge; for that part of the *Nile*, one day, shall be filled up.

Downing's canvas awning will do for a passage. For the winter, the carriage can be put in the barn; and, giving up Mr. Bennett's premises, will save fifty pounds a year: and, another year, we can fit up the coach-house and stables, which are in the barn.

The foot-path should be turned . . . and, I also beg, as my dear Horatia is to be at Merton, that a strong netting, about three feet high, may be placed round the Nile, that the little thing may not tumble in; and, then, you may have ducks again in it. . . . The expences of the alterations at Merton *you are* not to pay from the income. Let it all be put to a separate account, and I will provide a fund for the payment. . . . All I long for, just now, is to hear that you are *perfectly* recovered; and, then, I care for nothing: all my hopes are, to see you, and be happy, at dear Merton, again. . . .

Although I cannot well afford it, yet I could not bear that poor blind Mrs. Nelson should be in want in her old days, and sell her plate; therefore, if you will find out what are her debts, if they come within my power, I will certainly pay them. Many, I dare say, if they had commanded here, would have made money; but, I can assure you, for Prizes taken within the Mediterranean, I have not more than paid my expences. However, I would rather pinch myself, than she, poor soul, should want. Your good, angelic heart, my dearest beloved Emma, will fully agree with me, everything is very expensive; and, even we find it, and will be obliged to economise, if we assist our friends: and, I am sure we should feel more comfort in it than in loaded tables, and entertaining a set of people who care not for us.

An account is this moment brought me, that a small sum is payable to me, for some neutral taken off Cadiz in May 1800; so that I shall not be poorer for my gift. It is odd, is it not?

I shall, when I come home, settle four thousand pounds in trustees' hands, for Horatia; for, I will not put it in my own power to have her left destitute: for she would want friends, if we left her in this world. She shall be independent of any smiles or frowns!

I am glad you are going to take her home; and, if you will take the trouble with Eliza and Ann, I am the very last to object.

To Lady Hamilton.

THE BUBBLE REPUTATION

March 17th.

My dear Lord,

Whilst I have your support, and the Officers of the Fleet look up to me, I can do anything which the number of Ships can allow the warmest wishes of my friends to anticipate. Take that from me, and I am

nothing. I am the child of opinion, and the Admiralty can with their breath destroy it. . . . I have sent your nephew this morning, to see if he can lay salt upon the tail of a French Frigate; I every day see new and excellent traits in him. Hardy is his great pattern about his Ship, and a better he could not have. I have only to hope the restless animal, Buonaparte, will be upset by Frenchmen, and then we may have some quiet. I am, &c.

Nelson and Bronté.

To Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

AT ONE

17th March.

. . . The French want to get out, and we want them out. Yesterday two of their Frigates were outside Hieres, peeping to know if we were gone to the Devil.

To Captain Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart., Admiralty.

THE OWLS AND THE PUSSY-CAT

(Query, March.)

I have often sat and smiled to hear grave and eminent Senators expatiate on the importance of a place, which I well knew was of no importance to us.

To His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

LITTLE PRESENTS

(March 18th.)

We have been expecting the French fleet at sea to relieve me from some anxiety, but many think (but I do not) that the Spanish fleet is to join them; but let us meet them in any reasonable numbers, and you shall, my dear Emma, have no reason to be ashamed of your own Nelson. I send you the comb, which looks handsome, and a pair of curious gloves, they are made only in Sardinia of the beards of mussels. I have ordered a muff; they tell me they are very scarce, and for that reason I wish you to have them. I must write a line to Mis. Denis, but, in truth, say, although I am much obliged by her kind letter and good wishes, that I can do nothing more, and barely that, to acknowledge receipt. I do not think I can answer my brother by this opportunity, I will write him soon.

Remember me most kindly to the Duke of Queensbury, I love the old man and would give up everything but you to him; and to all our *joint* friends, for I can have none separate from being yours, say everything that is kind. Never mind Mr. Addington, if he does not do what is right the more shame for him. Thank God I have both the power and inclination. I shall not close this till the last. The destination of the enemy has as many opinions as there are countrys. Sir

Alexr Ball is sure they are bound again to Egypt—time will shew. I send you, my beloved Emma, a note, in order that you may, upon your birthday, make some little presents, and if you do not give it all away it will look in bank notes very pretty in your pocket-book. Kiss dear Horatia for me, and the other. Call him what you please, if a girl, Emma. Kindest regards to your good mother, affection to Charlotte, and all our friends. It now blows a gale of wind.

March 19th.—The gale seems abating, and I shall get off the vessel for Gibraltar. I have been very restless, my dear Emma, for these several days and nights, and shall not be better till I hear you are quite recover'd. I am yours for ever and ever, &c.

P.S.—Hardy is well, and desires his best respects.

To Lady Hamilton.

THE RELUCTANT ADMIRAL

19th March.

. . . I hope to hold out, to beat your friend Admiral la Touche Tréville, who took the command at Toulon the moment of his arrival there. He was sent for on purpose, as *he beat me* at Boulogne, to beat me again; but he seems very loth to try. I am, &c.

Nelson and Bronté.

To Rear-Admiral Sir John Duckworth, K.B.

BEYOND PRICE

March 19th.

My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your kind letter of 30th October. I am sure no man is more able to place our Hospitals in a proper state than yourself, and that you always bear in mind not to be penny-wise and pound-foolish. A small sum, well laid out, will keep Fleets healthy; but it requires large sums to make a sickly Fleet healthy, besides the immense loss of personal services. Health cannot be dearly bought at any price—if the Fleet is never sickly.

To Dr. Baird.

SOME VAGARY OR OTHER

Victory, March 28th.

Last night, to my surprise, Mr. Chevalier sent to speak to me, and said—‘I beg pardon, my Lord, but I find myself so disagreeably situated in the Ship, that I beg of your Lordship to send me to England by the first opportunity.’ To which I answered, ‘Certainly, Mr. Chevalier.’ I can have no conception to what this is owing. I never said a harsh thing to him, nor any one else, I am sure. He is very much respected, and an excellent servant. He is his own Master in all his department; but was he, if possible, a

better servant, I never would ask a servant to stay. It is some *vagary* or *other*: so he must follow his own fancy. So much for that.
To Alexander Davison, Esq.

A BROTHER'S WIDOW

(Apparently about 28th March.)

. . . Poor old blind Mrs. Nelson, is, I hear, something in debt. If the sum is not very large, I intend to pay it for her. I have desired dear Lady Hamilton to inquire: therefore, if within bounds, pay it for me.
N. and B.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

THE HATE OF HATES

Victory, March 29th.

. . . With respect to Horace, you know so much better than I how to educate him that I can say nothing; and as to what mode of life he is to follow, that must be a matter for future consideration, as events may turn out. A good education and languages fit him for anything. The Corps Diplomatique, as far as I have seen, is the road to ruin. I never knew or heard of any one who made a fortune in it, and it is very easy to spend one: indeed, without much more prudence than is considered right, a Minister cannot exist upon his salary. . . . But, you may be sure, that in any way that I can be useful to Horace, whom I really love, nothing will be wanting on my part, as far as is within the reach of my abilities. . . . I wish the Invasion was over, for until the trial is made our Country never can be at rest. Let who will rule in France, England will always be the object of hatred.

To the Reverend Dr. William Nelson.

TO A GOOD CHILD

Victory, April 13th.

My dear Horatia,

I send you twelve books of Spanish dresses, which you will let your Guardian Angel, Lady Hamilton, keep for you, when you are tired of looking at them. I am very glad to hear, that you are perfectly recovered; and, that you are a very good child. I beg, my dear Horatia, that you will always continue so; which will be a great comfort to your most affectionate,
Nelson and Bronté.

To Miss Horatia Nelson Thompson.

LOVE LETTERS GO ASTRAY

Victory, April 19th.

My dearest Emma,

I had wrote you a line, intended for the *Swift* Cutter; but, instead of her joining me, I had the mortification, not only to hear that she was

taken, but that *all* the dispatches and letters had fallen into the hands of the Enemy; a very pretty piece of work! . . . As I do not know what letters of yours are in her, I cannot guess what will be said. I suppose, there will be a publication. The loss of the *Hindustan*, was great enough; but, for importance, it is lost, in comparison to the probable knowledge the Enemy will obtain of our connexions with Foreign Countries! Foreigners for ever say, and it is true—'We dare not trust England; one way or other, we are sure to be committed!' However, it is now too late to launch out on this subject. . . .

Captain Hallowell is so good as to take home for me, wine as by the enclosed list; and, if I can, some honey. The Spanish honey is so precious, that if (any one has) a cut, or sore throat, it is used to cure it. I mention this, in case you should wish to give the Duke a jar. The smell is wonderful! It is produced nowhere but in the mountains near Rosas. . . . I wish I had anything else to send you; but, my dearest Emma, you must take the will for the deed. I am pleased with Charlotte's letter; and, as she loves my dear Horatia, I shall always like her. What hearts those must have, who do not! But, thank God, she shall not be dependent on any of them.

Your letter of February 12th, through Mr. Falconet, I have received, I know they are all read; therefore, never sign your name. I shall continue to write through Spain; but never say a word that can convey any information—except, of eternal attachment and affection for you; and that I care not who knows; for I am &c.,

Nelson and Brontë.

To Lady Hamilton.

PRAYER IN ABSENCE

Victory, April 23rd.

. . . May God Almighty bless you, and send us a happy meeting.
To Lady Hamilton.

THE UNFULFILLED WISH

April 28th.

. . . (I did not, my dearest Emma, pass over the 26th without thinking of you in the most affectionate manner, which the truest love and affectionate regard of man to a dear beloved woman, which could enter into my mind.)

I have been for some days, and am still, very unwell, without being seriously ill, but I fret absolutely like a fool for the faults of others. It was no fault of mine that the dispatches were taken, but of those who sent them in a vessel not fit to trust my old shoes in; nor is it my fault that the *Kent*, the finest ship in the fleet, is kept so long from England, notwithstanding my representations that she is now obliged to leave the fleet, to lay guard-ship at Naples, and more will very soon

be in as bad a plight. My only wish is for the coming out of the French fleet to finish all my uneasiness. But I yet trust that the reign of Buonaparte will be soon over, and then that we shall have a few years of peace and quietness.

Remember me kindly to all we hold most dear, (and be assured, my dear Emma, that I am for ever and ever, and if possible more than ever, yours most faithfully, &c.)

To Lady Hamilton.

THE FULFILLED HOPE

May 1st.

You have always, my dear Sir Edward, proved yourself so equal to command a Fleet, that it would be a sin to place you in any other situation, and my services are very nearly at an end; for, in addition to other infirmities, I am nearly blind: however, I hope to fight one more Battle.

To Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Pellew, Bart.

LOVE AND HATE

Victory, May 5th.

I find, my dearest Emma, that your picture is very much admired by the French Consul at Barcelona; and that he has not sent it to be admired—which, I am sure, it would be—by Buonaparte. They pretend, that there were three pictures taken. I wish I had them; but they are all gone, as irretrievably as the dispatches—unless we may read them in a book, as we printed their correspondence from Egypt. But, from us, what can they find out? That I love you most dearly; and hate the French most damnably.

To Lady Hamilton.

THE WISE PATRIOT

Victory, May 14th.

. . . From Rosas, in Spain, of May 11th, the Spanish funds have suddenly fell ten per cent., and the people fear a War with England, but I hope that will be avoided. I want not riches at such a dreadful price; Peace for our Country is all I wish to fight for,—I mean, of course, an honourable one, without which, it cannot be a secure one. We have, *via* Paris, London news to April 21st. I should rather think the Ministry are not very firm.

To Major-General Villettes.

"NATURE HER CUSTOM HOLDS"

14th May.

I remember you, dear Sir, most perfectly at Burnham, and I shall never forget the many little kindnesses I received from your worthy

brother, with whom I was always a great favourite. Most probably I shall never see dear, dear Burnham again; but I have a satisfaction in thinking that my bones will probably be laid with my Father's, in the Village that gave me birth. Pardon this digression; but the thought of former days bring all my Mother into my heart, which shows itself in my eyes.

To Dr. Allott, Dean of Raphoe.

THE BATTLE AGAINST SCURVY

Victory, Madalena Islands, 15th May.

Sir,

I have received your letter of the 13th instant, representing to me that the thirty-seven men named on the other side hereof, are afflicted with an inveterate scurvy, and requesting that an additional allowance of sugar may be ordered them in consequence; and the Physician of the Fleet having acquainted me, that it is necessary, in order to remove an inveterate scurvy, to give each man so afflicted six ounces of lemon juice, and two ounces of sugar, daily, in addition to the present quantity issued by the Purser, for the space of twelve days, I am, therefore, to desire you will order the Purser of his Majesty's Ship under your command to issue to the Surgeon of the said Ship, six ounces of lemon juice and two ounces of sugar to each of the before-mentioned thirty-seven men, in addition to what is usually supplied them, for the space of twelve days from the date hereof, when it is to be discontinued, and report made to the Physician of the Fleet, by the Surgeon of the *Triumph*, of the effect this mode of treatment has in removing an inveterate scurvy.

To Captain Sir Robert Barlow, H.M. Ship *Triumph*.

SOMEONE TRIES IT ON

Victory, at Sea, 19th May.

Sir,

On examining the Vouchers for the purchase of provisions for the Company of his Majesty's Ship *Gibraltar*, under your command, between the 21st September 1803, and the 6th instant, at Naples, there appears a charge of upwards of a hundred pounds sterling, for onions, cabbages, leeks, and pumpkins for the people during the said time. I must therefore desire, as it was the duty of the Purser of the said Ship to have purchased a sufficient quantity of vegetables for the Ship's Company's soup, the fresh meat days, which ought not to have been included in the vouchers, that you inform me with the reason of this very extraordinary charge.

To Captain Ryves, H.M. Ship *Gibraltar*.

THE TAMER TAMED

Victory, May 25th.

... and with all my personal regard for Lord St. Vincent, I am sorry to see that he has been led astray by the opinion of ignorant people. There is scarcely a thing he has done since he has been at the Admiralty that I have not heard him reprobate before he came to the Board.

To the Right Honourable George Rose.

THESE BOYS

25th May.

There is no real happiness, my dear Lord, in this world: with all content and smiles around me, up start these Artillery boys; I understand they are not beyond that age, and set us all at defiance—speaking in the most disrespectful manner of the Navy and its Commanders, &c. I know you, my dear Lord, so well, that with your quickness, the matter would have been settled, and perhaps some of them been broke. I am perhaps more patient, but I do assure you not less resolved, if my plan of conciliation is not attended to. You and I are on the eve of quitting the theatre of our exploits; but we owe it to our successors, never, whilst we have a tongue to speak, or a hand to write, to allow the Navy to be in the smallest degree injured in its discipline by our conduct. . . . The new Emperor (bravo, Corsican!) will, I hope, begin his reign by ordering his Fleet to come out; for if they do not very soon, they will wear us out, and most particularly myself. My health has suffered very much, but I am as happy in the command as man can be.

To the Earl of St. Vincent, K.B.

SEA-BRUTES

(About 25th May).

My dear Troubridge,

You will see that I have been obliged to write a letter to the Admiralty, on the subject of the Soldiers embarked on board Ships of War; and I have written it strong, as I know it must go further than your Board. It is the old history—trying to do away the Act of Parliament. But I trust they will never succeed—for when they do, farewell to our Naval superiority! We should be prettily commanded! You may say, ‘they are not intended to command the Navy, but that the Navy is not to command Soldiers on board a Ship.’ Let them once gain the step of being independent of the Navy on board a Ship, and they will soon have the other, and command us. It may be said, ‘if the Soldiers behave improperly, they would be tried by a Court-martial on shore:’ were that possible, of what Members would that Court be composed? Mostly Subalterns, I fancy, who, although we might think

the Officer had behaved very improperly, might, and probably would think that he had behaved very properly to us Sea-brutes.

To Captain Sir Thomas Troubridge, Bart., Admiralty.

A LETTER HOME

Victory, May 27th.

My dearest Emma,

Yesterday I took Charles Connor on board, from the *Phæbe*, to try what we can do with him. At present, poor fellow, he has got a very bad eye—and, I almost fear, that he will be blind of it—owing to an olive-stone striking the eye: but the Surgeon of the *Victory*, who is by far the most able medical man I have ever seen, and equally so as a Surgeon, (says) that, if it can be saved, he will do it. The other complaint, in his head, is but little more, I think, than it was when he first came to Deal; a kind of silly laugh, when spoken to. He always complains of a pain in the back part of his head; but when that is gone, I do not perceive but that he is as wise as many of his neighbours. . . . I write you, this day, by Barcelona. Your dear phiz—but not the least like you—on the cup, is safe; but I would not use it, for the world; for, if it was broke, it would distress me very much. Your letters, by *Swift*, I shall never get back. The French Consul, at Barcelona, is bragging that he has three pictures of you from the *Swift*. I do not believe him; but, what if he had a hundred! . . .

I wish, I could be at dear Merton, to assist in making the alterations, I think I should have persuaded you to have kept the pike, and a clear stream; and to have put all the carp, tench, and fish who muddy the water, into the pond. But, as you like, I am content. Only take care, that my darling does not fall in, and get drowned. I begged you to get the little netting along the edge, and, particularly, on the bridges. . . .

Everything you tell me about my dear Horatia charms me. I think I see her, hear her, and admire her; but she is like her dear, dear mother. . . .

I have only one word more—Do not believe a syllable the newspapers say, or what you hear. Mankind seems fond of telling lies.

To Lady Hamilton.

THE SICKEST MAN IN THE FLEET

Victory, May 30th.

. . . The health of this Fleet cannot be exceeded; and I really believe that my shattered carcass is in the worst plight of the whole Fleet. I have had a sort of rheumatic fever, they tell me; but I have felt the blood gushing up the left side of my head, and the moment it covers the brain, I am fast asleep: I am now better of that; and with violent

pain in my side, and night-sweats, with heat in the evening, and quite flushed. The pain in my head, nor spasms, I have not had for some time. (Mr. Magrath, whom I admire for his great abilities every day I live, gives me excellent remedies; but we must lose such men from our Service, if the Army goes on in encouraging Medical men, whilst we do nothing. I am sure much ought to be done for our Naval Surgeons, or how can we expect to keep valuable men?

To Dr. Baird.

“GOOD LUCK HAVE THOU WITH THINE HONOUR”

(May?)

. . . I can assure you, Sir, that the word of honour of every Captain of a British Man-of-War is equal, not only to mine, but to that of any person in Europe, however elevated his rank.

To a noble Spaniard.

JACK CORSE

Victory, June 1st.

. . . The politics of Europe will probably so completely turn upon a Monarchical Government being again formed in France, that I believe no one can guess what the two Emperors of Russia and Germany will do. If they acknowledge Napoleon as their brother, there is no great honour in being allied to their family; but I think in that case it will give us peace. If they will not call him *brother* (Gracious Heaven! thy ways are hid from man!) Jack Corse brother to two Emperors! Then I suppose we shall have a general War. Either way, it must benefit both England and Naples. . . . You may safely rely that I never trust a Corsican or a Frenchman. I would give the devil ALL the good ones to take the remainder.

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq.

MARIANNE

Victory, June 6th.

. . . What a capricious Nation those French must be!

To Lady Hamilton.

THE MAN ON THE SPOT

16th June.

I am blockading Genoa, &c., and am continuing it in the way I think most proper. Whether modern law or ancient law makes my mode right, I cannot judge; and surely of the mode of disposing of a Fleet, I must, if I am fit for my post, be a better judge than any landsman, however learned he may appear. It would be the act of a fool

to tell Europe where I intend to place the Ships, for the purpose of effectually obeying my orders; not a Captain can know it, and their positions will vary, according to information I may receive. . . . I endeavour, as well as I am able, to obey my orders, without entering into the nice distinctions of lawyers. I will not further take up your time on a subject which, without being a lawyer, merely as a man, could have admitted of no dispute.

To Mr. Stoddard, Genoa.

JUST AND REASONABLE

Victory, at Sea, 18th June.

. . . I must, therefore, desire to acquaint you therewith; and that it has been the custom of this Country to pay the Ships' Companies their savings of oil as butter and cheese, and the measure appearing to me so just and reasonable, that the savings of rice as cheese should be paid for as savings of the latter, that I can have no doubt of its propriety. But as the quantities may be considerable, it is my wish that the payment of such savings should have the approbation and authority of your Board, and, therefore, I request that you will furnish me with your regulations on this subject accordingly.

To the Commissioners for Victualling His Majesty's Navy, London.

FANFARE

Victory, off Toulon, 21st June.

Victory, *Royal Sovereign*, *Canopus*, *Donegal*, *Belleisle*, *Triumph*, *Leviathan*, *Renown*, *Seaborse*, *Active*, *Amazon*, *Maidstone*, *Childers*, *Cameleon*, *Thunder-Bomb*—Cruizing with the Commander-in-Chief off Toulon.

From:—Disposition of His Majesty's Ships and Vessels on the Mediterranean Station, under the Command of the Right Honourable Lord Nelson, K.B., Duke of Bronté.

NELSON'S OPINION

21st June.

. . . It requires not the gift of prescience to assert, if Soldiers embarked in Ships of War are not, as heretofore, left subject to the Act of Parliament for the government of His Majesty's Ships, Vessels, and Forces by Sea, whereon, as our forefathers said, 'the safety, wealth, and prosperity of the Kingdom chiefly depend,' that the Navy, which we have all heretofore looked up to, will be ruined. The absolute power must remain; there cannot be two Commanders in one Ship, nor two sets of laws to regulate the conduct of those embarked in the same bottom. I will not, my Lord, take up your time in debating, whether

it would be better for the Navy to be subject to the same Articles of War as the Army; but we may take a lesson from the epitaph, 'I was well; I would be better, and here I am:' my opinion is, 'Let well alone.' I am, &c.,

Nelson and Bronté.

To the Right Honourable Lord Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty.

A BULLDOG NEVER LETS GO

22nd June.

It is to redeem the solemn pledge I have made, never to omit, upon any change of Administration, stating the just claim which I consider the Battle of Copenhagen has to the reward of Medals, such as have been given for other great Naval victories: I therefore inclose for your Lordship's perusal a statement of facts, and the letters which passed between me and Earl St. Vincent upon that occasion; and when your Lordship has leisure time, I request your perusal of them. . . . I am aware, my Lord, that his Majesty has the most undisputed right to bestow Medals, or to withhold them, as he pleases. No man admits it more fully than myself; but, my Lord, I turn back to the 1st of June 1794; from that moment I have ever considered, that his Majesty, by implication, pronounced these words to his Fleet, holding forth the Medal—'This, my Fleet, is the great reward which I will bestow for great and important Victories like the present!' Considering this as a solemn pledge, his Majesty gave it as the reward for the Battles of St. Vincent, of Camperdown, and the Nile: then comes the most difficult achievement, the hardest-fought battle, the most glorious result that ever graced the Naval Annals of our Country; the Medal is withheld for what reason Lord St. Vincent best knows. Could it be said that the Danes were not brave? the contrary has always been shown. Was our force so superior that there was no merit in gaining the Victory? If guns made the superiority, the Danes were very superior. If it be said, 'Ay, but your Ships were superior:' to that I can answer, that the force placed by the Danes for the preservation of their Arsenal, their Fleet, and the City of Copenhagen, was such, and of that description of Vessels, which they thought inexpugnable by any force that could be brought against it. I have no more to say, but beg to refer your Lordship to the papers sent herewith; and I hope, in the name of those brave Commanders who were under my orders on the glorious 2nd of April 1801, for your recommendation to his Majesty, that he may be pleased to bestow that mark of honour on the Battle of Copenhagen, which his goodness has given to the Battles of St. Vincent, the 1st of June, of Camperdown, and the Nile, I am &c.

Nelson and Bronté.

To the Right Honourable Lord Melville.

STAUNCH BUT REASONABLE

Victory, June 27th.

. . . I am not surprised at the time poor Davison is to be confined, after what passed in Parliament I did not expect so little, and I fear he has a heavy fine to pay besides. He would only consult Lord Moira and such clever folks, but an ignoramus like me could only warn him not to touch Boroughs. He has, poor fellow, been completely duped, and who cares? not one of those great folks. I am most sincerely sorry for him, but a year will soon pass away. Have not I been shut up in a ship without any one comfort? He is ashore with his friends round him, and even you to go to see him. I would change with him with much pleasure. I shall write him a line, he must not kill himself, that his enemies would rejoice at, and I hope he will live to plague them.

To Lady Hamilton.

FRIENDS

Victory, 30th June.

My dear Sir,

Friend I may call thee now, without the suspicion of adulation to a Minister; but believe me, that my opinion of your honourable abilities as a Minister, and your constant friendship for me as a man, have ever held the same place in my heart. I feel pride in avowing it, now you are a private gentleman. . . . I shall see you before Christmas; for I am almost worn out and blind.

To the Right Honourable Henry Addington.

INTRIGUE

Victory, July 1st.

. . . Gibbs is still at Palermo: I fancy he will make a good thing of my estate; however, I wish it was settled. He wrote me, a short time since, that he wished I would give him a hint (but without noticing that it came from him) that I thought Mrs. Graefer and her child had better go to England, on pretence of educating her daughter, &c. But I would have nothing to do with any such recommendation: it would end in her coming to me, in England; and saying, that she could not live upon what she had, and that I advised her to come to England, or she should not have thought of it. In short, Gibbs wants to remove her. He is afraid of his pocket, I fancy; and the daughter is, I fancy, now in some seminary at Palermo, at Gibbs's expense. I wrote him word, fully, I would advise no such thing; she was to form her own judgment. . . . The Queen writes me about 'honest Acton,' &c., &c., and I hear, that she has been the cause of ousting him: and they say (her enemies) that her conduct is all French. . . . I doubt much, my dear Emma, even her constancy of real friendship to you; although, in my letter to Acton,

which Mr. Elliot says he read to her, I mentioned the obligations she was under to you, &c., &c., in very strong terms. . . . Your accounts of Merton delight me; and you will long ago have known that I have directed the bills for the alterations to be paid. I never could have intended to have taken it from the hundred pounds a month. . . Kiss my dear Horatia, for me!

To Lady Hamilton.

UNKINDNESS

Victory, July 1st.

. . . The *Monmouth*, which you complain of not hearing by, I knew nothing of her movements for some months before. The ships from Malta, with the convoys, pick up our letters at Gibraltar. Therefore, do not hurt my feelings, by telling me that I neglect any opportunity of writing. . . .

To Lady Hamilton.

CARE FOR THE PUBLIC'S MONEY

Victory, at Sea, 1st July.

. . . I have to observe, for your information, that the twenty coils of rope sent by the *Termagent*, run upwards of six hundred fathoms *short*, and it is perfectly clear that none has been cut off, as the mark of the hooks is distinctly seen on each end of the rope. A survey has been ordered upon the said rope; and if it is practicable, the reports will be sent to you. At any rate, it will become necessary to state this uncommon deficiency to Mr. James, that an equal quantity may be sent in lieu, and that every inch on board the *Kent* which may have been received from him, is measured most strictly, before your Boatswain grants receipts for it.

Victory, July 8th.

. . . The Rope sent by *Termagent* was received from the *Kent*, I understand, but that the Boatswain of the Sloop gave a receipt to Mr. James for it, when he ought to have given it to the Boatswain of the *Kent*; then, unless the Contractor makes up the deficiency, it would have been properly charged against the Boatswain of the *Kent's* wages, for receiving it without measuring. This must be very carefully done in future; and if Mr. James does not make up the deficiency of the last, I desire that nothing more of any kind or sort may be taken of him; for Government must not be defrauded.

To Captain Pultney Malcolm, H.M. Ship *Kent*.

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES

Victory, 7th July.

. . With respect to the Queen's writing to this Minister or that, whether Addington or Pitt, it cannot matter. It depends upon her

Majesty's feelings towards the best friend she ever had, and Lady Hamilton has had opportunities of serving her Country which can fall to the lot of very few; and therefore has those claims for personal services which, as I said before, few can have. As Sir William's wife, I believe (indeed am sure) they will give her not one farthing.

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq.

NO TREATIES WHICH ONLY ENGLAND KEEPS

Victory, July 8th.

. . . The French Navy is daily increasing, both at Toulon and Brest whilst ours is as clearly going down-hill. It will require all Lord Melville's abilities to get our Fleet ahead of that of the French. We made use of the Peace, not to recruit our Navy, but to the cause of its ruin. Nothing but a speedy Battle, a complete annihilation of the Enemy's Fleets, and a seven years' Peace, can get our Fleet in the order it ought to be. . . . I am for assisting Europe to the utmost of our power, but no Treaties, which England only keeps.

I hope my dear Sir, your next letters from Naples will give me news to alter my opinion of degenerate Europe; for I am sick at heart at the miserable cringing conduct of the great Powers. But I have done.

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq.

TO THE TIMID

Victory, 10th July.

. . . Small measures produce only small results.

To the Queen of Naples.

AN IDEAL

(July).

. . . In your grandson Peter, you possess everything which is amiable, good, and manly—an Officer and a gentleman.

To Admiral Sir Peter Parker, Bart.

HONOURABLE SCARS

Victory, at Sea, 12th July.

. . . Wounds must be expected in fighting the Enemy. They are marks of honour, and our grateful Country is not unmindful of the sufferings of her gallant defenders. . . .

To Captain Ross Donnelly.

EXACTITUDE

Victory, at Sea, 15th July.

Having ordered the two Transports named in the margin, (*Chatham*, *Thetis*) to be loaded with empty water-casks from the different Ships,

You are hereby required and directed to take the said Transports under your charge, and proceed immediately with them to Porto Conte in the Island of Sardinia; and on your arrival there you will cause the utmost exertion to be used in filling the same empty water-casks, directing the Officers superintending that service, to see that the greatest care is taken of the casks, in rolling them to and from the spring, that no injury may be done them. You will also instruct the Officers so employed not to suffer the casks to be filled at high water, as the surface of one of the wells at those times is level with the sea, consequently impregnated with salt water. A Corporal's party of Marines will be sent in each of the Transports, for the purpose of attending the watering parties to prevent the casks from being stolen by the Inhabitants, and the men from getting drunk, or deserting, to which the utmost attention must be paid, as these people are very much in the habit of bringing down quantities of wine. To all and each of these circumstances I must desire to call your particular attention. During your stay at Porto Conte you will purchase as many live bullocks as may be necessary for the Bomb's Company, and you will also procure a hundred quintals of good onions, for the use of the Squadron. For the payment thereof the Agent-Victualler will supply you with dollars, upon your granting the usual receipt for the same, and returning the proper and regular vouchers for the disbursement thereof. Having completed the service above mentioned, which is to be done with the utmost possible expedition, you will return and join the Squadron on Rendezvous No. 102, where you will find me, or orders for your further proceedings.

Nelson and Bronté.

To Captain Arthur Farquhar, H.M. Bomb-Vessel *Acheron*.

MR. TAYLOR IN TROUBLE

Victory, at Sea, 28th July.

Sir,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 6th instant, with a copy of the list of cordage undertaken to be found by Mr. Dyson of Syracuse, also a list of canvas and timber which you ordered from Fiume, for the use of his Majesty's stores at Malta, together with a list of canvas purchased at Malta. . . . In answer thereto, I herewith transmit you an order for the payment of the canvas purchased at Malta, and desire to observe, that as stores are now arrived in the Mediterranean, it's of little consequence whether the cordage you have ordered from Syracuse is received or not. As canvas was to be had at Naples, I cannot account for your having ordered such a quantity of it, and other stores, from Fiume, on your return to Naples from Malta, as there appears no necessity for such a measure. . . .

In future, it is my directions, that previous to the purchase of any description of stores, you consult with the Senior Officer on the

necessity thereof, as well as to the exact quantity of every article wanted; and upon his being perfectly and fully satisfied of the absolute and indispensable necessity of such temporary purchase, you are to obtain from him an order for that purpose, which must specify the particular quantity of every article intended to be procured; a copy of which order, &c., you will transmit to me immediately, (in the event of there not being time to make application to me in the first instance, which is always to be done when practicable,) and also an account from the person of whom the purchase is made, setting forth the quantity and price of every article, in order that I may, on any future occasion, satisfy myself with the correctness thereof. . .

The Jolly-boat for the *Childers* has been received, and also the *Victory's* hammock-cloths; but I am extremely concerned to observe the inattention which they have met with in Malta Yard. They have been badly painted (if it may be called painting), as it is all run in flecks, and peels off with the least touch. In addition to this, a considerable part of one of them is entirely rotten. The want of these hammock-cloths will be severely felt, and there is none on board to cover the men's bedding. A survey shall be ordered upon them, and a report thereof sent to the Admiralty for their Lordships' consideration.

To Nathaniel Taylor, Esq., Naval Officer, Malta.

NO MAN INDISPENSABLE

(July).

I am of no party: I hope and believe that any Administration would ever act to the best of their judgment, for the power and advantage of their Country. I am not one of those who think, that the safety of the State depends on any *one*, or upon one hundred men; let them go off the stage, and others would ably supply their places.

To Major-General Villettes.

NELSON AND SPAIN

(July).

I live in hopes yet to see Buonaparte humbled, and Spain resuming her natural rank amongst the Nations, which that clever scoundrel prevents: he wants to have her revolutionized, or that he should have more money for preserving the name of the Spanish Monarchy. I sincerely hope England and Spain will long remain at peace.

To James Duff, Esq., Consul at Cadiz.

HE FIGHTS HIS OFFICERS' BATTLES

Victory, August 1st.

. . . Your Lordship will judge of my feelings upon seeing that all

the Junior Flag-Officers of other Fleets, and even some of the Captains, have received the thanks of the Corporation of London, whilst the Junior Flag-Officers of the Mediterranean Fleet are entirely omitted. I own it has struck me very forcibly; for, where the information of the Junior Flag-Officers and Captains of other Fleets was obtained, the same information could have been given of the Flag-Officers of this Fleet and the Captains; and, it is my duty to state, that more able and zealous Flag-Officers and Captains do not grace the British Navy, than those I have the honour and happiness to command.

It likewise appears, my Lord, a most extraordinary circumstance, that Sir Richard Bickerton should have been, as Second in Command in the Mediterranean Fleets, twice passed over by the Corporation of London. . . . I do assure your Lordship, that the constant, zealous, and cordial support I have had in my Command, from both Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton and Rear-Admiral Campbell, has been such as calls forth all my thanks and admiration. We have shared together the constant attention of being fourteen months at sea, and are ready to share the dangers and glory of a day of Battle; therefore, it is impossible that I can ever allow myself to be separated in Thanks from such supporters. I have the honour to remain, with the very highest respect, your Lordship's most faithful and obedient servant.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor.

SAVING BREAD

Victory, Gulf of Palma, Sardinia, 2nd August.

Captain Bayntum, of his Majesty's Ship *Leviathan*, having represented to me by letter of this date, that in receiving bread from the Amity Transport, a bag of it, said to contain 112 lbs., by accident fell overboard into the sea, and that in consequence of the great swell and the Boats pitching considerably, the said bag of bread was completely wet, and thereby rendered unfit to issue, and requested a survey thereon; You are hereby required and directed to repair on board his Majesty's Ship *Leviathan*, and strictly and carefully survey the bag of bread complained of as above, taking care to see every particle of it particularly picked, and the dust wiped off, in order that as much as possible of it may be saved for further use, reporting to me, from under your hands, a very correct and distinct account of your proceedings herein, stating the quantity that may be fit for issuing, which you will leave in charge of the Purser for that purpose, and also, the unserviceable bread to be dried, and returned into his Majesty's Store. . . .

To the Masters of His Majesty's Ships *Victory*, *Amazon* and *Phæbe*.

WHO RUNS MAY READ

3rd August.

. . . Algiers will be French in one year after a Peace: you see it, and a man may run and read; that is the plan of Buonaparte.

To Sir Alexander John Ball, Bart., Malta.

THE CHANCY ELEMENT

(About 4th August).

. . . In Sea affairs, nothing is impossible, and nothing improbable. To Count Mocenigo, at Corfu.

EYE, BELLY, ARM, HEAD

Victory, August 4th.

My dear Kingsmill,

It gave me a twitch of pleasure to see your handwriting again. . . . Can I forget all your former kindness to me? No, Horatio Nelson is (all that is left of him) the same as you formerly knew him; nor do I forget all Mary's goodness to me. . . . I doubt the possibility of my holding out another winter, without asses' milk, and some months' quiet; then I may get on another campaign or two; but, my dear Kingsmill, when I run over the under-mentioned wounds—Eye in Corsica, Belly off Cape St. Vincent, Arm at Teneriffe, Head in Egypt—I ought to be thankful that I am what I am. If Monsieur La Touche will give me the meeting before I go home, it will probably finish my Naval career. . . .

To Admiral Sir Robert Kingsmill, Bart.

PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES

Victory, at Sea, 7th August.

. . . I am informed it is the intention of the Agent to the Contractor for Prisoners of War, to discontinue giving them fresh beef, and to supply them with salt in lieu, on account of the latter being so much more reasonable than the former. I must, therefore, beg to observe to their Lordships, that as Prisoners of War are not allowed wine, the giving them salt beef instead of fresh, will, from their long and close confinement, naturally produce disease and very dangerous consequences; and it is with much deference I take the liberty of mentioning to their Lordships (that as Frenchmen are in the habit of drinking small wine in their own Country) the propriety of allowing Prisoners of War a certain quantity each per day.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

THE IMPORTUNATE MOTHER

Victory, August 8th.

. . . Mrs. Faddy has the impudence of the devil: however, I have made her son a Lieutenant.

To Captain Sir Edward Berry.

PISTOL AND FLUELLEN

Victory, August 8th.

. . . You must excuse a short letter. You will have seen Monsieur La Touche's letter of how he chased me and how I *ran*. I keep it; and, by God, if I take him, he shall *Eat* it!

To the Reverend Dr. William Nelson.

Victory, August 9th.

. . . I am expecting Monsieur La Touche (as he has wrote a letter that I ran away) to come out of his nest. The whole history was too contemptible for my notice, but I have thought it right, not upon my own account, but for the satisfaction of the Admiralty, &c., &c., to send a copy of the *Victory's* Log: for if my character for *not* running away, is not fixed by this time, it is not worth my trouble to put the world right at my time of life; and if any Englishman has believed for one moment the story, I may, to my friend, say, without fear of being thought arrogant, that they do not deserve to have me serve them; but I have kept Monsieur La Touche's letter; and if I take him, I shall either never see him, or, if I do, *make him Eat* his letter—perhaps, sovereign contempt is the best.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

Victory, at Sea, 12th August.

Sir,

Although I most certainly never thought of writing a line upon Monsieur La Touche's having cut a caper a few miles outside of Toulon, on the 14th of June, where he well know I could not get at him without placing the Ships under the batteries which surround that Port, and that, had I attacked him in that position, he could retire into his secure nest whenever he pleased, yet as that gentleman has thought proper to write a letter stating that the Fleet under my command ran away, and that he pursued it, perhaps it may be thought necessary for me to say something. But I do assure you, Sir, that I know not what to say, except by a flat contradiction; for if my character is not established by this time for not being apt to run away, it is not worth my time to attempt to put the world right. It is not, therefore, I do assure their Lordships, with any such intention that I stain my paper with a

vaunting man's name, and, therefore, I shall only state, that the Fleet I have the honour and happiness to command is in the highest state of discipline, good order, good humour, and good health, and that the united wishes of all are, I am sure, to meet Monsieur La Touche at sea: then I ought not to doubt that I should be able to write a letter equally satisfactory to my King and Country, and myself.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

(About August 20th.)

I have every reason to think, that if this Fleet gets fairly up with Mons. La Touche, his letter, with all his ingenuity, must be different from his last. We had fancied that we had chased him into Toulon; for blind as I am, I could see his water-line when he clued his topsails up, shutting in Sepet; but from the time of his meeting Captain Hawker in the *Iris*, I never heard of his acting otherwise than as a poltroon and a liar.

To Captain Sutton, H.M. Ship *Amphion*.

HIS LIEUTENANTS

Victory, at Sea, 12th August.

Sir,

Herewith, I transmit you . . . a copy of a letter . . . detailing the destruction of several of the Enemy's Coasting-vessels. The importance of this service may be but little, but the determined bravery of Lieutenants Thompson, Parker, Lumley, and Moore, and the Petty-Officers, Seamen, and Marines employed under them, could not be exceeded. I am concerned to observe that Lieutenant Lumley has been obliged to suffer amputation at the shoulder; but I have much pleasure in adding, that this fine young man is fast recovering. His sufferings, I am sure, will meet their Lordships' consideration.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

ON A CONTRACTOR

Victory, at Sea, 12th August.

Sir,

You will please to acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that the *Diligent* Transport has brought out frocks and trowsers for the use of the Fleet under my command; but instead of their being made of good Russia duck, as was formerly supplied to the Seamen of his Majesty's Navy, the frocks at 4s. 8d. each, and the trowsers at 4s. per pair, those sent out are made of coarse wrapper-stuff, and the price increased—the frocks two-pence each, and the trowsers threepence per pair, which makes the former 4s. 10d. and the latter 4s. 3d. I therefore think it necessary to send you one of each,

in order that their Lordships may judge of their quality and price; and at the same time beg to observe, for their information, that the issuing such coarse stuff to the people, who have been accustomed to good Russia duck cheaper, will no doubt occasion murmur and discontent, and may serious consequences. I therefore am most decidedly of opinion, that the Contractor who furnished such stuff ought to be hanged.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

A STITCH IN TIME

Victory, August 14th.

. . . I approve most fully of the *Gibraltar's* being sent home. She ought to have gone years ago. The *Kent* is in a miserable state. *Superb* cannot keep the sea this winter. *Renown* and *Triumph* ought also to go home: it would be saving five Ships instead of destroying them.

To Commissioner Otway, Gibraltar.

THE LOYAL COMRADE

15th August.

. . . Keats will never give that counsel which would not be good for the Service.

To His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

24th August.

I have long, my dear Friend, made up my mind never to be tired.
To Rear-Admiral Sutton.

NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH

Victory, August 26th.

Sir,

I have received your Highness's letter of July 6th, and as it appears that my great attentions to your Highness seem not to have made all the impression they ought to have done, I, therefore, now state to your Highness my unalterable sentiments and determination, which must be complied with before I ever send an English Consul to Algiers.

The English Vessel the *Ape*, or her value, shall be restored before any Consul lands. With respect to *El Veloce*, your Highness knows that it has been proved that her whole cargo was French property, and that not one farthing of its value belonged either to you, or any of your Subjects, and if any one has told your Highness to the contrary, they have told you a falsehood. His Britannic Majesty, my Royal Master, condescended to write you, that the cargo was condemned by the

acknowledged laws of all Nations for being Enemy property. I am, therefore, much surprised at your Highness renewing this subject.

No Consul will ever enter into this matter; it is finished, and the legal captors have received the amount. I have done all in my power to please your Highness, but I must now inform you that I shall never send to Algiers again about the Consul, for I do not understand being trifled with; your Highness may send me your sentiments when and how you please. I am, your Highness's most obedient Servant,

Nelson and Bronté.

To His Highness the Dey of Algiers.

THE IMPUTATION

August.

I can imagine no circumstance that could possibly influence me, as a British Admiral, to grant more particular protection to one British Merchant, in preference to another; all are equally entitled to the protection of his Majesty's Ships, and if my own brother were in your situation, I should scold him most sincerely for venturing to suppose that any influence would make me unjust.

To?

OUR FRIEND DR. SCOTT

Victory, August 28th.

My dear Sir,

Before our friend Dr. Scott leaves the Mediterranean, he is very anxious to pay his respects in the hot-bed of diplomacy, and, joking apart, to pay his respects to you. He is very much in my friendship, and confidence, to a certain extent. He has heard so much of the King and Queen of Naples and the Royal Family, that if he could be presented to them in private, as belonging to me, the Doctor would be very much gratified, and I own it would please me.

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq.

LAW v. JUSTICE

Victory, August 31st—say 30th, at Evening. Therefore I wrote, in fact, this day, through Spain.

. . . Mr. Greville is a shabby fellow! It never could have been the intention of Sir William, but that you should have had seven hundred pounds a year, neat money; for, when he made the Will, the Income Tax was double to what it is at present; and the estate which it is paid from is increasing every year in value. It may be law, but it is not just. . . . As to —, I know the full extent of the obligation I owe him, and he may be useful to me again; but I can never forget his unkindness to you. But, I guess, many reasons influenced his conduct, in bragging of his riches, and my honourable poverty; but, as I have often said and

with honest pride, what I have is my own; it never cost the widow a tear, or the Nation a farthing. I got what I have with my pure blood, from the Enemies of my Country. Our house, my own Emma, is built upon a solid foundation; and will last to us, when his house and lands may belong to others than his children. . . . I am very uneasy at your and Horatia being on the Coast; for you cannot move, if the French make the attempt; which, I am told, they have done, and been repulsed. Pray God, it may be true!

I shall rejoice to hear you and Horatia are safe at Merton; and happy shall I be, the day I join you. . . . Kind regards to Mrs. Cadogan, Charlotte, &c., and compliments to all our joint friends; for they are no friends of mine, who are not friends to Emma. God bless you, again and again!

To Lady Hamilton.

THE ELGIN MARBLES

Sir,

Victory, at Sea, 2nd September.

Lord Elgin having requested through Sir Alexander Ball that I would allow a Ship to call at Cerigo, to bring from thence to Malta some marble antiquities, and as I am perfectly disposed to meet his Lordship's wishes on this occasion, I am to desire you will send a small Transport to Cerigo, with the first Convoy going up the Levant, and leave her there, for the purpose of receiving the antiquities before-mentioned on board. . . .

To Captain Charles Marsh Schomberg, H.M. Ship *Madras*.

THE INCONSIDERATE ENEMY

Victory, September 6th.

. . . Such is the love for roaming of our men, that I am sure they would desert from heaven to hell, merely for the sake of change. . . .

If the Russians continue increasing their Naval Force in this Country, I do not think the French will venture to the Eastward; therefore, I rather expect they will, as the year advances, try to get out of the Straits; and should they accomplish it with 7000 Troops on board, I am sure we should lose half our West India Islands, for I think they would go there, and not to Ireland. Whatever may be their destination, I shall certainly follow, be it even to the East Indies. Such a pursuit would do more, perhaps, towards restoring me to health than all the Doctors; but I fear this is reserved for some happier man. Not that I can complain; I have had a good race of glory, but we are never satisfied, although I hope I am duly thankful for the past; but one cannot help, being at sea, longing for a little more. La Touche has given me the slip—he died of the colic; perhaps Buonaparte's, for they say he was a rank Republican.

To Major-General Villettes, Malta.

THE GOOD GUESSER

Victory, September 6th.

. . . Suppose this Fleet escapes, and gets out of the Straits, I rather think I should bend my course to the Westward; for if they carry 7000 men—with what they have at Martinico and Guadaloupe—St. Lucia, Grenada, St. Vincent, Antigua, and St. Kitts would fall, and, in that case, England would be so clamorous for Peace, that we should humble ourselves. What do you think? Tell me. I have weighed Ireland against the West Indies. With me the latter throws the beam up to the ceiling; but I may be wrong. It is at best but a guess, and the world attaches wisdom to him that guesses right.

To Sir Alexander John Ball, Bart., Malta.

HIS MEN AND THEIR COMFORTS

Victory, September 22nd.

. . . Upon the present case there seems doubts whether the men have a right to be paid for the half allowance of oatmeal, when no molasses is to be procured. I am sure their Lordships will see the justness of the case as plainly as I do. Each man was formerly allowed a pint of oatmeal on certain days. As it was found that generally a man could not get a pint of dry oatmeal down his throat, and, I suppose, thinking it no longer necessary to present this saving to the Purser, half-a-pint of oatmeal was issued instead of the pint, and, in lieu of the other half-pint, a proportion of molasses. It has sometimes occurred in the Channel Fleet that no molasses could be procured, nor was there any allowance made for such temporary omissions. In the West Indies cocoa and sugar are allowed; in the Channel, I hear, tea and sugar: in the Mediterranean we have no molasses, nor any substitute; nor is our want of molasses temporary, but lasting.

I beg, therefore, with all due respect, to call their Lordships' attention to the circumstance, and to propose that, when molasses cannot be obtained, a proportion of sugar should be allowed to be mixed with the oatmeal, in lieu of molasses; and that if sugar cannot be obtained, the men having no substitute in lieu, should be paid the saving, as in all other species of provisions.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

A BIRTHDAY

Victory, September 29th.

This day, my dearest Emma, which gave me birth, I consider as more fortunate than common days, as, by my coming into this world, it has brought me so intimately acquainted with you, who my soul holds most dear. I well know that you will keep it, and have my dear Horatia to drink my health. Forty-six years of toil and trouble! How few more the

common lot of mankind leads us to expect; and, therefore, it is almost time to think of spending the few last years in peace and quietness! . . .

It can all be finished next summer; when I hope we shall have peace, or such an universal war as will upset that vagabond Buonaparte. . . . God bless you, my dearest Emma! and be assured I am ever your most faithful and affectionate,

N. & B.

Kiss dear Horatia. I hope she is at Merton, *fixed*.

To Lady Hamilton.

THIRD DEGREE

Victory, at Sea, 4th October.

Sir,

I have received your letter of the 6th ultimo, acquainting me with the circumstance of your having flogged John Carter, Seaman, belonging to the *Spider*, on the 5th of that month; that soon after, a shot was flung from forward by some of the people, which fell close by you, and Mr. Langdon, the Master; and, in order to discover the offender, you judged it necessary to threaten them with individual punishment, which, as they would not confess, you had inflicted upon each of your company, by calling them over by the watch bill, and giving them a dozen each. In answer to which, I cannot approve of a measure so foreign to the rules of good discipline and the accustomed practice of his Majesty's Navy, and therefore caution you against a similar line of conduct.

To Lieutenant Harding Shaw, Commanding His Majesty's Brig, *Spider*

THE RULE

Victory, October 7th.

. . . There is a general principle which I have laid down for the regulation of the Officers' conduct under my command—which is never to break the Neutrality of any Port or place. But never to consider as Neutral any place from whence an attack is allowed to be made, —the attacker forfeits all Neutrality.

To the Chevalier Micheroux.

THE HEALTHY FLEET

Victory, October 12th.

Sir,

I have just received from Mr. Gilbert, the English Vice-Consul at Barcelona, a letter, in which he states to me that your Excellency has received an account of a bad fever having broke out at Gibraltar since the 15th of September. I have this day, *via* Barcelona and Madrid, received letters from Gibraltar, in which no mention whatever is made of such a dreadful circumstance, nor will your Excellency give the smallest credit to the report. . . . From the care which your Excellency takes of the Province of Catalonia, and from your Excellency's

liberal conduct towards his Britannic Majesty's Ships, I think it is right to inform you of every circumstance; and I therefore beg leave this day to inform your Excellency upon my *sacred word* of honour that not *one* man is confined in the whole Fleet, by either sickness or accident. And at the same time, I assure your Excellency, on the word of an Officer, that when the Fleet is sickly that I will inform you, for this sickness is in its nature the curse of Europe.

To His Excellency the Captain-General, Barcelona.

My dearest Emma,

Victory, October 13th.

The dreadful effects of the yellow fever, at Gibraltar, and many parts of Spain, will naturally give you much uneasiness, till you hear that, thank God, we are entirely free from it, and in the most perfect health, not one man being ill in the fleet. The cold weather will, I hope, cure the disorder. Whilst I am writing this letter, a Cutter is arrived from England with strong indications of a Spanish War.

I hope, from my heart, that it will not prove one. But however that is, my die is cast; and, long before this time, I expect, another Admiral is far on his way to supersede me. Lord Keith, I think a very likely man. I should, for your sake, and for many of our friends, have liked an odd hundred thousand pounds; but, never mind. If they give me the choice of staying a few months longer, it will be very handsome; and, for the sake of others, we would give up, my dear Emma, very much of our own felicity. If they do not, we shall be happy with each other, and with dear Horatia. . . . I have received the inclosed from Allen. Can we assist the poor foolish man with a *character*?
To Lady Hamilton.

A WORD TO THE WISE

(A hint: most secret)

My dear Boyle,

Victory, October 19th.

If you knew what I *could* tell you, you would think every moment an age till you joined me. Ever, my dear Boyle, yours faithfully,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Captain the Honourable Courtenay Boyle, H.M. Ship *Seahorse*.

LORD KEITH

Victory, October 22nd.

. . . Lord Keith loves a little money, and a great deal much better.
To Sir Alexander John Ball, Bart., Malta.

A SERVICE OF VERY GREAT IMPORTANCE

Victory, Madalena Islands, 22nd October.

The Agent-Victualler at Malta having acquainted me, by letter of the 11th instant, that the provisions mentioned in the margin were put on

board the *Eliza* and *Brumgrove*, Transports, in the River Lima, in July and August last . . . and whereas this is a new mode of supplying his Majesty's Stores, it becomes necessary to be most correctly ascertained whether they are good of their kind, and fit for his Majesty's Service. You are therefore hereby required and directed to repair on board the said Transports (or to his Majesty's Victualling Stores, if the Provisions before-mentioned are landed,) and take a most strict and careful survey on the pork, tongues, hog's lard, pease, and wheat, before stated, to see whether they are all sound and good of their kind; and in order to judge of the meat when boiled, that it does not shrink more than the pork used in the Navy, you are hereby required to take a certain number of pieces, out of one or more of the casks promiscuously, as they come to hand, and boil them on board the Senior Officer's Ship. You will also take a bushel of pease, in the same way, from one or more of the bags, and see them also boiled, paying very particular attention that neither the pork or pease are too much done, or otherwise. . . . And as this is a service of very great importance, as well for preventing complaints or discontent amongst the Seamen, from the issue of bad provisions, as to provide against the serious consequences which would result from having a quantity of supposed good provisions in store, when in fact it might be otherwise, it is my positive directions that the strictest attention is paid to every circumstance which may tend fully to ascertain the real quality of the before-mentioned provisions, and also the comparative quality between them, and those from England.

To the Masters of His Majesty's Ships.

LAUGHTER AT NIGHT

30th October.

The weather was very thick when I looked into Toulon, but I believe a Vice-Admiral has hoisted his Flag; his name I have not yet heard. They now amuse themselves with night-signals, and by the quantity of rockets and blue lights they show with every signal, they plainly mark their position. These gentlemen must soon be so perfect in theory, that they will come to sea to put their knowledge into practice. Could I see that day, it would make me happy. I am, &c.,

Nelson and Bronté.

To The Right Honourable Viscount Melville.

ONE OF NELSON'S POSTSCRIPTS

Victory, off Barcelona, November 15th.

The Fleet is perfection itself. We have just captured a complete Regiment going to Minorca.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

HIS MEN SHALL NOT TAKE COLD

Victory, at Sea, 20th November.

. . . I must beg leave to observe that the quality of the said Guernsey jackets is most excellent, but that they are considerably too narrow and short to be tucked into the Men's trowsers. It is, therefore, my opinion, that they ought to be at least three inches wider, and six longer. Indeed, if they were ten inches or a foot, it would be so much better, as they shrink very considerably in washing; and when the seamen are on the yards, reefing or furling sails, the jacket rubs out of their trowsers, and exposes them to great danger of taking cold in their loins; so that, with this alteration, which is particularly necessary, they certainly would be the best and most valuable slops that ever were introduced into the Service, and be the means of saving many a good Seaman's life. With respect to the quantity required, it would not be too many to send out one for every Seaman in the Fleet. Perhaps the Guernsey Jacket, in its present state, might answer the largest of the boys.

To (The Commissioners of the Navy!)

THE SPUR

Victory, November 23rd.

My dear Davison,

Why my successor is not arrived, I cannot guess. A Spanish War, I should have thought would have been a spur to him. I am likely to have the very coldest month (January) to arrive in; and in that case I am fearful that March or April would suit me better. I never did, or ever shall, desert the service of my Country; but what can I do more than serve till I drop. If I take some little care of myself, I may yet live to perform some good service. My cough is very bad, and it brings forth the effect of my blow of the 14th February. We are a little alert at the prospect of the French Fleet putting to sea: I yet hope it will happen before my departure. How are you? Keep up your spirits. . . .

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

"AND IT IS CERTAIN WE TAKE NOTHING HENCE"

Victory, November 23rd.

. . . A few months' rest I must have, very soon. If I am in my grave, what are the mines of Peru to me!

But, to say the truth, I have no idea of killing myself. I may, with care, live yet to do good Service to the State. My cough is very bad; and my side, where I was struck on the 14th of February, is very much swelled; at times, a lump, as large as my fist, brought on, occasionally, by violent coughing, but I hope and believe, my lungs are yet safe. . . . If I am soon to go home, I shall be with you before this letter. . . . As

our means of communicating are cut off, I have only to beg you will not believe the idle rumours of Battles, &c. . . .

To Lady Hamilton.

THE SIGH

Victory, December 19th.

. . . It is now ninety days since I have heard from England; it is rather long at these critical times. Sir John Orde has three Cutters, and four or five fine Brigs attached to his Squadron; but, no; not one for me. *Such things are.*

To His Excellence Hugh Elliot, Esq.

THE LESSON TO BE LEARNED

Gulf of Palma, 19th December.

. . . Would to God these great Powers reflected, that the boldest measures are the safest! They allow small States to fall, and to serve the enormous power of France, without appearing to reflect that every Kingdom which is annexed to France makes their existence, as independent States, more precarious.

To the Queen of the Two Sicilies.

PRIVATE INSTRUCTIONS

(December)

Do not interfere with anything at Gibraltar; neither with *Sophie* or *Halcyon*, going to Lisbon or elsewhere; pass Cape Spartel in the night, and get to the Southward and Westward. Bring to for nothing, if you can help it; hoist the signal of Quarantine, and that you are 'Charged with dispatches.' If you are forced to speak by a Superior Officer, show him only my order for his not interfering with you; and, unless he is an Admiral superior to me, you will obey my orders instead of any pretended order from him, from my Superior Officer.

To Captain Parker. (Private Instructions.)

AFTER SIX YEARS, NO FRIGATES

(Towards the end of the year.)

It is only with great deference to the superior judgement of your Lordship, that I venture once more to touch upon the subject of the great want of Frigates and Sloops on the Mediterranean station; for I am fully aware of the want you have of them at home, and for other Commands: the more stations are multiplied, the greater must be the demand for small Ships.

To Viscount Melville.

SOME EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1805

On January 19th news reaches Nelson that the fleet under Villeneuve has at last sailed from Toulon. Supposing that the fleet is making for Egypt, he chases after it to Alexandria, but on returning to Malta finds the French Fleet is once more snug in Toulon.—He continues to play the waiting game until April 4th, when he receives news that four days earlier the enemy's fleet has again left Toulon, heading west. He sets out in pursuit.—In the next week is accomplished the famous chase of Villeneuve, in which, in spite of misinformation, delays and the big start of the French Fleet, Nelson sails to Barbadoes in pursuit. He misses the enemy, being mislead by General Brereton's reports, and wastes some days searching for them. They have, in fact, begun the return voyage to Europe. Nelson guesses that this is the case, and, acting on his own intuition, he returns to Europe by another rout at such speed that he outdistances the enemy, and is on guard when they return.—In August he strikes his flag and goes home to Merion.—He has less than a month's rest after a two-year-absence.—Then he bids farewell to Lady Hamilton and his daughter for the last time, and on 14th September he re-hoists his flag on board the Victory.—On the twenty-eighth he joins the Fleet off Cadiz.—On 21st October he wins the Battle of Trafalgar, but is mortally wounded during the fighting, and dies during the afternoon. His body is brought home at the end of the year, and he is buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral on 9th January, 1806.

THE BLOW FORETOLD

(probably early in the year)

A blow struck in Europe would do more towards making us respected, and of course facilitate a Peace, than the possession of Mexico or Peru. . . . Europe, and not abroad, is the place for us to strike a blow, which would make the Corsican look aghast even upon his usurped throne.

To Lord Moira.

SUCH THINGS ARE

Victory, January 2nd.

. . . I again strongly recommend either for Minorca or any other Yard, Mr. Bunce, Carpenter of the *Victory*, who will be found a most valuable acquisition. . . . First samples are, with knowing ones, always the best—witness Mr. James, of Naples, and his beds. . . . It is cruel

in the Navy Board not to do something about Mr. Lawson—either confirm or dismiss him.

To Commissioner Otway, Malta.

Victory, Madalena, January 13th.

... With respect to my making War upon Spain, and Sir John Orde not having done it, I believe you will think that I have acted not precipitately, but consistent with the firmness of John Bull. I can't tell what schemes Ministers may have; but when I am without orders, and unexpected occurrences arise, I shall always act as I think the honour and glory of my King and Country demand. Upon the most mature and serious consideration I can give the subject, the present lays within the compass of a nutshell. Our Ministers demand certain points to be conceded to them; they, to give a spur, detain the Spanish treasure. Spain, the moment she hears of it, kicks your Minister out of Madrid; a plain proof they had not acceded to our propositions. . . . I feel I have done perfectly right. No desire of wealth could influence my conduct; for I had nothing to take worth twopence to me. Sir John Orde was sent, if it was a Spanish War, to take the money; but until he saw my orders, he did not act. I suppose he was fearful of that responsibility which I am ever ready to take upon me; and now he is to wallow in wealth, whilst I am left a beggar. But such things are.

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq., Naples.

THE MOTTO

Victory, January 13th.

... Long looked for is come at last.

To Captain Malcolm, H.M. Ship *Renown*.

PREPARE FOR BATTLE

January 19th.

Hard gales N.W. At three, P.M. the *Active* and *Seahorse* arrived at Madalena, with information that the French Fleet put to sea from Toulon yesterday. These Frigates were close to them at ten o'clock last night, and saw one of them until two o'clock this morning. Unmoored and weighed. At twenty-eight minutes past four, made the general signal for each Ship to carry a light, and repeat signals during the night, made by the Admiral. Ran through the Passage between Biche and Sardinia at six o'clock. At thirty-five minutes past six, burnt a blue light, and at forty-five minutes past, another. At seven the whole Fleet was clear of the Passage. Sent *Seahorse* round the Southern end of Sardinia, to St. Peters, to look out for them, but to prevent the Enemy, as much as possible, from seeing her; and the moment Captain

Boyle discovered them, to return to me. . . . During the night it was equally, unsettled weather. . . . At twenty-five minutes past nine, made the general signal to 'Prepare for Battle'. At twenty-five minutes past eleven, made the same signal, to 'Form the established Order of Sailing in two columns,' and the signal to 'Keep in close Order.' *Spencer* and *Leviathan* separated from this Order, to be the readier to push at any detached Ships of the Enemy.

From his Diary.

AND STILL NO FRIGATES

Victory, January 22nd, 8 a.m.,
16 Leagues East of Cape Carbonara.

. . . I cannot, for want of Frigates, send off this letter.

To Sir Alexander John Ball, Bart., Malta.

Victory, Gulf of Cagliari, January 25th.

. . . Pray don't keep Captain Boyle one moment, for I have neither Frigates or small Vessels with me. Present me to their Majesties as most anxious to defend their Kingdoms.

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq., Naples.

ANXIETY

Victory, standing into the Gulf of Cagliari, January 25th.

My dear Sir John,

It has blown a heavy gale of wind from the S.S.W. until this morning, when I am off the Island of Serpentari. From the information of the French Frigates standing into the Gulf of Cagliari, I sent my two Frigates to watch the Enemy's motions, or to get me some information of their movements; one has just returned with *no* information, but as she has not communicated with Cagliari, I am obliged to send her back. If the Vice-Roy knows nothing of them, I shall push direct for Palermo, in case Sicily should be their object; and I shall, the moment I can get hold of any other Frigate, send her to Naples, with orders for her to join me off the Faro of Messina. I shall then be at hand to cover Messina, in case they should pass round Cape Passaro, or to proceed to Naples in case they are in that Bay. You will believe my anxiety. I have neither ate, drank, or slept with any comfort since last Sunday. 10 o'clock.—I have just spoke a Vessel which left the Gulf of Palma last night. The Enemy's Fleet was not there.

To His Excellency Sir John Acton, Palermo.

THE BURNING HEIGHTS

Victory, January 29th.

Stromboli burnt very strongly throughout the night. Passed round it at three in the morning. As we ran outside the Lipari Islands, we had been obliged to steer E. b N., and for two hours E.N.E. by compass, when, by the Spanish cart, E. and E. b S. were laid down as the proper course.

From his Private Diary.

THE LEMON SQUEEZER

Victory, at Sea, 4th February.

Sir,

The Commissioners for taking care of Sick and Wounded Seamen, having requested that I would cause a further contract to be entered into with Mr. John Broadbent, Merchant at Messina, for twenty thousand gallons of lemon juice, in addition to the thirty thousand previously agreed for by Doctor Snipe at one shilling per gallon, cask included, I beg you will be so good as acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that I sent Doctor Snipe . . . to Messina, with directions to contract with the said Mr. Broadbent for twenty thousand gallons of lemon juice . . . which he has with much attention and regard to the Public interest settled for at eighteen pence per gallon, instead of one shilling, formerly contracted for. This increased price is found, upon the most strict inquiry, to be just and necessary to cover the unavoidable expense attending the squeezing the lemons, which Mr. Broadbent was not aware of on his entering into the first Contract, and consequently will be a considerable loser by it. . . .

Mr. Broadbent . . . is an honest upright man, and very justly entitled to their Lordships' consideration on the present occasion.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

HOMESICK ITALIANS

Victory, at Sea, 8th February.

And I beg, with due deference, to state, from my experience in the Mediterranean, that Italians (who in any other Country are faithful, steady men) are not good for anything so near home, as they are constantly crying after it; and, consequently, seek for opportunities to desert whenever the Ships go into Port.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

TO TALK OF MANY THINGS

Victory, March 9th.

I do assure you, my dearest Emma, that nothing can be more

miserable, or unhappy, than your poor Nelson. From the 19th of February, have we been beating from Malta to off Palma; where I am now anchored, the wind and sea being so very contrary and bad. . . .

My reports from off Toulon, state the French Fleet as still in port; but I shall ever be uneasy at not having fallen in with them. I know, my dear Emma, that it is in vain to repine; but my feelings are alive to meeting those fellows, after near two years' hard service. What a time! I could not have thought it possible that I should have been so long absent; unwell, and uncomfortable, in many respects. However, when I calculate upon the French Fleet's not coming to sea for this summer, I shall certainly go for dear England, and a thousand (times) dearer Merton. May Heaven bless you, my own Emma. I cannot think where Sir William Bolton is got to; he ought to have joined me before this time. I send you a trifle, for a birth-day's gift. I would to God, I could give you more; but I have it not. I get no Prize-money worth naming; but, if I have the good fortune to meet the French Fleet, I hope they will make me amends for all my anxiety; which has been, and is, indescribable.

How is my dear Horatia? I hope you have her under your guardian wing, at Merton. May God bless her! Captain Layman is now upon his trial. I hope he will come clear, with honour. I fear it was too great confidence in his own judgement that got him into the scrape; but it was impossible that any person living could have exerted himself more, when in a most trying and difficult situation.

March 10th.

Poor Captain L. has been censured by the Court; but I have my own opinion. I sincerely pity him; and have wrote to Lord Melville and Sir Evan Nepean, to try what can be done. Altogether, I am much unhinger. . . .

What has Charles Connor been about? His is a curious letter! If he does not drink, he will do very well. . . . Colonel Suckling, I find, has sent his son to the Mediterranean, taking him from the *Narcissus*, where I had been at so much pains to place him. I know not where to find a Frigate to place him. He never will be so well and properly situated again. I am more plagued with other people's business, or rather nonsense, than with my own concerns. With some difficulty, I have got Suckling placed in the *Ambuscade*, with Captain Durban, who came on board at the moment I was writing.

March 31st.

The history of Suckling will never be done. I have this moment got from him your letter, and one from his father. I shall say nothing to him; I don't blame the child, but those who took (him) out of the most desirable situation in the Navy. He never will get into such another

advantageous Ship; but his father is a fool; and so, my dear Emma, that ends. . . .

April 1st.

I am not surprised that we should both think the same about the kitchen; and, if I can afford it, I should like it to be done; but, by the fatal example of poor Mr. Hamilton, and many others, we must take care not to get into debt; for then we can neither help any of our relations, and (must) be for ever in misery. But of this we (will) talk more, when we walk upon the poop at Merton. . . .

As I know that all the Mediterranean letters are cut and smoked, and perhaps read, I do not send you a little letter in this; but your utmost stretch of fancy cannot imagine more than I feel for my own Emma. God bless you. Amen.

To Lady Hamilton.

THE CHAMPION

Victory, at Sea, 10th March.

My dear Lord,

I inclose some remarks made by Captain Layman whilst he was in Spain, after the very unfortunate loss of that fine Sloop, which your Lordship was so good as to give him the command of. Your Lordship will find the remarks flow from a most intelligent and active mind, and may be useful should any expedition take place against Cadiz; and, my dear Lord, give me leave to recommend Captain Layman to your kind protection; for, notwithstanding the Court-Martial has thought him deserving of censure for his running in with the land, yet, my Lord, allow me to say, that Captain Layman's misfortune was, perhaps, conceiving that other people's abilities were equal to his own, which, indeed, very few people's are.

I own myself one of those who do not fear the shore, for hardly any great things are done in a small Ship by a man that is; therefore, I make very great allowances for him. Indeed, his station was intended never to be from the shore in the Straits; and if he did not every day risk his Sloop, he would be useless upon that station. Captain Layman has served with me in three Ships, and I am well acquainted with his bravery, zeal, judgment, and activity; nor do I regret the loss of the *Raven* compared to the value of Captain Layman's services, which are a National loss.

You must, my dear Lord, forgive the warmth which I express for Captain Layman; but he is in adversity, and, therefore, has the more claim to my attention and regard. If I had been censured every time I have run my Ship, or Fleets under my command, into great danger, I should long ago have been *out* of the Service, and never *in* the House of Peers. I am, my dear Lord, most faithfully, your obedient servant,

Nelson and Bronté

To Viscount Melville.

BRAG

Victory, March 13th.

. . . Buonaparte has often made his brags, that our Fleet would be worn out by keeping the sea—that his was kept in order, and increasing by staying in Port; but he now finds, I fancy, if *Emperors* hear truth, that his Fleet suffers more in one night, than ours in one year. . . . We have had a very dull War; but I agree with you, that it must change for a more active one.

To Vice-Admiral Collingwood.

HEARTBREAK

Victory, March 11th.

. . . You will readily believe that my heart is almost broke at not having got hold of those French folks.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

HEART-MEND

Victory, March 14th.

. . . We have had a long run to Egypt and back; but as the French Fleet are now ready for sea again, I fully expect we shall meet them; and then I would change with no man living. My health is but so-so; and the moment after the Battle, I shall go home for a few months.

To Captain Sutton, H.M. Ship *Amphion*.

THESE YOUNG GENTLEMEN!

Victory, March 30th.

My dear Commissioner,

I received, on the 26th, all your kind communications from Malta, for which I sincerely thank you, and I am very sorry that Captain — should have so far forgot himself, as to write you such an improper letter; but these young gentlemen sometimes think they have no superiors, and that their mandates are to be a law. I shall write him a public letter upon the subject, and you will receive a public letter also from me upon it.

To Commissioner Otway, Gibraltar.

THE UNTHANKFUL OFFICE

Most Private.

Victory, March 30th.

My dear Keats,

I felt most exceedingly last night, at finding your friend Admiral Murray so exceedingly hurt at some conversation which had passed between you and him, about hammocks. I can most solemnly assure

you, that so far from Admiral Murray withholding any stores from the *Superb*, that he would stretch the point to comply with your wishes, well knowing that in our scanty supplies you would take no more than was absolutely necessary for present use. . . . The situation of first Captain is certainly a very unthankful Office, for if there is a deficiency of stores, he must displease, probably, the whole Fleet; for no Ship can have her demands complied with. I wish, my dear Keats, you would turn this in your mind, and relieve Admiral Murray from the uneasiness your conversation has given him; for I will venture to say, that if he could (or ought to) show a partiality, it would be to the *Superb*, because her Captain husbands the stores in a most exemplary manner. You will readily conceive what I must feel upon this occasion, being most truly your most obliged and faithful friend,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Captain Keats, H.M. Ship *Superb*.

“A RULER OF THE KING’S NAVEE”

Victory, March 30th.

. . . I shall not talk of Sir John Orde, who must be the richest Admiral that ever England saw. He will torment the Admiralty enough. *‘How should he know HOW to behave: he never was at Sea?’*

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

HIS DISCONTENTS

Victory, April 10th, off Palermo.

My dear Ball,

I am most unfortunate, not having yet heard a word respecting the French Fleet; every Frigate is out upon the search, and I shall now stand towards Madalena and Cape Corse. I can hardly suppose that any Expedition would be sent to this Country, without my having some intimation, and I have not the most distant idea of such a thing. If they are sent, they will be taken, for the French know everything which passes in England. However, I can do more than I have done, for I am sorely vexed at the ignorance in which I am kept.

7, a.m.—Hallowell is just arrived from Palermo. He brings accounts that the great *Expedition* is sailed, and that seven Russian Sail of the Line are expected in the Mediterranean; therefore I may suppose the French Fleet are bound to the Westward. I must do my best. God bless you. I am very, very miserable, but ever, my dear Ball, (*sic*).

To Sir Alexander John Ball, Bart, Malta.

NELSON TO THE RESCUE

Sir,

Victory, at Sea, 11th April.

I am extremely concerned to acquaint you, for the information of the

Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that Lieutenant —— (son to that excellent and respectable Officer Captain ——) from an unfortunate desire to travel, and perhaps an imprudent attachment to an Italian female, quitted the *Hydra* when she was last at Malta, without, I fear, the smallest inclination of ever returning to his duty in that Ship. . . . I must beg that you will interest their Lordships in favour of this unfortunate young Officer, Lieutenant ——, whose youthful imprudence I trust their Lordships will take into consideration, and, on account of his worthy and respectable father, Captain ——, allow his name to remain on the list of Lieutenants. Their Lordships will readily conceive the feelings of Captain ——, and, I hope, enter into my wishes on this occasion. I am, Sir, &c.,

Nelson and Bronté.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

Victory, September 30th.

My dear Sotheron,

Captain ——'s son is adrift in Italy, at Naples, or Rome; we think, very probably, in prison for debt. His father is very anxious to save the lad. He was Lieutenant of the *Hydra* and ran away with an operadancer from Malta. Pray try, with Mr. Elliot, at Naples, and with Mr. Jackson, at Rome, to get word of Mr. ——. Captain —— will pay the bills he has drawn for on England—supposed to be two or three hundred pounds—and if now a few more is necessary to liberate the youth, I will be answerable. All we want is to save him from perdition. If you will, my dear Sotheron, undertake this task of inquiry, it will save me the no small trouble of writing two letters.

To Captain Sotheron, H.M. Ship *Excellent*, Naples.

THE ALERT

Victory, April 16th.

Sir,

We have a report from the Vessel spoke by *Leviathan*, that the French Fleet (at least a Fleet) was seen on Sunday, the 7th April, off Cape de Gatte, with the wind Easterly, steering to the Westward; therefore you must tell any Ships in search of me, that I am going to ascertain that the French Fleet is not in Toulon, and then to proceed to the Westward, and this is all I can tell at present.

To Captain Thomas, H.M. Bomb *Aetna*.

NELSON KEPT IN THE DARK

Victory, April 16th.

. . . Your Excellency's notice about Troops being sent to the Mediterranean is the first word I have ever heard of it; nor have I an idea that

any such thing could be in agitation without the Admiralty telling me, in order that I might meet and protect them. I have not yet heard of the French Fleet; but as I have Frigates in every possible direction, I must soon hear of them.

I am not sure whether, in your letter, you mean that Lord Mulgrave says, that the Troops going to Malta are for a service which *you* have been long acquainted with. Does your Excellency mean that *you* have, or that *I* have, been long acquainted with (it)? If it is *you*, I dare say it is right; but if I am meant as being in the secret of the destination of those Troops, I most solemnly declare my entire ignorance as to the force or destination, or even that *one* Soldier is intended for the Mediterranean. I know certainly where many thousands are wanted; but, as I said before, I never will believe that any number of Troops will be risked inside Gibraltar, without an assurance of my protection; and that I should be directed to meet them upon some fixed station to the Westward of Toulon, if not to the Westward of Carthage. I am now beating hard to get round the South end of Sardinia, blowing strong Westerly, which does me no good. A Convoy of Victuallers passed from England for Malta the 11th. They saw nothing to the Westward. I am ever, your Excellency's most obliged and faithful Servant,

Nelson and Bronté.

Noon: A Vessel just spoke says, that on Sunday April 7th, he saw sixteen Ships of War, twelve of them large Ships, off Cape de Gatte, steering to the Westward, with the wind at East. If this account is true, much mischief may be apprehended. It kills me, the very thought.

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq., Naples.

THE ELUSIVE ENEMY

Victory, April 18th.

My dear Sir,

I am going out of the Mediterranean after the French Fleet. It may be thought that I have protected too well Sardinia, Naples, Sicily, the Morea, and Egypt, from the French; but I feel I have done right, and am, therefore, easy about any fate which may await me for having missed the French Fleet. I have left five Frigates, besides the Sloops, &c. stationed at Malta for the present service of the Mediterranean. . . .

To His Excellency Hugh Elliot, Esq., Naples.

Victory, off Toro, April 18th.

Sir,

Under the severe affliction which I feel at the escape of the French Fleet out of the Mediterranean, I hope that their Lordships will not impute it to any want of due attention on my part; but, on the contrary, that by my vigilance the Enemy found it was impossible to undertake

any Expedition in the Mediterranean. . . . The Frigates, which I appointed to watch them, unfortunately lost sight of them the night of March 31st; and from April the 4th, when they joined, we have had nothing but strong, and sometimes hard gales of Westerly and N.W. winds, (and, it appears, that the French Fleet must have had strong gales Easterly. . . .)

I am pursuing my route to the Westward and must be guided by what I hear when I get off Gibraltar. I shall leave Captain Capel with five Frigates and the Small Craft stationed at Malta to protect our Commerce, and to prevent the French sending Troops by sea. I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.,

Nelson and Bronté.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

ILL-LUCK

Victory, April 19th, 10 leagues, West (West from Toro).

My dear Ball,

My good fortune seems flown away. I cannot get a fair wind, or even a side wind. Dead foul!—dead foul! But my mind is fully made up what to do when I leave the Straits, supposing there is no certain information of the Enemy's destination. The Officer who commands the Prize sent from Gibraltar will tell you all the news. I believe this ill luck will go near to kill me; but as these are times for exertions, I must not be cast down, whatever I feel. Ever, my dear Ball, yours faithfully.

Nelson and Bronté.

To Sir Alexander John Ball, Bart., Malta.

DIVIDED DUTY

Victory, April 19th.

My dear Sir,

You will guess at my uneasiness at not having met the French Fleet; but I could not quit my charge of Egypt, Morea, Sicily, Naples, and Sardinia, until I was sure that the Enemy were gone to the Westward; for any of these Countries would have been lost for ever if the French had twenty-four hours' start of me.

To Commissioner Otway, Gibraltar.

"IN THE MOST DELICATE MANNER IN THE WORLD"

Victory, April 19th.

My dear Lord,

If the Toulon Fleet, with that of Cadiz, is gone your road, the Ships under my command may be no unacceptable sight. If you do not want our help, tell us to go back again. I feel vexed at their slipping out of the Mediterranean, as I had marked them for my own game. However,

I hope, my dear Lord, that now you will annihilate them, instead of, my dear Lord, your most faithful, humble servant,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Admiral Lord Gardner, Commander-in-Chief, Ireland.

COMFORT TO THE OLD ROCK

(About April 20th.)

Broken-hearted as I am, Sir, at the escape of the Toulon Fleet, yet it cannot prevent my thinking of all the points intrusted to my care, amongst which Gibraltar stands prominent. I wish you to consider me as particularly desirous to give every comfort to the old Rock. I am, &c.,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Lieutenant-General Fox, Gibraltar.

NOTWITHSTANDING—

(About 20th April.)

I am not made to despair—what man can do shall be done. I have marked out for myself a decided line of conduct, and I shall follow it well up; although I have now before me a letter from the Physician of the Fleet, enforcing my return to England before the hot months. Therefore, notwithstanding, I shall pursue the Enemy to the East or West Indies, if I know that to have been their destination.

To Viscount Melville.

“SMOTHERED IN SURMISE”

Victory, off Tetuan, May 4th.

My dear Commissioner,

I believe my ill luck is to go on for a longer time, and I now much fear that Sir John Orde has not sent his Small Ships to watch the Enemy's Fleet, and ordered them to return to the Straits' Mouth, to give me information, that I might know how to direct my proceedings; for I cannot very properly run to the West Indies, without something beyond mere surmise; and if I defer my departure, Jamaica may be lost. Indeed, as they have a months' start of me, I see no prospect of getting out time enough to prevent much mischief from being done.

To Commissioner Otway, Gibraltar.

WILL YOU DINE?

Victory, May 8th.

My dear Keats,

I am very much pleased with the cheerfulness with which you are determined to share the fate of the Fleet. Perhaps none of us would wish for exactly a West India trip; but the call of our Country is far

superior to any consideration of self. I will take care that *Superb* shall have neighbour's fare in everything. I have wrote to the Admiralty that *Superb* would be sent home before the hurricane months. I am anxious to get off *St. Vincent* to meet *Amazon* from Lisbon, when my route will be fixed. Will you dine here, if we have little wind? And believe me ever, my dear Keats, yours most faithfully, Nelson and Brontë.

To Captain Keats, H.M. Ship *Superb*.

NO FRIEND LIKE A BROTHER

Victory, May 9th.

My dear Sister,

God only knows where I may be on July first, and, therefore, I send you a bill for one hundred pounds; and when I get home, I hope to be able to keep Tom at College without one farthing's expense to Mr. Bolton; and both you and him may be assured, that I would do more, if in my power.

To Mrs. Bolton.

THE LIVELY SKELETON

May 10th.

Here we are, my dear Campbell, clearing Sir John Orde's Transports, which I found in Lagos Bay, completing ourselves to five months; and to-morrow I start for the West Indies. Disappointment has worn me to a skeleton, and I am, in good truth, very, very far from well.

To Rear-Admiral George Campbell.

Victory, May 14th, 38 leagues from Madeira.

. . . And, although it may be said I am unlucky, it never shall be said that I am inactive, or sparing of myself; and surely it will not be fancied I am on a party of pleasure, running after eighteen Sail of the Line with ten, and that to the West Indies.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

UNDERSTATEMENT

Victory, May 14th.

. . . I have a report that another attempt has been made to assassinate the Dey of Algiers, and that he lost three of his fingers. He is, I fancy, very unpopular.

To Earl Camden, K.G.

THE BUSINESS

(Written during the pursuit of Villeneuve and the French Fleet to the West Indies)

The business of an English Commander-in-Chief being first to bring an

Enemy's Fleet to Battle, on the most advantageous terms to himself, (I mean that of laying his Ships close on board the Enemy, as expeditiously as possible;) and secondly, to continue them there, without separating, until the business is decided; I am sensible beyond this object it is not necessary that I should say a word, being fully assured that the Admirals and Captains of the Fleet I have the honour to command, will, knowing my precise object, that of a close and decisive Battle, supply any deficiency in my not making signals; which may, if extended beyond these objects, either be misunderstood, or, if waited for, very probably, from various causes, be impossible for the Commander-in-Chief to make: therefore, it will only be requisite for me to state, in as few words as possible, the various modes in which it may be necessary for me to obtain my object, on which depends, not only the honour and glory of our Country, but possibly its safety, and with it that of all Europe, from French tyranny and oppression.

If the two Fleets are both willing to fight, but little manœuvring is necessary; the less the better;—a day is soon lost in that business: therefore I will only suppose that the Enemy's Fleet being to leeward, standing close upon a wind on the starboard tack, and that I am nearly ahead of them, standing on the larboard tack, of course I should weather them. The weather must be supposed to be moderate; for if it be a gale of wind, the manœuvring of both Fleets is but of little avail, and probably no decisive Action would take place with the whole Fleet. Two modes present themselves: one to stand on, just out of gun-shot, until the Van-Ship of my Line would be about the centre Ship of the Enemy, then make the signal to wear together, then bear up, engage with all our force the six or five Van-Ships of the Enemy, passing, certainly, if opportunity offered, through their Line. This would prevent their bearing up, and the Action, from the known bravery and conduct of the Admirals and Captains, would certainly be decisive: the second or third Rear-Ships of the Enemy would act as they please, and our Ships would give a good account of them, should they persist in mixing with our Ships. The other mode would be, to stand under an easy but commanding sail, directly for their headmost Ship, so as to prevent the Enemy from knowing whether I should pass to leeward or windward of him. In that situation, I would make the signal to engage the Enemy to leeward, and to cut through their Fleet about the sixth Ship from the Van, passing very close; they being on a wind, and you going large, could cut their Line when you please. The Van-Ships of the Enemy would, by the time our Rear came abreast of the Van-Ship, be severely cut up, and our Van could not expect to escape damage. I would then have our *Rear* Ship, and every Ship in succession, wear, continue the Action with either the Van-Ship, or second Ship, as it might appear most eligible from her crippled state; and this mode pursued, I see nothing to prevent the capture of the five or six Ships of the Enemy's Van. The two or three Ships of the Enemy's Rear

must either bear up, or wear, and, in either case, although they would be in a better plight probably than our two Van-Ships (now the Rear) yet they would be separated, and at a distance to leeward, so as to give our Ships time to refit; and by that time, I believe, the Battle would, from the judgment of the Admiral and Captains, be over with the rest of them. Signals from these moments are useless, when every man is disposed to do his duty. The great object is for us to support each other, and to keep close to the Enemy, and to leeward of him.

From Plan of Attack.

THE GOOD OLD SCHOOL

10th June.

My dear Sir,

I was in a thousand fears for Jamaica, for that is a blow which Buonaparte would be happy to give us. I flew to the West Indies without any orders, but I think the Ministry cannot be displeased. . . . When I am satisfied that they are on their return, after sending some of the Spanish Ships to the Havanna, I shall push hard to get off the Straits' Mouth; and kind Providence, may some happy day, bless my endeavours to serve the Public weal, of which the West India Colonies form so prominent and interesting a part. I ever have been, and shall die, a firm friend to our present Colonial system. I was bred, as you know, in the good old school, and taught to appreciate the value of our West India possessions; and neither in the field, nor in the senate, shall their just rights be infringed, whilst I have an arm to fight in their defence, or a tongue to launch my voice. We are nearly, my dear Mr. Taylor, thirty years' acquaintance; and I am, as ever, your faithful and obliged friend,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Simon Taylor, Esq., Jamaica.

THE DAMNED INTELLIGENCE

Victory, under Guadaloupe, June 11th.

Sir,

Having no reason to doubt the information from St. Lucia, as sent by General Brereton. . . . the Fleet weighed early in the morning of the 5th, with Lieutenant-General Sir William Myers, and about 2000 Troops. On the 6th, at noon, we were off Tobago, from whence I learnt that an American Ship had arrived there the day before, who said that he had been *boarded*, by one of the Ships of the French Fleet, to windward of St. Vincent; three days before; that they were standing to the Southward; and he supposed they had passed the Island the night before. . . . At daylight, on the 8th, as we were coming out of the Gulf, I received information from Captain Maurice (late of the *Diamond Rock*) that he heard the Enemy were to sail on the evening of June 4th,

for an attack upon Grenada and Dominica. On the 9th, at noon, we were in St. Georg's Bay, Grenada, and received accounts from General Maitland, that all was safe at Grenada, St. Vincent's, and St. Lucia; and that on the 4th, the Enemy had not moved from Martinico, proving all our former information to be false.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

Victory, June 12th, under Antigua.

. . . The French Fleet passed to leeward of Antigua on Saturday last, standing to the Northward. All their Troops and Stores which they took from Guadaloupe are re-landed there: the refore, I am pushing for the Anchorage at St. Johns, to land the Troops, and hope to sail in the morning after them for the Straits' Mouth.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

12th June.

Your Royal H'ghness will easily conceive the misery I am feeling, at hitherto having missed the French Fleet; and entirely owing to false information sent from St. Lucia, which arrived at Barbadoes the evening of June 3rd. This caused me to embark Sir William Myers and 2000 Troops, and to proceed to Tobago and Trinidad. But for that false information, I should have been off Port Royal, as they were putting to sea; and our Battle, most probably, would have been fought on the spot where the brave Rodney beat De Grasse.

To His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

Victory, at Sea, June 15th.

. . . At noon I sailed in my pursuit of the Enemy; and I do not yet despair of getting up with them before they arrive at Cadiz or Toulon, to which Ports I think they are bound, or, at least, in time to prevent them from having a moment's superiority. I have no reason to blame Dame Fortune. If either General Brereton could not have wrote, or his look-out man had been blind, nothing could have prevented my fighting them on June 6th; but such information, and from such a quarter, close to the Enemy, could not be doubted. The Frigate is directed to join me off Cape St. Vincent; and if Sir John Orde, my Senior Officer, is not off Cadiz, I shall anchor in Lagos Bay, and try to get both water and refreshments. If he has resumed his former station, I must go inside the Mediterranean, as I know he is exceedingly displeased if any of the Mediterranean Ships are a moment upon his station, and I have too great a respect for the wishes of my superiors to act contrary to them.

To the Right Honourable Lord Robert Fitzgerald, Minister at Lisbon.

Victory, June 16th.

My dear Sir,

I can give you little, for I got nothing except some trifles at Barbadoes; but accept the little I can offer you. Grieved as I am by the information from General Brereton at St. Lucia, which deprived us of a Battle, yet we must not despair of overtaking them.

To Captain Malcolm, H.M. Ship *Donegal*.

Victory, June 16th.

My dear Sir Evan,

So far from being infallible, like the Pope, I believe my opinions to be very fallible, and therefore I may be mistaken that the Enemy's Fleet is gone to Europe; but I cannot bring myself to think otherwise, notwithstanding the variety of opinions which different people of good judgment form; but I have called every circumstance which I have heard of their proceedings before me—I have considered the approaching season, the sickly state of their Troops and Ships, the means and time for defence which have been given to our Islands, and the certainty the Enemy must expect of our reinforcements' arrival; and therefore, if they were not able to make an attack for the first three weeks after their arrival, they could not hope for greater success after our means of resistance increased, and their means of offence were diminished; and it is to be considered that the Enemy will not give me credit for quitting the West Indies for this month to come. . . .

. . . My opinion is firm as a rock, that some cause, *orders*, or *inability* to perform any service in these seas, has made them resolve to proceed direct for Europe, sending the Spanish Ships to the Havannah. Ever, my dear Sir Evan, your faithfully,

Nelson and Bronté.

There would have been no occasion for opinions, had not General Brereton sent his damned intelligence from St. Lucia; nor would I have received it to have acted by it, but I was assured that his information was very correct. It has almost broke my heart, but I must not despair. To the Right Honourable Sir Evan Nepean, Bart.

Victory, June 18th,—200 leagues North from Antigua.

My dear Sir John,

I am so far back on my way to the Mediterranean; for although I have not yet met the Enemy, I shall never allow them to get a superiority in the Mediterranean, so as to annoy Sicily, or the other Dominions of your good King. I am very, very unwell, and vexed. But for wrong information, I should have fought the Battle on June 6th. . . . What a race I have run after these fellows; but God is just, and I may be repaid for all my moments of anxiety.

To His Excellency Sir John Acton, Bart.

Victory, June 18th—200 leagues from Antigua.

My dear Sir,

Play send the inclosed. I am, as you may readily believe, very, very unhappy at not having got at the Enemy; they were missed by General Brereton's unlucky information; but I shall be close after them in Europe, and when I have housed them I shall certainly instantly return to England: I want rest.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

21st June.

Midnight, nearly calm, saw three planks, which I think came from the French Fleet. Very miserable, which is very foolish.

Nelson and Bronté.

From: Private Diary.

Victory, June 30th.

Sir,

I have sent the *Amphion*, Captain Sutton, to Tangier-Bay, in order to receive such intelligence of the Enemy's Fleet as you may be able to give him. It is a very interesting moment for me to know if the Enemy have entered the Mediterranean, or are gone to Cadiz: therefore, I shall thank you to tell Captain Sutton all you know relative to the Enemy's Fleet, and such other information as you may be so good as to give him. I have further to request that my near approach may be kept as great a secret as is possible. . . .

To J. M. Matra, Esq., H.M. Consul, at Tangiers.

8th July.

We crawled thirty-three miles the last twenty-four hours; my only hope is, that the Enemy's Fleet are near us, and in the same situation.

From: Private Diary.

Wednesday, 18th July.

Cape Spartel in sight, but no French Fleet, nor any information about them: how sorrowful this makes me, but I cannot help myself!

From Private Diary.

Victory, July 18th.

My dear Collingwood,

I am, as you may suppose, miserable at not having fallen in with the Enemy's Fleet; and I am almost increased in sorrow, in not finding them. The name of General Brereton will not soon be forgot. But for his false information, the Battle would have been fought where Rodney fought his, on June 6th. I must now only hope that the Enemy have not tricked me, and gone to Jamaica; but if the account, of which I sent you a copy, is correct, it is more than probable they are either gone to the Northward, or, if bound to the Mediterranean, not yet arrived.

To Vice-Admiral Collingwood.

20th July.

I went on shore for the first time since the 16th of June, 1803; and from having my foot out of the *Victory*, two years wanting ten days.
From: Private Diary.

(About 20th July).

I am, my dear Mr. Marsden, as completely miserable as my greatest enemy could wish me; but I neither blame fortune or my own judgment. Oh, General Brereton! General Brereton! Pray forward the inclosed, I shall see and thank you very soon. Ever your obliged,

Nelson and Bronté.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

Victory, Gibraltar, July 21st.

My dear Ball,

I arrived here before the *Martin*, (on Friday). I have little to add to my letter by her, having heard nothing of the Enemy's Fleet; but it is possible I may be ahead of them, for I have carried every rag, night and day. We have lost neither Officer or man by sickness since we left the Mediterranean. The Enemy's Squadrons have been very sickly. I shall sail at daylight for outside the Straits, to try and meet, or be ready to pack after, them, if they are gone to the Bay, which many think, and that Ireland is the great object. I hear the Admiralty—indeed, I have seen it—have ordered all *your* Sloops of War from the Service of Malta. I am all astonishment, and shall send them up again. I fancy the folks at home have lost their recollection. God bless you, my dear Ball, and believe me ever your most attached friend,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Sir Alexander John Ball, Bart., Malta.

Victory, July 24th.

. . . When I follow my own head, I am, in general, much more correct in my judgment, than following the opinion of others. I resisted the opinion of General Brereton's information till it would have been the height of presumption to have carried my disbelief further. I could not, in the face of Generals and Admirals, go N.W., when it was *apparently* clear that the Enemy had gone South. But I am miserable.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

Victory, off Cadiz, 25th July.

. . . Having received information that the Combined Fleet was seen on the 19th ultimo, steering to the Northward, I am proceeding with the Fleet in pursuit of them with all dispatch.

To Captain Parker, H.M. Ship *Amazon*.

Victory, August 18th.

... I hope we are not to be put in Quarantine; for we have neither sick, or have had in the Fleet. Neither this Ship, or *Superb*, which is come with me, have one man to send to the Hospital. You will have felt, I am sure, for all my ill-luck, or rather d—n General Brereton.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

TWO YEARS IS A LONG TIME

Victory, at Sea, 1st August.

... When their Lordships take into account that the poor Sailor who claims his due, has been for these two last years shut up from every comfort of the shore, and in want of his little pittance (almost the only thing he has made) to procure him some few necessaries of life, I am sure they will agree with me in the propriety of its being immediately paid.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

'TIS NOT IN MORTALS TO COMMAND SUCCESS

Victory, August 16th.

I could not last night sit down to thank you for your truly kind letter, and for your large packet of newspapers, for I was in truth bewildered by the account of Sir Robert Calder's *Victory*, and the joy of the event; together with the hearing that *John Bull* was not content, which I am sorry for. Who can, my dear Fremantle, command all the success which our Country may wish? We have fought together, and therefore well know what it is. I have had the best disposed Fleet of friends, but who can say what will be the event of a Battle? and it most sincerely grieves me, that in any of the papers it should be insinuated, that Lord Nelson could have done better. I should have fought the Enemy, so did my friend Calder; but who can say that he will be more successful than another? I only wish to stand upon my merits, and not by comparison, one way or other, upon conduct of a Brother Officer. You will forgive this dissertation, but I feel upon the occasion.

To Captain Fremantle.

A MAN OF COLOUR

Victory, at Spithead, 18th August.

I must beg you will be good enough to recommend James Marguette (Pilot), the bearer hereof, mentioned in my letter in original and duplicate dated the 10th ult., to their Lordships' kind attention. He is a most valuable and useful man as a Pilot for the Leeward Islands, and very handsomely volunteered his services to me, as mentioned in my

said letters; and as he is a perfect stranger in London, and consequently will be apt to be imposed upon, I must beg that he may be taken particular care of, and put in a way for a speedy passage to Barbadoes. To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

DISAPPOINTING A BROTHER

19th August.

My dear Brother,

You will have heard of our arrival, but I know you would like better to have it under my hand. I am but so-so—yet, what is very odd, the better for going to the West Indies, even with the anxiety. We must not talk of Sir Robert Calder's Battle: I might not have done so much with my small force. If I had fallen in with them, you would probably have been a Lord before I wished; for I know they meant to make a dead set at the *Victory*.

To the Reverend Dr. William Nelson.

THE CONJUROR

Merton, August 24th.

. . . Yesterday the Secretary of State, which is a man who has only sat one solitary day in his Office, and of course knows but little of what is passed, and indeed the Minister, were all full of the Enemy's Fleet, and as I am now set up for a *Conjuror*, and God knows they will very soon find out I am far from being one, I was asked my opinion, against my inclination, for if I make one wrong guess the charm will be broken.

To Captain Keats, H.M. Ship *Superb*.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Merton, August 31st.

. . . *Victory* is ordered to sea; whether my Flag goes out in her I have not heard. I am satisfied you may hoist your Flag whenever you please; and I do assure you that it will always give me pleasure to see your Flag fly in any Fleet under my command. Being ever, with the sincerest regard and esteem,

Your most obliged friend,
Nelson and Bronté.

I am almost blind.

To Rear-Admiral Murray.

HE STANDS BY CAPTAIN LAYMAN

Merton, 5th September.

. . . This will be delivered to you by Captain Layman, who, if he had not been a very active zealous Officer, I am certain would not have lost his fine sloop, the *Raven*. The sentence of the Court Martial, placing him

at the bottom of the list, I have too much respect for a Court, to say a word about. But this I will assert, that I consider Captain Layman as a most zealous, able, active, and brave Officer; and that the sentence of the Court has neither altered my public or private opinion of his great merits. The loss of the services of men of such rare abilities is to be lamented by the Country.

To J. D. Thomson, Esq.

A PRESENT OF HAY

(September 11th).

. . . I give my dearest friend, Lady Hamilton, all the hay belonging to me at Merton and in Wimbledon Parish. September 11th, 1805. Nelson and Bronté.

Codicil No. VII to Lord Nelson's Will.

"NEVERTHELESS, NOT AS I WILL——"

Friday Night, 13th September.

At half-past ten drove from dear dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my King and Country. May the Great God whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my Country; and if it is His good pleasure, that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the Throne of His Mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that He will protect those so dear to me, that I may leave behind.—His will be done: Amen, Amen, Amen.

Saturday, September 14th.

At six o'clock arrived at Portsmouth, and having arranged all my business, embarked at the Bathing Machines with Mr. Rose and Mr. Canning at two; got on board the *Victory* at St. Helens, who dined with me; preparing for sea.

From Private Diary.

FOR EVER

Victory, off Plymouth, September 17th, Nine o'clock in the Morning, Blowing fresh at W.S.W., dead foul wind.

I sent, my own dearest Emma, a letter for you, last night, in a Torbay Boat, and gave the man a guinea to put it in the Post-Office. We have had a nasty blowing night, and it looks very dirty. I am now signalling the Ships at Plymouth to join me; but I rather doubt their ability to get to sea. However, I have got clear of Portland, and have Cawsand Bay and Torbay under the lee. I intreat, my dear Emma, that you will cheer up; and we will look forward to many, many happy years, and be surrounded by our children's children. God Almighty can, when he pleases, remove the impediment. My heart and soul is with you and Horatia.

I got this line ready in case a Boat should get alongside. For ever,
ever, I am yours most devotedly,

Nelson and Bronté.

Wednesday, September 18th, off the Lizard.

... God bless you, my own Emma! I am giving my letters to Blackwood, to put on board the first Vessel he meets going to England or Ireland. Once more, heavens bless you! Ever, for ever, your

Nelson and Bronté.

To Lady Hamilton.

TOUCH AND TAKE

Victory, off Plymouth, September 17th.

... We have had two nasty days, but by perseverance have got off Plymouth; therefore, at least, I secure Torbay in case of a gale; but I shall try hard and beat out of the Channel, and the first Northerly wind will carry me to Cape St. Vincent, where nothing shall be wanting on my part to realise the expectation of my friends. I will try to have a Motto,—at least it shall be my watch-word, "*Touch and Take*." I will do my best; and if I fail in any point I hope it will be proved that it will be owing to no fault of, my dear Mr. Rose, your very faithful friend,

Nelson and Bronté.

I beg my respectful compliments to Mr. Pitt.

To the Right Honourable George Rose.

GO TO IT

(Most secret.)

Victory, September 25th.

My dear Sutton,

Get every man, in every way, for the Fleet under my command; and beg Mr. Gambier to secure all he can for the Fleet.—I am ever, my dear Sutton, most faithfully yours,

Nelson and Bronté.

Pray do not mention my near approach to Cadiz.

To Captain Sutton, H.M. Ship *Amphion*, Tagus.

NO SHOVING

Victory, off Lisbon, September 25th.

... I can, my dear Lord, only again repeat how glad I shall be to have you near me on the day of Battle, and I will venture to say, you shall not again be shoved out in whatever may take place.

To the Right Honourable Lord Henry Paulet.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE DAYS

30th September.

. . . I was only twenty-five days, from dinner to dinner, absent from the *Victory*. In our several stations, my dear Admiral, we must all put our shoulders to the wheel, and make the great machine of the Fleet intrusted to our charge go on smoothly.

To Rear-Admiral Knight.

THE FINISH

Victory, (about September 30th).

Day by day, my dear friend, I am expecting the Fleet to put to sea—every day, hour, and moment; and you may rely that, if it is within the power of man to get at them, that it shall be done; and I am sure that all my brethren look to that day as the finish of our laborious cruise. The event no man can say exactly; but I must think, or render great injustice to those under me, that, let the Battle be when it may, it will never have been surpassed. My shattered frame, if I survive that day, will require rest, and that is all I shall ask for. If I fall on such a glorious occasion, it shall be my pride to take care that my friends shall not blush for me. These things are in the hands of a wise and just Providence, and His will be done! I have got some trifle, thank God, to leave to those I hold most dear, and I have taken care not to neglect it. Do not think I am low-spirited on this account, or fancy anything is to happen to me; quite the contrary—my mind is calm, and I have only to think of destroying our inveterate foe.

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

THE BROTHER OFFICER

September 30th.

I did not fail, immediately on my arrival, to deliver your message to Sir Robert Calder; and it will give your Lordship pleasure to find, as it has me, that an inquiry is what the Vice-Admiral wishes, . . . Sir Robert felt so much, even at the idea of being removed from his own Ship which he commanded, in the face of the Fleet, that I much fear I shall incur the censure of the Board of Admiralty, without your Lordship's influence with the Members of it. I may be thought wrong, as an Officer, to disobey the orders of the Admiralty, by not insisting on Sir Robert Calder's quitting the *Prince of Wales* for the *Dreadnought*, and for parting with a 90-gun Ship, before the force arrives which their Lordships have judged necessary; but I trust that I shall be considered to have done right as a man, and to a Brother Officer in affliction—my heart could not stand it, and so the thing must rest.

To Lord Barham, First Lord of the Admiralty.

THE NELSON TOUCH

Victory, October 1st.

My dearest Emma,

It is a relief to me, to take up the pen, and write you a line; for I have had, about four o'clock this morning, one of my dreadful spasms, which has almost enervated me. It is very odd; I was hardly ever better than yesterday. Fremantle stayed with me till eight o'clock, and I slept uncommonly well; but was awake with this disorder. . . . However, it is entirely gone off, and I am only quite weak. The good people of England will not believe that rest of body and mind is necessary for me! But perhaps this spasm may not come again these six months. I had been writing seven hours yesterday; perhaps that had some hand in bringing it upon me.

I joined the Fleet late on the evening of the 28th of September, but could not communicate with them until the next morning. I believe my arrival was most welcome, not only to the Commander of the Fleet, but also to every individual in it; and, when I came to explain to them the '*Nelson touch*,' it was like an electric shock. Some shed tears, all approved—'It was new—it was singular—it was simple!'; and, from Admirals downwards, it was repeated—'It must succeed, if ever they will allow us to get at them! You are, my Lord, surrounded by friends whom you inspire with confidence.' Some may be Judas's; but the majority are certainly much pleased with my commanding them.

To Lady Hamilton.

LOOK AHEAD

October 1st.

. . . I can have nothing, as an Admiral, to say upon the propriety of granting licences; but from what your Lordship told me of the intentions of Ministers respecting the Neutral trade, it strikes me, some day it may be urged that it was not for the sake of blockade, but for the purpose of taking all the trade into her own hands, that Great Britain excluded the Neutrals. Your Lordship's wisdom will readily conceive all that Neutral Courts may urge at this apparent injustice, and of might overcoming right.

To Viscount Castlereagh, Secretary for the War Department.

PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH

Victory, October 2nd.

. . . Although no man wishes to be more economical of the Public money than myself, yet in our present state, and with the sort of people with whom we have to manage these matters, care must be taken not to be *penny wise* and *pounds* foolish. I need not say more, but that I am sure I shall be content with whatever you do.

To Richard Ford, Esq., Agent Victualler Afloat.

THE ENEMY STILL IN PORT

Victory, off Cadiz, October 3rd.

. . . The reception I met with on joining the Fleet caused the sweetest sensation of my life. The Officers who came on board to welcome my return, forgot my rank as Commander-in-Chief in the enthusiasm with which they greeted me. As soon as these emotions were past, I laid before them the Plan I had previously arranged for attacking the Enemy; and it was not only my pleasure to find it generally approved, but clearly perceived and understood. The Enemy are still in Port, but something must be immediately done to provoke or lure them to a Battle. My duty to my Country demands it, and the hopes centered in me, I hope in God, will be realised. In less than a fortnight expect to hear from me, or of me, for who can foresee the fate of Battle? Put up your prayers for my success, and may God protect all my friends!

To?

HE REFRAINS FROM GETTING WARM

Victory, October 3rd.

My Lord,

I have the honour to inform you that I have taken the command of His Majesty's Fleet in the Mediterranean station; and I am very sorry that I must begin my correspondence by a complaint against the conduct of the Portuguese Government at Lagos. They say, at least by their conduct, that . . . they are to throw every obstacle in the way of our remaining in their Ports, or on their Coasts, by refusing us water and refreshments. . . .

I shall state my complaint of the circumstances which generally happen at Lagos. A Ship of War goes there for water and refreshments, which, by treaty, she has a right to: from her communications she seems placed under the direction of the Consul of one of our Enemies, and very improper language is held by our Enemies to the British Officers and Seamen, and inducements held out to them to desert. The Enemy's Consul then directs that only so many cabbages, or bullocks, or sheep, shall go on board—and, at his will and pleasure, so much water: and it has been carried so far, that a Captain, whose Ship was complete with water, giving his proper water to wash the linen, on sending ashore for more, was threatened by the Portuguese sentry to be fired upon, if they presumed to attempt to take a drop. To this degradation no Nation can submit. Now, what I demand is, that our Officers and Men, whilst in the Neutral Port, shall be under the protection of the Neutral Flag, and not be permitted to be insulted by the interference, either secret or open, of our Enemies; and that every Ship which goes into Lagos, or other Ports, shall have such refreshments as are reasonable. And, as to water, I never before heard that any limited quantity was allowed, much less, that if a dirty

shirt was washed, any French or Spanish Consul should be allowed to say, 'You English shall either wear a dirty shirt, or go without water to drink;' and that a sentinel of a Neutral Power should presume to threaten to fire, if an Ally presumed to take water! I shall send a Ship or Ships to take in water at Lagos. They shall wash, or let it run overboard, if they please. . . . I should get warm was I to go any farther, therefore I shall leave the business in much better hands—those of your Lordship; only repeating, that all we want is, that when our Ships go to Lagos, we may not be allowed to be insulted by our Enemies (unless we have permission to retaliate); that we shall take either one ton, or one thousand tons of water, as we please. To Viscount Strangford, Lisbon.

THE THEFT

Victory, October 4th, Cadiz, East 17 leagues.

. . . I am writing out regular instructions for the Frigates under your orders, but I am confident you will not let these gentry slip through our fingers, and then we shall give a good account of them, although they may be very superior in numbers. . . . I send you two papers; I stole them for you.—Ever, my dear Blackwood, most faithfully your friend,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Captain the Honourable Henry Blackwood, H.M. Ship *Euryalus*.

AND STILL NO FRIGATES

5th October.

I have only two Frigates to watch them, and not one with the Fleet. I am most exceedingly anxious for more *eyes*, and hope the Admiralty are hastening them to me. The last Fleet was lost to me for want of Frigates; God forbid this should.

To Viscount Castlereagh.

(About 5th October).

I am sorry ever to trouble their Lordships with anything like a complaint of a want of Frigates and Sloops; but if the different services require them, and I have them not, those services must be neglected to be performed. I am taking all Frigates about me I possibly can; for if I were an Angel, and attending to all the other points of my Command, let the Enemy escape for want of the *eyes of the Fleet*, I should consider myself as most highly reprehensible. Never less than eight Frigates, and three good fast-sailing Brigs, should always be with the Fleet to watch Cadiz; and to carry Transports in and out to refit it, would take at least ten and four Brigs, to do that service well. At present I have only been able to collect two, which makes me very uneasy.

To William Marsden, Esq., Admiralty.

Victory, October 6th.

. . . How I long for the Frigates!
To Vice-Admiral Collingwood.

THE 'IF'

Victory, 16 leagues West from Cadiz, October 6th.

. . . I have not the very smallest doubt but that a very few days, almost hours, will put us in Battle; the success no man can ensure, but the fighting them, if they are to be got at, I pledge myself, and if the force arrives which is intended. I am *very, very, very* anxious for its arrival, for the thing will be done if a few more days elapse; and I want for the sake of our Country that it should be done so effectually as to have nothing to wish for; and what will signify the force the day after the Battle? it is, as Mr. Pitt knows, annihilation that the Country wants, and not merely a splendid Victory of twenty-three to thirty-six, —honourable to the parties concerned, but absolutely useless in the extended scale to bring Buonaparte to his marrow-bones: numbers can only annihilate. I think, not for myself, but the Country, therefore I hope the Admiralty will send the fixt force as soon as possible, and Frigates, and Sloops of War, for I am very destitute. I do not mean this as any complaint, quite the contrary; I believe they are doing all they can, if interest does not interfere.

To the Right Honourable George Rose.

THINGS ON HIS MIND

(About October 8th.)

I have thirty-six Sail of the Line looking me in the face; unfortunately there is a strip of land between us, but it is believed they will come to sea in a few days. The sooner the better, I don't like to have these things upon my mind. . . . Some day or other, that Buonaparte, if he lives, will attempt the invasion and conquest of Great Britain. The making our Volunteers and Militia, Soldiers, was a wise plan, and we were very near having occasion to use them.

To the Honourable Brigadier-General Stewart.

PATIENCE

Victory, October 8th.

. . . I see you feel how much my heart is set on getting at these fellows, whom I have hunted so long; but don't, my dear Blackwood, be angry with any one; it was only a laudable anxiety in Admiral Louis, and nothing like complaining.

To Captain the Honourable Henry Blackwood, H.M. Ship *Euryalus*.

Victory, October 8th.

. . . I hope we shall soon lose this nasty Levanter, and get smooth water to clear the Transports. Patienza!

To Vice-Admiral Collingwood.

NAVAL PHILOSOPHY

(Secret.)

Victory, off Cadiz, 9th October.

Thinking it almost impossible to bring a Fleet of forty Sail of the Line into a Line of Battle in variable winds, thick weather, and other circumstances which must occur, without such a loss of time that the opportunity would probably be lost of bringing the Enemy to Battle in such a manner as to make the business decisive, I have therefore made up my mind to keep the Fleet in that position of sailing (with the exception of the First and Second in Command) that the Order of Sailing is to be the Order of Battle, placing the Fleet in two Lines of sixteen Ships each, with an Advanced Squadron of eight of the fastest sailing Two-decked Ships, *which* will always make, if wanted, a Line of twenty-four Sail, on whichever Line the Commander-in-Chief may direct.

The Second in Command will, after my intentions are made known to him, have the entire direction of his Line to make the attack upon the Enemy, and to follow up the blow until they are captured or destroyed. . . .

Something must be left to chance; nothing is sure in a Sea Fight beyond all others. Shot will carry away the masts and yards of friends as well as foes. . . .

From Memorandum.

WATCH ALL POINTS

Victory, October 9th, A.M., Cadiz, due East, 19 leagues.

My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your letter of yesterday. Let us have them out. The *Weazle*, I hope, has joined, although you don't mention her. Keep the Schooner; she will be useful in the night close in shore; and as *Weazle* sails faster, you can send her to me with accounts when you can't communicate by signals; I should never wish to be more than forty-eight hours without hearing from you. *Hydra* you can victual and water out of the other Frigates, who are full. There were no letters for you in the *Royal Sovereign*; at least none came to the *Victory*. Collingwood has got the paper of the 23rd; if he has not lent it, I have desired him to send it to you. *Agamemnon*, *Belleisle*, and very probably *London*, are at this moment on their passage; therefore, if Mr. Decrés means to come forth (if he would take my advice, which I dare say he won't),

he had better come out directly. Those who know more of Cadiz than either you or I do, say, that after those Levanters, come several days of fine weather, sea-breezes Westerly, land wind at night; and that if the Enemy are bound into the Mediterranean they would come out at night, which they have always done, placing Frigates on the *Porpoises* and *Diamond*, and the Shoal off Cadiz, run to the Southward, and catch the sea-breezes at the Mouth of the Gut, and push through whilst we might have little wind in the offing. In short, watch all points, and all winds and weathers, for I shall depend upon you. Remember me to Capel, Parker, Mundy, and Captain Prowse, and be assured I am ever,

And always yours,
Nelson and Bronté.

To Captain, the Hon. Henry Blackwood.

THE TRAFALGAR PLAN OF ATTACK

Wednesday, October 9th.

. . . Sent Admiral Collingwood the Nelson touch. . . .

Private Diary.

CAT AND MICE

Victory, October 9th.

My dear Abbé,

Many, many thanks for your kind letter, which unfortunately did not find me at Merton, but off Cadiz, watching these fellows as a cat would a mouse. I was just twenty-five days from the *Victory*, and expected to have laid my wearied bones quiet for the winter; but I ought, perhaps, to be proud of the general call which has made me to go forth.

I thank you for your news from Naples in the great line. Do not tell those little arrangements which raise a smile, or give a pang.

To Abbé Campbell, Naples.

THE TWO FRIENDS

Victory, October 9th.

. . . I send you my Plan of Attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the Enemy may be found in. But, my dear friend, it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll., have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our Enemies, and getting a glorious Peace for our Country. No man has more confidence in

another than I have in you: and no man will render your services more justice than your old friend.

Nelson and Bronté.

Victory, October 12th.

. . . The Admiralty could not do less than call your conduct judicious. Every body in England admired your adroitness in not being forced unnecessarily into the Straits.

To Vice-Admiral Collingwood.

FEEDING THE FLEET

Victory, off Cadiz, 10th October.

It is my particular directions that the Captains and Commanders of His Majesty's Ships and Vessels under my command, who may purchase bullocks, fresh beef, lemons, onions, or any other species of provisions or refreshments for their respective Companies, whether such purchase is for a particular Ship, or for the Fleet in general, and whether it is made by my order or otherwise, that a Voucher or the fresh beef, bullocks, &c., so procured for the individual Ship or Fleet, is transmitted to me, immediately the Ship making such purchase shall join the Fleet.

Nelson and Bronté.

Victory, off Cadiz, 10th October.

Having frequently known that onions have been purchased on account of Government when in Port, where the Pursers could and ought to purchase vegetables to put into the Ships' Companies' soup, and that the onions so purchased by Government for recruiting the health of the Ships' Companies, have been used for the benefit of the Purser, by putting these vegetables into the soup, which the Purser should be obliged to purchase when to be procured; it is, therefore, my positive directions that the Pursers are obliged to purchase vegetables for the Ships' soup when it is possible to procure them; and that the Government onions are not used for the soup, if the Purser has the power of obtaining onions or other vegetables, as he is bound to do.

And it is my further directions, that whenever fresh provisions can be procured on reasonable terms, that it is purchased; but that onions, for the account of Government, are not purchased without my orders. Ships, absent for any length of time from me, are at liberty to purchase the gratuitous onions of Government for the recruiting the health of their Ships' Companies, who may have been long fed upon salt provisions.

Nelson and Bronté.

Memorandum to the Respective Captains.

HE LOOKS AFTER HIS MEN'S DEPENDANTS

Mem.

Victory, off Cadiz, 10th October.

It is my particular directions that the name and family of every Officer, Seaman, and Marine, who may be killed or wounded in Action with the Enemy, on board any of His Majesty's Ships and Vessels under my command, be returned to me as soon after the circumstance happens, as the Service will admit of, agreeable to the annexed Form, in order that I may transmit it to the Chairman of the Patriotic Fund at Lloyd's Coffee-house, that the case of the relations of those who may fall in the cause of their Country may be taken into consideration.

Nelson and Brontë.

To the Respective Captains.

SUCH A SHAKING

Victory, October 10th, Cadiz, East, 13 Leagues.

My dear Blackwood,

Keep your five Frigates, *Weazle* and *Pickle*, and let me know every movement. I rely on you, that we can't miss getting hold of them, and I will give them such a shaking as they never yet experienced; at least I will lay down my life in the attempt. We are a very powerful Fleet, and not to be held cheap.

To Captain the Honourable Henry Blackwood, H.M. Ship *Euryalus*.

THE DRAKE TOUCH

Victory, October 14th.

. . . I am confident in your look-out upon them. I expect three stout Fire-Ships from England; then, with a good breeze, so that the Gun-Boats cannot move, and yet not so much but that a Gig can with ease row out, I should hope that at the least the gentry may be disturbed.

Do you send your letters—they shall be taken care of. Would you like them to go by Lisbon packet when I send mine?
To Captain the Honourable Henry Blackwood, H.M. Ship *Euryalus*.

THE FRIEND IN TROUBLE

Victory, October 15th.

. . . Sir Robert Calder has just left us to stand his trial, which I think of a very serious nature. God send him a good deliverance.

To Captain Hamond, H.M.S. *Lively*.

THE UNFINISHED LETTER

Victory, October 19th, Noon, Cadiz, E.S.E., 16 Leagues.

My dearest beloved Emma, the dear friend of my bosom. The signal has been made that the Enemy's Combined Fleet are coming out of

Port. We have very little wind, so that I have no hopes of seeing them before to-morrow. May the God of Battles crown my endeavours with success; at all events, I will take care that my name shall ever be most dear to you and Horatia, both of whom I love as much as my own life. And as my last writing before the Battle will be to you, so I hope in God that I shall live to finish my letter after the Battle. May Heaven bless you prays your

Nelson and Bronté.

October 20th.—In the morning we were close to the Mouth of the Straits, but the wind had not come far enough to the Westward to allow the Combined Fleets to weather the Shoals of Trafalgar; but they were counted as far as forty Sail of Ships of War, which I suppose to be thirty-four of the Line, and six Frigates. A group of them was seen off the Lighthouse of Cadiz this morning, but it blows so very fresh and thick weather, that I rather believe they will go into the Harbour before night. May God Almighty give us success over these fellows, and enable us to get a Peace.

To Lady Hamilton.

This letter was found open in Lord Nelson's desk after the Battle of Trafalgar. When brought to Lady Hamilton she wrote on the last page:

"O miserable, wretched Emma!
O glorious and happy Nelson!"

TEMPTING HIS DEAR COLL.

Victory, October 19th.

When I get Ships I want to place Ships in the upper part of the Mediterranean; but at present I have them not. *Leviathan* shall relieve *Defence*; and *Colossus* we can call in, when we see the *Niger*. *Neptune* will make a large hole in one Transport, and *Colossus* and *Defence* in the other. What a beautiful day! Will you be tempted out of your Ship? If you will, hoist the Assent and *Victory's* Pendants. .

To Vice-Admiral Collingwood.

THE FATHER'S BLESSING

Victory, October 19th.

My dearest Angel,

I was made happy by the pleasure of receiving your letter of September 19th, and I rejoice to hear that you are so very good a girl, and love my dear Lady Hamilton, who most dearly loves you. Give her a kiss for me. The Combined Fleets of the Enemy are now reported to be coming out of Cadiz; and therefore I answer your letter, my dearest Horatia, to mark to you that you are ever uppermost in my thoughts. I shall be sure of your prayers for my safety, conquest, and speedy

return to dear Merton, and our dearest good Lady Hamilton. Be a good girl, mind what Miss Connor says to you. Receive, my dearest Horatia, the affectionate parental blessing of your Father,

Nelson and Bronté.

To Miss Horatia Nelson Thompson.

THE NOBLE NAMES

Victory, off Cadiz, 20th October.

Captain Blackwood, to keep with two Frigates in sight of the Enemy in the night. Two other Frigates to be placed between him and the *Defence*, Captain Hope. *Colossus* will take her station between *Defence* and *Mars*. *Mars* to communicate with the *Victory*.

Memorandum.

SIGNALS BY NIGHT

If the Enemy are standing to the Southward, or towards the Straits, burn two blue lights together, every hour, in order to make the greater blaze. If the Enemy are standing to the Westward three guns, quick, every hour.

Memorandum.

Nelson and Bronté.

THEY SHALL NOT!

Sunday, October 20th.

Fresh breezes SSW. and rainy. Communicated with *Phæbe*, *Defence*, and *Colossus*, who saw near forty Sail of Ships of War outside of Cadiz yesterday evening; but the wind being Southerly, they could not get to the mouth of the Straits. We were between Trafalgar and Cape Spatel. . . . In the afternoon Captain Blackwood telegraphed that the Enemy seemed determined to go to the Westward; and that they shall *not* do it in the power of Nelson and Bronté to prevent them.

From Private Diary.

ASKED BUT NOT GRANTED

. . . I leave Emma Lady Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my King and Country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my Country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson; and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only. These are the only favours I ask of my King and Country at this moment when I am going to fight their Battle. May God bless my King and Country, and all those who I hold dear. My relations it is needless to mention; they will of course be amply provided for.

Nelson and Bronté.

Witness—Henry Blackwood.

T. M. Hardy.

From: Codicil to Lord Nelson's Will.

NELSON'S PRAYER

Monday, October 21st.

At daylight saw the Enemy's Combined Fleet from East to E.S.E. bore away; made the signal for Order of Sailing, and to Prepare for Battle; the Enemy with their heads to the Southward: at seven the Enemy wearing in succession. May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious Victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after Victory be the predominant feature in the British Fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may his blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen.

From his Private Diary.

INDEX OF LETTERS

- ACTON**, General Sir John, 97, 195, 215, 249, 263
Addington, The Right Hon. Henry, 162, 164, 166, 172, 174, 190, 196, 198, 200, 229
Admiral, An, 214
Algiers, The Dey of, 238
Allot, The Very Rev. Dr. Richard, 222

BAIRD, Dr., 178, 219, 225
Baldwin, George, Esq., 77
Ball, Captain (afterwards Sir) Alexander John, 112, 123, 126, 168, 209, 212, 215, 235, 241, 243, 249, 254, 257, 265,
Barcelona, The Governor of, 242
Barham, Lord, 270
Barlow, Captain Sir Robert, 223
Baynton, Commander Benjamin, 201
Berry, Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir) Edward, 70, 132, 138, 143, 158, 172, 177, 193, 236
Bertie, Captain Sir Thomas, 161
Blackwood, Captain the Hon. Henry, 136, 273, 274, 275, 278
Bolton, Mrs., 185, 193, 259
Bombay, The Governor of, 82
Boothby, Sir Brooke, 163
Boyle, Captain the Hon. Sir Courtenay, 243
Brame, John William, Esq., 51

CADIK Bey, Admiral, 120
Cadogan, Mrs., 109*
Caimakan Pacha, The, 137
Calder, Sir Robert, 67
Camden, Earl, 259
Campbell, Abbé, 276
Campbell, Admiral Sir George, 259
Captains of H.M. Ships, 173
Captains of the Squadron, The, 56
Castlereagh, Lord, 271, 273
Clarence, H.R.H. the Duke of (afterwards King William IVth), 24, 25, 28, 30, 41, 64, 65, 69, 103, 123, 193, 194, 195, 206, 218, 238, 262
Coffin, Commissioner Isaac, 95, 99
Collier, Lady, 72, 73
Collingwood, Captain Cuthbert (afterwards Vice-Admiral Lord), 20, 46, 53, 62, 144, 253, 264, 274, 275, 276, 277, 279
Commander of National Corvette, The, 46
Commissioners of the Navy, The, 245
Comyn, The Rev. Mr., 188
Cork, The Earl of, 24
Crowe, The Rev. Henry, 173
Cutforth, James, Esq., 211

DARBY, Captain Henry D'Esterre, 115
Davison, Alexander, Esq., 65, 98, 101, 116, 131, 138, 139, 142, 145, 159, 164, 166, 167, 169, 170, 174, 178, 181, 187, 190, 193, 198, 200, 203, 214, 219, 220, 236, 245, 253, 254, 265, 266, 270
Donnelly, Captain Ross, 231
Drake, Francis, Esq., 50, 56
Drummond, Mr., 201
Duckworth, Commodore (afterwards Admiral Sir) John Thomas, 95, 98, 112, 113, 118, 127, 219
Duff, James, Esq., 233
Dundas, The Right Hon. Henry, 82

EAMER, Sir John, 187
Elgin, The Earl of, 129, 136*
Elliott, The Right Hon. Sir Gilbert (afterwards Lord Minto), 39, 40, 51, 53, 58, 62, 83, 95, 118, 133, 137, 140, 213
Elliott, The Hon. Hugh, 195, 196, 201, 205, 209, 215, 226, 230, 231, 239, 246, 248, 249, 255, 256

FAIRPOULT, His Excellency M., 52
Farquhar, Captain Arthur, 231
Finale, The Governor of, 50
Fitzgerald, Lord Robert, 262
Foley, Captain, 205
Ford, Richard, Esq., 271
Fox, Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Edward Henry, 258
Fremantle, Captain Thomas Francis, 213, 266
French Officers, Prisoners of War at Malta, The, 200
Frere, John Hookham, Esq., 207

GARDNER, Admiral Lord, 257
Gaston, His Excellency Don Miguel, 58
Gibbs, Abraham, Esq., 199
Gibert, J. B., Esq., 202
Goodall, Vice-Admiral, 96, 134
Graham, Colonel, 51, 117, 127, 130
Grand Signior, The, 113
Grand Vizir, The, 216
Grenville, The Right Hon. Lord, 47

HAMILTON, Lady, 80, 88, 91*, 103, 104*, 105*, 131†, 132†, 139, 142*, 143*, 145, 146*, 147*, 148*, 149*, 150†, 151*, 152*, 153*, 154*, 155*, 156†, 156†, 157*, 158*, 159*, 166*, 167*, 168*, 171†, 174†, 175*, 176, 177†, 179*, 180*, 181*, 182†, 183†, 196, 197, 199, 199†, 201, 204*, 206†, 214†, 215*, 216†, 218*, 220, 221, 221*, 222, 225, 226, 229*, 230†, 239, 241, 243, 245, 250, 251, 252, 268, 269, 271, 278

- Hamilton, Sir William, 35, 76, 77, 78,
80, 81, 82, 83*, 89*, 91*, 105*, 106*,
132*, 135*, 156*
- Hamond, Captain Graham Eden, 278
- Heard, Sir Isaac, 121
- Heath & Co., Messrs., 57
- Hood, Rear-Admiral Lord, 11, 34, 36,
37, 38, 39, 40
- Hoste, The Rev. Dixon, 47
- Howe, The Right Hon. Earl, 94
- Hughes, Admiral Sir Richard, 18
- INGLEFIELD, Commissioner John Nic-
holson, 98
- Inghis, Lieutenant Charles, 138
- JACKSON, The Hon. Thomas, 128, 204
- Jervis, Sir John (afterwards Earl St.
Vincent), 52, 53, 54, 57, 63, 64, 65,
66, 67, 68, 69, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79,
80, 83, 84, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 93, 95,
97, 98, 99, 101, 103, 131, 144, 145,
149, 151, 156, 157, 169, 172, 173, 174,
175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 183,
184, 191, 198, 204, 213, 217, 224
- KEATS, Captain Richard Goodwin, 253,
258, 267
- Keith, Admiral Viscount, 107, 135, 137
- Kingsmill, Admiral Sir Robert, 235
- Knight, Rear-Admiral, 270
- LAVELETTE, Signor Jacques de, 55
- Leyland, Thomas, Esq., 96
- Lieutenant, A, 163, 210
- Lieutenant (H. M. Sloop), A, 182
- Lindholm, Adjutant-Gen., 165
- Lloyd, Thomas, Esq., 71
- Lock, Charles, Esq., 128
- Locker, Captain William (afterwards
Lieut.-Gen. of Greenwich Hospital),
2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 12, 13, 16, 17,
19, 25, 44, 57
- Locker, John, Esq., 140
- Long, Charles, Esq., 29
- Lord Mayor, The, 186, 188, 233
- Louis, Captain Thomas, 110
- Lucas, Simon, Esq., 134
- M'ARTHUR, John, Esq., 63, 64
- Magra, Perkin, Esq., 106
- Malcolm, Captain Pulteney, 230, 248,
263
- Marsden, William, Esq., 235, 236, 237,
241, 244, 250, 254, 256, 259, 261,
262, 264, 265, 266, 273
- Masters of H. M. Ships, The, 234, 243
- Matra, J. M., Esq., 264
- Melville, The Right Hon. Lord, 227,
228, 244, 246, 252, 258
- Micheroux, the Chevalier de, 242
- Miller, Captain Ralph Willett, 70
- Mocenigo, Count, 235
- Moir, Lord, 247
- Moseley, Doctor Benjamin, 216
- Murray, Captain (afterwards Vice-
Admiral Sir) George, 193, 267
- NAPLES, The Queen of, 231
- Naylor, George, Esq., 207
- Nelson, Lady (Nelson's wife, formerly
Mrs. Nisbet), 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26,
27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 33, 35, 36, 37, 40,
41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 48, 54, 57, 58,
62, 66, 67, 69, 72, 73, 74, 79, 85, 87,
88, 91, 103, 122, 141, 158*
- Nelson, The Rev. Edmund (father of
Lord Nelson), 9, 55, 59, 87, 110, 111
- Nelson, The Rev. William (brother of
Lord Nelson, afterwards Dr. and
first Earl Nelson), 1, 7, 8, 13, 15, 16,
17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 27, 30,
32, 35, 42, 44, 45, 52, 55, 60, 64, 72,
95, 111, 211, 220, 236, 267
- Nelson, Maurice (brother of Lord
Nelson), 133
- Nelson Thompson, Miss Horatia (after-
wards Mrs. Philip Ward), 208, 220,
279
- Nepean, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Evan, 81,
115, 123, 126, 136, 140, 161, 175, 263
- Niza, Marquis de, 94, 111, 114, 117, 123
- OTWAY, William Albany, Esq., 238,
247, 253, 257, 258
- Owen, Captain, 181
- PARKER, Admiral Sir Peter, 231
- Parker, Lady, 97
- Parker, Vice-Admiral Sir Hyde, 160,
161
- Parker, Captain William, 212, 246, 265
- Paulet, Vice-Admiral Lord Henry, 269
- Pellaw, Rear-Admiral Sir Edward, 222
- Pollard, Thomas, Esq., 38
- Polson, Captain John, 5
- ROSE, The Right Hon. Sir George, 198,
224, 269, 274
- Ross, Hercules, Esq., 12, 169, 177
- Ruffo, Cardinal de, 107
- Russell, Rear-Admiral Thomas Mac-
namara, 207
- Russia, The Emperor of, 76, 121, 132*
- Ryves, Captain George, 223
- ST. CLAIR Erskine, Lieut.-Gen. Sir
James, 115, 119, 124
- Sardinia, The Viceroy of, 75
- Saumarez, Captain Sir James, 83
- Schomberg, Captain Charles Marsh, 240
- Scott, The Right Hon. Sir William, 194
- Shaw, Lieutenant Harding, 242
- Sicilies, The Queen of the Two, 246
- Smith, Captain Sir William Sydney,
100, 111
- Smith, John Spencer, Esq., 100, 106,
113, 120

- Sotheron, Captain Frank, 255
 Spaniard, To a noble, 226
 Spencer, Earl, 70, 82, 85, 86, 90, 96, 99,
 103, 109, 112, 122, 127, 129, 138, 141
 Spinola, The Marquis, 129
 Squadron, The, 172, 176
 Stephens, Alexander, Esq., 191
 Stephens, Philip, Esq., 24
 Stewart, Brigadier-General, 274
 Stoddard, Mr., 226
 Strangford, Viscount, 272
 Suckling, Lieutenant-Colonel, 140
 Suckling, William, Esq., 14, 20, 34, 35,
 39, 43, 46
 Sutton, Captain John, 185, 190, 238
 Sutton, Captain, 195, 237, 253, 269

 TAYLOR, Nathaniel, Esq., 209, 232
 Taylor, Simon, Esq., 261
 Thomas, Captain, 255
 Thomson, J. D., Esq., 267
 Totty, Rear-Admiral Thomas, 167, 168
 Trevor, The Hon. John, 49, 50

 Tripoli, His Highness the Bashaw of,
 102, 124
 Troubridge, Captain (afterwards Rear-
 Admiral Sir) Thomas, 68, 108, 110,
 113, 115, 117, 118, 120, 125, 127, 130,
 131, 134, 135, 212, 218, 224
 Tunis, the Bey of, 125

 UNKNOWN Persons, 205, 239, 272

 VENETIAN Consul at Leghorn, The, 56
 Victualling Board, Commissioners of,
 124, 128, 227
 Villettes, Major-General, 199, 222, 233,
 240

 WALDEGRAVE, Vice-Admiral the Hon.
 William, 63
 Weatherhead, The Rev. Mr., 71
 Williams, William, Esq., 208
 Woronzow, Count, 207
 Wyndham, The Hon. William Freder-
 rick, 55, 98, 101, 116

INDEX OF OTHER DOCUMENTS

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>DIARY, From his Private, 248, 250, 264,
 † 265, 268, 276, 281
 Disposition of H.M. Ships, 227
 Document, From a, 104</p> <p>JOURNAL B, 32, 33, 34
 Journal C, 38</p> <p>MEMORANDA, 53, 275, 280
 Memoranda to the Respective Cap-
 tains, 68, 110, 135, 202, 210, 277,
 278
 Memoranda from Letter-Book, 170,
 227
 Memorandum on the Defence of the
 Thames, 171</p> | <p>Memorandum respecting the Forest of
 Dean, 188
 Memorandum from the Order Book of
 H M.S. <i>Triumph</i>, 212
 Memorial to Lieutenant James Mout-
 ray, 41</p> <p>NELSON Papers, The, 60
 Nelson's Will, 208, 268, 280
 Notes on Malta, 190</p> <p>PLAN of Attack, 259
 Plan for Manning the Navy, 192</p> <p>THANKSGIVING in St. George's Church,
 70</p> |
|--|---|

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